

STORIES WITH A MORAL
HUMOROUS
AND
DESCRIPTIVE

A. B. LONGSTREET

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HUMOROUS AND DESCRIPTIVE

OF

Southern Life a Century Ago

BY

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Compiled and
Edited by

FITZ R. LONGSTREET

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Preface

IT is proper and perhaps of interest to say a few words explanatory, in regard to the following articles and their writer. Augustus B. Longstreet, known throughout the South as Judge Longstreet, flourished as an author from 1835 to 1870.

He was prominent not only as a literary man, but as an educator, having been president of several universities and also prominent in church circles.

He wrote mostly in the spirit of pastime, or from fondness, and his writings are thus scattered in time and place. The following sketches are presented by the compiler after a tedious research in the old literary publications of prominence during the antebellum period, excepting one or two from his book, "Georgia Scenes," that are brought in to complete the series. I have taken the liberty of changing slightly the names of one or two articles, so as to give them more appropriate titles and better appearance. I hope this will be justified by their effect and by the appreciation of those who like to read true delineation of human nature, in which art we think the author was a master.

FITZ R. LONGSTREET.

Gainesville, Ga.

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I.

“THE VILLAGE EDITOR” OR “THE NATVILLE GEM.”

In times gone by there was a handsome, thrifty little village in Georgia, which we beg leave to designate by the name of Natville. In no village did more harmony and good feeling prevail than in this. The surrounding lands, which were rich, were owned by the villagers, who usually visited them for an hour or two in the forenoon, and spent the rest of the day in social chat on the shady side of main street in summer, and on the sunny side in winter. At these meetings, of course, the affairs of the nation were daily discussed; but as the assembly, with but few exceptions, were all one way of thinking, the discussions were of the most temperate character. Even the very few who differed with the majority had the utmost indulgence extended to their opinions. Lawyer Jeter and Lawyer Moore headed the majority, and exercised a mild but unlimited authority over them, in all matters of politics—indeed I may say, in all matters of public interest. What is remarkable, the leaders themselves agreed in everything,

except as to the merits of their clients' cases. In the discussion of these, to be sure, they were sometimes, as one of them used to say, "pretty tart" upon each other; but the tartness was always forgotten as soon as the case that produced it was ended. Where such good feeling prevailed among the husbands, of course a better feeling, if possible, prevailed among their wives. They visited one another with the freedom of relations, interchanged cooking receipts, garden-seeds, flowers and shrubbery, in short, everything that could delight the eye or the palate. The consequence was that all the good things, and sweet things, and pretty things, that were found in one family, were found in all; so that the stranger who visited the village, invariably noticed the remarkable coincidence of similarity. If he remained long enough, he was sure to have a fair opportunity of making comparisons; for the unbounded hospitality of the villagers, male and female, introduced him to one or more meals, with every family.

Thus stood matters in the happy village, when a stranger made his appearance at Mr. Gibbs' tavern. He dropped in at night, just at supper time—was seated at the table—supped and upon rising was, by his own request, immediately conducted to his room. At supper he was observed

to raise his eyes from his plate but twice or thrice, and then as it seemed, only to take a hasty general survey of the boarders. The next morning he did not leave his room until summoned to the breakfast table. This meal he disposed of as he had the one before. Leaving the table, he spent three hours in rambling over the town and neighboring hills. On his return, he seated himself in the piazza, just long enough to be asked and to give his name, and again took his room. His name as given to the landlord, was Asaph Doolittle. All the village had now seen him—men, women and children—and all were curious to know who he was. The landlord told the gentlemen, the gentlemen told their wives, and their wives told their children that it was Asaph Doolittle; and this was all that any of them could tell. Dinner came, and Asaph did as before. After dinner he asked for his horse to take a ride. Mr. Gibbs complied with his request; and was relieved of a little anxiety when he saw him set out minus his portmanteau.

Asaph took the big road that led north—was gone about two hours—returned and took the other end of the same road—was gone about as long—again returned and took his room. Another supper, night and breakfast passed off as had the first.

After breakfast Asaph took another ride east and west, that consumed the forenoon. Three whole days did he spend in doing nothing but eating, sleeping, reading, writing and rambling through and around the village. In the meantime, the citizens, one and all, became exceedingly distressed to know who this Mr. Doolittle was, and where he was from, and what he was after. Every meeting was opened with the question: "Have you found out anything about Doolittle?" and the question was invariably answered in the negative. If they were in the midst of an animated discussion, the appearance of Mr. Doolittle checked it as instantly as a funeral procession would have done. As they had waited a reasonable time for Mr. Doolittle to make himself known, and he had not done so—as they had all stood ready to show him the usual hospitalities of the village, and he had not allowed them an opportunity of doing so, they felt themselves at perfect liberty to think what they pleased of Mr. Doolittle, and all of them except the young ladies (for Mr. Doolittle was "fair to look upon,") thought very hard things of him. After weighing the probabilities of his being this or that bad character, they settled down pretty unanimously in the opinion, that he had come to cheat them out of

their lands, in some way or other, they didn't know exactly how. This opinion harmonized with all his movements. He had been seen on every road within five miles of the village. He had walked through the fields of Squire Lewis, Doctor Foster, Lawyer Moore, Mr. Ligon and Captain Wells, the very best lands in the vicinity; and he had inquired of their negroes how much land their masters owned, and how many negroes they worked. Their suspicions were confirmed, when on the morning of the fourth day, he asked the landlord to introduce him to the Clerk of the Court; and asked the Clerk of the Court for a file of the newspapers containing the advertisements of the Sheriff's sales, and other public notices proceeding from the Courts. These he had looked over carefully for a year back, and made notes upon them. It was now deliberated in full council what was to be done with this Mr. Doolittle; and Billy Figs proposed to ride him on a rail. But the Barristers protested against such an outrage. They represented the world as looking with intense interest upon the grand experiment of the American Government—enslaved millions as standing ready to burst the shackles of Despotism, and rise to the dignity of free men, as soon as we should convince them that man is capable of self-govern-

ment. "What," said one of them, "will be thought of us when it shall be proclaimed through all Europe, that in this land of liberty, and in this village renowned for its intelligence, hospitality, and good order, a freeborn son of Columbia, traveling, as he supposed, under the safeguard of the American Eagle, was ridden on a rail!" This appeal, which covered Billy's face with blushes (for he now saw plainly that he had nearly ruined the world), quieted the malcontents for the time being. Still as they were satisfied that he was after no good, they entertained cruel suspicions of Asaph, and looked at him accordingly. Even those good ladies, who a day or two before had been so anxious to know who he was, now when asked the old question by their children, bawled out furiously *that they didn't know Mr. Doolittle—and didn't want to know him—and hoped they never would know him—and would have been right glad if there had never been a Doolittle hatched, born or created. There, now I hope you're satisfied.* On the evening of the fourth day, Asaph did not retire to his room directly after supper as usual, but conversed freely with the landlord and with other persons to whom he was introduced by his host. Nothing was found objectionable in him. The next day his acquaintance was considerably ex-

tended, embracing among others the two lawyers.—That night he invited these gentlemen to his room. After a friendly conversation of an hour or two, Mr. Doolittle informed them that he had visited the place with the design of establishing a newspaper there, if there was any likelihood of its being tolerably well patronized; and he said he would be thankful to them for their advice in the matter. . . . They highly approved of his project, and promised him their assistance by purse, pen, and influence. It was the very thing they wanted. There was talent enough in the village and the neighborhood around to support a paper handsomely. As there was no paper within forty miles of the place, all the advertising custom of the adjoining counties would certainly flow to this. Withal it would exert a valuable influence upon the politics of two neighboring counties, which sent a heavy representation to the legislature, and which were strongly tinctured with federalism.

“What is the politics of this county?” said Asaph.

“Oh, Jeffersonian to the core. There is hardly a division among us. We all espouse the principles of that great apostle of liberty.”

Now, Asaph had been thirteen years in a printing office in Connecticut—he had been apprentice,

journeyman and foreman, and in all that time he had never set one type, nor seen one set in praise of Mr. Jefferson, or of his politics. His mother had taught him from his childhood to abhor Satan, and his father had taught him that if there was any difference between Satan and Mr. Jefferson, Satan had the best of it. Though Asaph was a man of wonderful equanimity, he could not conceal his emotions of surprise, at hearing it announced in sober earnest, that Mr. Jefferson was the great apostle of liberty. He stared for a moment as if he had seen a ghost; but soon recovering his self-possession a little, he brought his countenance to the likeness of one who holds one end of a string in his mouth, while he twists the other, and sat mute, while his friends continued.

“No other politics will do in this latitude. A federal paper would get no support here. There are but three federalists in the village, and not ten times that number in the county. Indeed it is the worst time that could be selected for the establishment of such a paper, when the excitement about the alien and sedition laws has hardly subsided. But a Republican paper will do admirably. We will insure you at least two hundred subscribers, and all the advertising custom of this and several neighboring counties right away.”

Asaph said he would think the matter over; and his friends left him, promising to call and see him again the next morning. He retired to bed, and surrendered himself to the following train of reflections: "What will *Maum* and *Dad* think of me if they hear that I have come out a Jeffersonian Republican! What will Mr. Croswell, my old *Bos* think! I shall have to change papers with him, and he'll lash me like all *natur.*"

"But I must get to business of some kind, and that speedily, and I guess I shall find no better place than this. Well, after all, may it not be that Jefferson is a better man than I have taken him to be? I've heard many things said about him, and I have seen many sharp things published against him; but all great men have to bear this—I'll think over the matter." And he thought over the matter until he dropped to sleep, and could call to mind but one good thing that Mr. Jefferson had ever done; and that was, the writing of the Declaration of Independence.—His dreams were a confused medley of *maum* and *dad*, and *bos* and *types*, and Mr. Jefferson's red breeches.

The next morning his friends called upon him betimes; and he proposed to them to devote the paper exclusively to Arts, Sciences and Polite Literature; but they told him this would never do

alone. The people were all politicians, the pure principles of Republicanism were just getting clearly in the ascendant, and it was very important that these principles should be pressed home upon the hearts and understandings of the people at large.

Asaph then wished to know whether they would take an interest in the paper, and take charge of the Editorial department.

They replied that they would be very willing to do so, but for their professional engagements. When at home they would be ever ready to fill the Editorial chair; and even on the circuit, when not too much pressed with business, they would endeavor to furnish something for the paper; but as to taking an interest in it, though they had no doubt it would be an exceedingly profitable enterprise, they thought they could better promote it by being entirely disinterested. After several conferences, Asaph resolved to feel the pulse of the people with a *Prospectus*. Accordingly, he begged the Squires to write him one suitable to the time and place; and the meeting adjourned to eight o'clock that evening.

The villagers, who had begun to be greatly alarmed at these frequent meetings of the stranger with the head jurists of the place, were perfectly

transported when they understood that Mr. Doolittle was going to do nothing more nor less than establish a newspaper in their midst. Some of them had never seen an Editor, and many of them had never seen a printing press; but all saw some advantage that would result from the project. It would give character to the village—encourage youthful genius, make Franklins of poor children, give a healthful tone to public morals, enlighten the ignorant, inspire laudable ambition, save postage, concentrate advertisements, right at their doors, etc., etc.

The trio split upon the name of the forthcoming gazette. Jeter was for the "Jeffersonian Republican;" Moore was for "The Scourge of Federalism;" and Asaph was for "The Natville Gem." After a long and animated debate, they discovered that they all agreed. That the Jeffersonian Republican must be The Scourge of Federalism, and that "The Natville Gem" could only reflect the light of Republicanism. It was therefore agreed that Mr. Doolittle should name his paper as he pleased.

The Prospectus was soon drawn up. It adverted to the rising importance of Natville—its central position between Buckhead and Dogsboro'—the vast amount of talent which it con-

tained, and which was compelled to lie dormant for the want of communication with the world, etc. The politics of the Gem would be of the Jeffersonian school; but as truth was its object, its columns would be open to all parties, whose communications should bear the impress of moderation and candor. The grand object of the Gem would be to elevate the standard of public morals; as all history had proved that a pure morality was the only unfailing safeguard of Republican institutions. No pains would be spared to make the Gem useful to farmers, as they were at last the bone and sinew of the country; at the same time commerce and manufactures would receive due attention, etc., etc.

A manuscript Prospectus was set up at the tavern door, and Mr. Doolittle concluded to remain a few days to mark its success, before he proceeded to have a number of copies printed for circulation. In less than three days, the name of every man in the village was appended to it, with not a few from the country. In the mean time, Mr. Doolittle grew rapidly in public estimation. Even those ladies who wished there never had been a Doolittle "hatched, born, or created," invited him to their houses; and went a little beyond their usual civilities for his entertainment. Some

thought they saw in him a handsome likeness of Dr. Franklin—taking the Doctor's picture as a fair representation of his person.

Such was Mr. Doolittle's encouragement, that he immediately rented an old backstore, gave the needful directions for converting it into a printing office, and left the village in order to bring on his press. He had not been gone long, before his *Prospectus* appeared in all the Southern papers; those of the Republican stamp "congratulating themselves and the country in having added to their corps, such an able champion of sound principles. They had understood Mr. Doolittle to be a stanch and well-tried Republican of the old school; possessing talents of the highest order, and a character, which, even Federal malignity had not dared to asperse." The Federal papers on the other hand, under various headings, such as "*Another hireling set to work—The Devil's kingdom extending—Tom Jefferson's last imp*," announced that in some obscure village in Georgia, never before heard of, one Doolittle, from Nowhere, and known by nobody, was about to issue another disorganizing sheet, to be called *The Natville Gem*—all of which betokens that it is to Do a very little business."

These notices, some of which reached Natville,

aided Mr. Doolittle's subscription list considerably. The citizens of the village considering him a persecuted man, themselves insulted, and anxious that he should be placed in an attitude of defence, redoubled their exertions in his behalf.

In a few months the press was up, and the first number out. Though it was not much larger than a pane of glass, "it was very neatly gotten up." It contained a handsome editorial address by Jeter, a spirited vindication of the principles of the *Gem*, and of the rank and responsibility of the village, by Moore—some short but well-written extracts from the "*Aurora*" and "*Richmond Enquirer*." An apology found on the smallness of the exchange list as yet, and the hurry of getting out the first number, for the dearth of matter. A few good selections in prose and poetry, and several advertisements; one of a cock-fight in an adjoining country.

Upon the whole, the patrons of the *Gem* were very well satisfied with it.

I must here remark that Mr. Doolittle was but an indifferent writer at best, and for reasons already given, utterly incompetent to pen a passable article in defence of Republicanism.

At this time, the *Augusta Herald*, a Federal paper, was edited by one of the shrewdest, most

intelligent and satiric writers of his time. Honored be his memory, though I never agreed with him in politics!

I give his reception of the first number of the Gem, not as a fair specimen of his style or his wit, but for its connection with what follows:

"We received from the Post Office yesterday, a neat little roll, which we doubted not was a joint remission from two or three of our subscribers. Having no immediate call for money (a rare thing with us by the way) we put it into our fob, were we suffered it to remain until called for. Going to market the next morning, a chicken cart drove up, and as chickens were in great demand, a general scramble for them ensued. We secured six, having in either hand three, and being unwilling to entrust any of them to empty hands, where there was such a yearning for these feathered bipeds, we requested the countryman to insert his fingers in our fob, and draw out a little bundle of change that he would find there. He did as directed, and judge what was our surprise upon seeing the bundle opened, to find it a newspaper, entitled *The Natville Gem*. We offered it to the farmer for the six chickens; but he refused to take it. We told him we did not deal in jewelry, and therefore could not say exactly what

this gem was worth, but we had no doubt it was very valuable, and had cost Mr. Jefferson a good deal of money; but that we would give it to him for one chicken. Whereupon he grew crusty, cursed the Gem and Mr. Jefferson, and told us if we didn't offer him something better than that little thumb-paper for his chickens, he'd ease us of them mighty quick. We therefore requested him to put the Gem in our hat, and his hand in our vest-pocket, where he would find a little jewelry that he would perhaps like better.

"The Gem comes out under the name of a Mr. Doolittle, but we understand that Mr. Doolittle has very *little to do* with it. A brace of lawyers, we learn, have kindly relieved him of all the trouble of his paper, except that of paying its expenses, setting the type, and correcting the proofs. Now

We say so Mr. Doolittle,
That though his paper's too little.
Assuredly he knew little—

when he entrusted the management of it to lawyers. This selection reminds us of an anecdote which we once heard, of a gentleman in this country employing a raw son of the Emerald Isle to clear new ground for him. Paddy requested a

sight of his tools. The employer amused at the request, and curious to see what instrument he would select to clear new ground, carried him to a chest containing an assortment of tools of various kinds. Paddy looked them all over very carefully, and finally selected a jack-plane and drawing knife as the very things for his purpose."

The article went on to a much greater length than we would be permitted to follow. Suffice it to say it contained such pointed allusions to Moore and Jeter, as plainly showed that their names as well as their profession were fully known to the Editor of the Herald. It furthermore set forth the village of Natville in a most ridiculous point of light, advising the citizens, especially the ladies, to go to the cock-fight, as well calculated "to elevate the standard of morals in Natville." The lawyers declared there was a spy in the camp, and that he was one of the Federalists; and as they did not know which it was, they charged it upon all three by turns. In the next paper they gave pretty broad hints to this effect. The Federalists wrote a joint reply, which was excluded from the Gem, on the ground of length, personalities, intemperance of feeling, etc. They flew to the Herald, and a long newspaper war opened between them and the editors, which grew hotter

and hotter with every number. This had not ceased when Mr. Jeter having lost an important case in the inferior Court as he believed by the ignorance of one of the Justices, was very much incensed against him. The name of the offending Magistrate was Whatcut. He resided upon Goose creek, was a very corpulent man, and drank perhaps a little too much for his calling—though not more than was common in those days with men who were considered very temperate—Jeter in the moment of excitement, penned the following article, which appeared in the next day's Gem:

A Little Receipt for Making a Big Judge.

Go down to Goose creek—catch a gander—put a quill in his mouth—blow him up until his middle parts hide his thighs—pour a half pint of old Jamaica into him—set him on the bench, and call him Potgut, and he will make an excellent judge.

Justice.

A few hours' cooling time led Jeter to repent of sending such an indelicate article to the press, and he went late at night to recall it; but he was too late; the form was made up, and the Receipt must come out, or no Gem appear the next day. The day following the appearance of the piece, Whatcut came into town, and marched directly

to the printing office, where he found Doolittle calmly engaged in distributing types.

"Are you the author of a piece signed Justice in yesterday's paper?" said he to Doolittle.

"No, sir."

"Well, who is?"

"It's against the rules of the office."

"Don't tell me about your rules, sir. Tell me who wrote the piece, or I'll floor you in an instant with this stick," flourishing an awful hickory stick over his head.

"Stop, sir!" said Doolittle, dodging—"Jeter wrote it."

Away went the Judge, and soon returned with

A Receipt for Making a Jack-legged Lawyer.

Catch a pole-cat, stuff him with brass, and call him Cheater, and he will make an excellent lawyer.

Truth.

Whatcut had hardly left the office before Jeter entered it, and Doolittle told him all that had happened. "Oh, Doolittle," said Jeter, "it was abominable to expose your correspondents in that way. You ought to have informed me of Whatcut's demand before you gave up my name; and I would have made fair weather with him; for really I've no enmity against the old fellow;

but now it is impossible, I fear, to make peace; and I can't tell where this matter will end. The great value of a newspaper is in its enabling one to reprove vices without being known, and as the law was open to you if he assaulted you, you certainly ought to have taken a little beating rather than have involved me in this manner, and to have ruined your gazette forever as an instrument of moral reform."

Doolittle offered the very best apology in the world for what he had done; namely, that with a three-pound stick flourished over his head, he had no time to calculate upon a "little beating," and that in the surprise of the moment, he had really forgotten to calculate the chances of profit and loss from giving up Mr. Jeter's name.

Truth and Justice now had a regular set-to, in the columns of the Gem; which very soon involved half the county and all the village, for both had extensive connections, and both were very popular.

None profited by the contest except the three Federalists. They went over in a body to the side of Truth, where, for the first time in months, they met with a gracious reception.

Things were in this position, when a gifted son

of the muses, by the name of Quirk, a student in Moore's law office, favored the Gem with the subjoined racy poetic effusion. It is necessary to a clear understanding of it, that I preface it with some explanations.

Mr. Dodson was one of the most respectable, wealthy and influential citizens in the village. Mr. Quirk, father of the poet, was in all respects his equal. Their families had ever been upon terms of the strictest intimacy. Charles, the poet, son of the last, had paid his addresses to Laura, daughter of the first, but without success. While he was chafed with disappointment, and still more chafed at seeing Doctor Pillen laying waste all his hopes, Miss Laura happened to remark that Charles Quirk always put her in mind of a pair of tongs; he was all legs and no body. At another time she said it was an old maxim that "*All lawyers are liars.*" These remarks came to the ears of Mr. Quirk, whereupon he penned the following:

Does Guara Gobson walk the street
Just to show her pretty feet?
Or does she ramble up and down,
Through every street in Natville town,
To see if she can find in it,
Some one on whom to show her wit,
In *Pill-box* doctors she can find,
Everything to suit her mind;

Though bushy-headed, lean and lank,
With whapper-jaw and bandy shank;
But all the race of honest squires,
She publishes as arrant liars.
But this witty village fair,
Was not content to stop just there.
E'en lawyers' "legs and bodies," she
Makes subject of her railery.
And in the midst of lady throngs,
Compares them to "a pair of tongs."
I'd say to this sarcastic Miss
She'd better mind her business,
Or she may find that tongs can pinch
Enough to make a lady winch.

After Quirk had written the piece, he had some misgivings about publishing it; and he determined to take the advice in the matter of two other law students, from Mr. Jeter's office. These were Mr. Coat and Mr. Adams. The former was delighted with the piece, and insisted upon its being published. He said he "considered it nothing more nor less than a fit and proper and just and equitable defence of a high-minded and honorable profession, from a most defamatory defamation,—that no one, male or female, had a right to cast such reflections upon a high-minded and honorable profession."

Adams protested against its publication. He said it would be cruel and unmanly to arraign a lady before the public in this way; that it would

be attended with serious consequences; that it was too direct, personal and undisguised, to leave a moment's doubt as to the author, or the object of his severity; that it would be as well to give the young lady's name in full, at once, as to give it with only a change of the initials.

"Well," rejoined Coat, "what good will it do if nobody knows who's meant? And if she didn't say it, what right has she to take it to herself? And if she did, oughtn't she to understand it? And as for the name, there is a very great difference between Laura Dodson and Guara Gobson. Suppose you were to sue on a note signed Laura Dobson, and introduce a note signed Guara Gobson, would it support the declaration? It isn't even *Idem Sonans*. Give it to me; if you won't publish it, I will,—if I can get it in."

The debate continued too long to be followed. Suffice it to say, that Quirk finally concluded to give it to Coat, to deal with it as he pleased.

Coat took it to Asaph, who refused to publish it; but upon being informed by the bearer that such things were always published by the editors in this country, and seeing that in the main it was a vindication of lawyers, he at last consented to give it a place in his columns.

As soon as the paper that contained it appeared,

the whole village was in an uproar. Fortunately for Asaph, it fathered itself so plainly, that there was no necessity for demanding the author. Had there been any room for doubt on this head, the tide of public indignation which now set too strongly against Quirk to be diverted for a time, at least, would have been turned upon him. Coat, for a little while undertook to vindicate Quirk, but he was silenced by scoffs and hisses. Quirk, after stating to several that he wrote it but did not publish it, retired from the storm into the country. It was soon all over the town, that Coat gave it publicity, and he turned public attention from Asaph, until he retired. There was now no participant in the sin left, but Asaph; but the people's wrath against him had not quite swelled to an outbreak before his next paper appeared. In this, he made a humble but poorly-written apology, saying he had been misled by Mr. Coat;—and closing with the best suasive that he knew of to the irritated feelings of the Natvillians.

The first of the apology cooled down public indignation, just low enough to save Asaph's hide, and that was all. Old Mr. Quirk came into town in deep distress. He censured his son publicly, as he had done privately, and did every-

thing that he could do, to make amends for his son's indiscretion; but as it is universally the case, where everybody undertakes a cause, some of them will manage it badly, so it was in this case. Several persons most wantonly and cruelly insulted the old gentleman. Though he was a man of high spirit, he did not attempt to avenge the insults, but appealed in a subdued spirit to the people, to say whether his son's imprudences should be thus visited upon his gray hairs. This appeal touched the sympathies of not a few, who espoused his cause warmly. "They did not pretend to justify the attack upon Laura Dobson, but that was not as bad as insulting a gray-haired man, who was not to blame. And, after all, Miss Dobson had said hard things about Quirk, which might as well have been let alone; and then there would have been no difficulty. But old Mr. Quirk had done nothing wrong; he had not even defended his own son, but was doing all he could to make amends for his son's fault, when he was insulted by men young enough to have been his children."

These arguments soon divided public sentiment so equally, that young Quirk considered it safe to return to town. He came, and advancing to a crowd of gentlemen, some one made an allusion

to his piece, which he turned to a good account. He said he was sorry he had written it, but as he did not publish it, he thought blame enough had been attached to him. But whatever his fault might be, it would not justify people in abusing his gray-haired father. He was ready to bear anything, but he would spend his last drop of blood in defence of his father.

This harangue, repeated often through the village, and aided by the friends who had already espoused his father's cause, gained over to the Quirk side nearly half the village. Such was the state of things when the general elections came on. No doubt, nine-tenths of the county would have been willing to have postponed the elections for six months at least; but this was impossible. As everybody apprehended a dreadful fracas, everybody was careful to avoid it; consequently, though the canvass was hotter than it had ever been before, it was more peaceable than it had ever been before, to about four o'clock in the afternoon. About this time it became certain that Jeter, who was a candidate, and who had never been beaten before, was now to be beaten. The Quirks and their friends were on his side; the Dobsons and Whatcuts were against him; and thus, so equally balanced were the parties,

that the twenty or thirty Federalists in the county decided the contest. Jeter and his friends were now ripe for the disappointed candidate's last resort,—a general row. Nor were they at all appeased by certain triumphant shouts which some of the victors sent forth. Things were just in this state, when Coat was seen issuing from West Grocery, under the emphatic addresses of a bodiless foot. There was a general rush to the door, to ascertain whom the said foot belonged to, when it was discovered to be the property of Charles Dobson. As Coat retired, he said he would demand gentlemanly satisfaction of Dobson, and unfortunately Dobson replied,—“Send your challenge by Quirk, and I'll kick him too.” Quirk heard this, and without a word clinched Dobson. As Bob Whatcut advanced to the combatants, he jerked little Billy Pines, a Jeter man, rudely out of his way; whereupon Billy Jeter cried out with a loud voice, “Boys, the ball's open,—set to your partners!” and led off an Irish jig with Bob Whatcut. The fight now became general, and no pen can describe it.

As there is no labor that men tire of sooner than fighting, the row was of short duration. It closed with a singular encounter. Ned White was retiring from a second victory, when he ob-

served one of the Federalists calmly seated apart from the crowd, enjoying the sports of Republicanism; and stepping up to him, thus accosted him,—

“And what are you doing here unwhipped; you Federal?”

“I’m a peaceable man,” said the other, “and—”

“You are a hog! Well, as I go in for my *threes* to-day, I’ll cool off on you anyhow.”

So saying, he fell aboard the peaceable man, and trounced him smartly. This conduct of Ned could be justified only on the ground, that as fighting was the order of the day, neutrality was treason; or that, as Republicans must needs be whipped, *a portion* of Federalists should be.

Mr. Doolittle had looked through a crack of the loft of his printing office, on the scene which I have described, until his senses became bewildered. He thought it advisable to seek relief among the groves around the village,—“where heavenly, pensive contemplation dwelt.” Accordingly, retiring by a back door, and passing over three fences, he entered a back street, by which he made his way to the woods. Taking his seat at the foot of an aged oak, at about twenty rods distance from a public road, he entertained himself in musing upon politics, manners and customs, and good old Connecticut.

He saw a number of groups of persons with the setting sun,—he saw, as he supposed, the last go by,—he rose, entered the road, and marched slowly towards the village. He had not proceeded far, before he discovered three men on horse-back meeting him. He dropped his hat as if in deep study, and moved on. Like those who had gone before them, they were talking boisterously about the events of the day. As they passed Asaph, one of them observed,—“Isn’t that the printer, that has kicked up all the fuss?”

“Yes,” said Nat. Whatcut, “it’s the very man, and just hold my horse a moment, till I do a little printing on his hide.”

So saying he dismounted, and advanced upon Asaph at a brisk walk; but Asaph walked as briskly as he did. Whatcut struck a trot, and so did Asaph. Whatcut rose to the top of his speed, and Asaph did the same. And now “they went with a rush,” amidst the whoops of the spectators. Whatcut soon discovered that he was overmatched, and gave up the chase, crying out as he stopped, “Never mind, old fellow, I’ll see you to-morrow.”

“No, you won’t,” muttered Asaph. “If you do you may print me in black letter.”

Asaph having lingered in the outskirts of the

town until dark, crept softly by a back way to the tavern. The boarders were at supper, and not a few of them disfigured. He listened for a moment, and caught a single sentence, which determined him to forego his supper for that evening.

“Before that press printer came here, all was peace and friendship; but ever since he began to send out his mud paper, there’s been nothing but quarrelling and fighting; and if nobody else will run him off, I will.”

Asaph resumed his lonely walk until late at night, when observing a light in Mr. Moore’s office, he crept softly to the window, and finding the squire alone, he tapped at the door. The squire went to the door, when Asaph saluted him, and begged him to blow out the candle. This done, he entered and took a seat.

“Major,” says he, “I’m thinking I’d better be missing from here, as soon as old Roan can take me off.”

“Why, yes, Asaph,” returned Moore, “there’s great excitement against you. Almost every man who has been whipped to-day, swears he’ll whip you; and I think you had better leave the village for a week or two, at least, until the excitement is over, and then return.”

"So I'm thinking; but how to arrange matters with Mr. Gibbs,—and how to get money to bear my expenses—"

"Oh, never mind that," says Moore. "Take Quirk's bed there to-night; I'll make things easy with Gibbs, and have your horse here two hours before daylight in the morning, and furnish you the means of getting on."

"Well, Major, your goodness makes me feel worse than I have all day; and I have had such feelings to-day, as I never had before. I shall never come back after I start, Major—and I was thinking to give you a full power of attorney, to deal with my debts and effects as you think right. I know you'll deal justly by me. I should like to save my printing materials, as they are all I'm worth; but if it be necessary to sell them to make you whole, sell them, and—"

"No, Asaph, I shall not sell them, if I never get paid. Say where they shall be sent to, and I will have them carefully packed up and forwarded to you by the first wagon."

Augusta was named. Asaph remained silent a minute or two, obviously deeply affected by the Major's kindness. At length he proceeded: "You people of Georgia are a very strange people. You are the most liberal, generous-hearted people I

ever saw, when you are in a good humor; but when you get mad, you fight like all natur, and it seems to make no odds who. I can't make these things dovetail at all."

The curtains were dropped, the candle lighted, the power of attorney executed, and two hours before day Asaph's horse was at the door, with portmanteau on; and before sunrise he had passed the county line. In a week after, his printing materials and trunk were on the way to Augusta.

The village was completely revolutionized. The street meetings were broken up, the social parties discontinued, and many long years passed away before the citizens of Natville returned to their former friendship. They probably never would have done so, had not a revival occurred in the place, which embraced almost every inhabitant. Thus religion banished enmity from all hearts, united them in love, and gave them a nobler theme than politics for conversation—and constituted them a brotherhood, that neither politics nor newspapers nor time could sever.

II.

THE OLD SOLDIERS,

A NARRATIVE.

On a calm summer's afternoon, at the door of a humble but comfortable log dwelling, sat the venerable John Chavers. He had done much service in the war that won our liberty; but liberty was nearly all that he gained by it. A private in the ranks, he retired from the field with no other worldly estate than a little continental money and a small farm but poorly improved. His first wife died soon after the war; and he married a second, fifteen years younger than himself. By both he had children, but some had died, and all the rest had married and left him, at the time of which I am speaking. While his strength remained, he exerted an honest industry, and thus managed to keep his family above want; and now that it had deserted him, a small pension from the government and the labor of two servants supplied the demands of his waning life. Some of his sons had served in the War of 1812, but the old man gave them little credit for it; "because," as

he used to say, "that was mere child's play compared with the old war. No Tories in your day, boys,—no prison ships. March out with your bright muskets and bayonets all furnished to your hand—wagons following loaded with good fat rations—canteens full, good clothes on, march where you please without danger, sleep soundly all night in your tents without fear of being waked by bullet or tomahawk—pshaw; a mere frolic! You ought to have lived in the parched-corn and tory times, when bare-footed and in rags, we bogued thro' thickets and cane-brakes, and mud and swamps, wet or dry, hot or cold, with an old Indian-trader or rusty shot gun in our hands, that made three snaps and one flash to a fire. Then go to sleep on a bed of grass or dirt to the music of wolves and owls; sometimes in sight of your own house, which you dare not enter for fear that you'd never get out again till the traitors flung you out. Polly, there, can tell you—no, she was 'most too young to recollect much about it; but Nancy could have told you something of those days. Look at the spoon-handle in the little pine box on the top of the buffet; that'll tell you a story about hard times. Polly won't believe that story about the spoon-handle; but, there it is, and it speaks for itself. If it wasn't so, what did I make

the box to put it in for?—And what do I take it down and look at it every Fourth of July for?—Bill Darden was there, and John Taylor was there, and Arch Martin was there; but, poor fellows, they've all gone and left me, long ago, I reckon."

But the old man had for years ceased to talk thus, and for the best of reasons, namely, that he found nobody to talk to. The young seldom visited him, and the old of his neighborhood—alas! compared with him, there were none. His iron constitution had struggled manfully with Time; but the conqueror of all had overpowered him, and doomed him to perpetual confinement to his dwelling and its inclosure. There is one from whom time cannot banish us, from whose presence prisons cannot seclude us. This one lingered with the old soldier in his solitude, and made calm and peaceful the twilight of his life. He had just been tottering round his little garden, when he took his seat at the door where I introduced him to the reader. The sun was just setting, when on the highway that led by his house, he observed an aged foot-passenger approaching. Slow and trembling were the foot-steps of the stranger. When within about twenty rods of the house, he stopped, leaned for a moment upon his walking stick, then lifting his hat, drew

from it a handkerchief, or what served its purpose, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Poor old man!" said Chavers, as he looked on the bending form and snow-crowned head of the traveler. "Where can he be going? Begging, I suppose!"

The stranger advanced, and seating himself on the step of the door, drew a deep sigh and said, "Can an old revolutionary soldier, who has nothing to pay, get supper and lodging—"

"Yes, old man," interrupted Chavers. "That's a countersign that passes any man to my table, bed and heart. Get up, old man, get up—that's no place for an old *Seventy-sixer*—give me your hand, and I'll help you in as well as I can, though I'm but poor help. Polly, hand the old man a chair, for he seems almost done over."

"And indeed, so I am," said the guest; "these sandy roads don't suit such old limbs as mine."

"And what makes you take the road at your age, old man? Old folks, like we, ought to stay indoors, lest death find us where friends can't."

"That's true, friend, but we can't always do what we ought to do, or wish to do. I have been living with my son for many years, but he has lately died, leaving a large family and nothing to feed them on; for though he worked hard, and I

helped him all I could, yet he died very poor. His wife's kinsfolk sent for her away West somewhere, and I concluded to try to get to my granddaughter's, who is married and settled about thirty miles below here; but, it seems to me, I shall hardly ever get there, at the rate I get along. My strength's gone—my strength's gone, friend; I can't travel now as I once could—”

“I know very well how to believe that. But how do you get along without money in these close-fisted times.”

“Oh, mighty well, mighty well. I generally tell the people where I stop, beforehand, that I've no money, but that I am an old soldier, and this, with my white head, always gets kind treatment. I haven't found but one man that turned me off; and I didn't mind that much, as I hadn't far to go before I found a better; but he called me an impostor, and that was the hardest saying I've had to bear for these thirty years—”

“The rascal! Why didn't you give him your stick?”

“Oh, God bless your soul, I had better use for my stick. It doesn't become old men like us to use sticks except to walk with. Besides, I am trying to get to a country where none but the peaceable can go.”

"You're right, old man—you're right and I'm wrong ;" said Chavers, as he drew his sleeve across his eyes. "And you say that you are a revolutionary soldier;—whom did you serve under!"

"Well, now, I can't say that I was much in the regular army, though I did some little there, too. My service was mostly against the Tories, and it doesn't seem much thought of in these days, yet it ought to be, for, I tell you, I have seen some as tough times as any in the regular army ever saw; and made some as narrow escapes as any made during the war."

"Well, suppose you tell us one, for it's a long time since I've heard any one talk about the old war, that was in it."

"Well, I'll tell you one of the narrowest I ever made. There were some forty or fifty of us once in pursuit of a gang of Tories, and a little before sunset we came within a few miles of where we heard that they had encamped. We stopped at a branch, and our captain told us to fix up our guns and refresh ourselves as well as we could (for we had precious little to refresh with, besides water), and that about the time of sound sleep, we would march down upon them and give them rations. While we were here there came a man to us and told Captain Ryan—"

"Told who?"

"Told Captain Ryan, Captain John Ryan—we were under him—that the Tories were to have a great dancing frolic at Smith's tavern that night, and that if we'd come upon them before they broke up, we might take or kill the whole of them. Well, soon after dark we pushed forward, and as we neared the tavern, sure enough, we heard them fiddling and dancing in high glee. 'Boys,' said Captain Ryan, 'we've got 'em safe enough.' He divided us into two parties and told us to march in a body to within about a hundred yards of the house, and then separate, and one party to take the back door and the other the front door, at the same time. On we pushed, very softly and briskly, fiddle playing and feet thumping, until we got within five steps of the doors, when all of a sudden out went the lights, and pop, pop, we were fired upon on all sides. Bless your soul, friend, such slaughter as they made of us you never saw. They wounded Captain Ryan badly in the shoulder, and killed or took prisoners nearly every one of us—"

"And how did you get out of the scrape?"

"I and three or four more were taken prisoners and put on board a prison-ship; and there we saw tough times, I tell you."

"Did anything—did anything uncommon happen while you were on board that ship?"

"Why, yes, friend, one of the strangest things that I reckon ever did happen, but I'm a'most afraid to tell it, for fear you will not believe me; but it's just as true as that you sit in that chair; and since you've brought it up I'll tell it to you—"

"Polly, give me a drink of water, if you please—no, sit still!"

"One day while we prisoners were all seated round a tray of mush (for that was about all we got to eat), a thunder cloud passed over us, and just as the man opposite to me was raising his spoon to his mouth, there came a flash of lightning and cut the handle right off at the bowl, and didn't hurt any of us."

"The Lord help my soul!" exclaimed Polly.

"I know it's hard to believe, ma'am, but it's every word true, as sure as you live."

"I believe—"

"Hush, Polly!" interrupted Chavers. "Stranger, do you remember the name of the man that held that spoon?"

"Why I'm not so sure I can call it now—but I think it was *Shivers* or *Chivers*, or some such name—"

"Was it Chavers?"

"That's the very name!" said the stranger, slapping his thigh with a force disproportioned to his strength.

"Why—why—Taylor!" exclaimed Chavers rising— "Is that you?"

"Chavers!"

"Taylor!—"

The old men embraced, but their emotions were too powerful for their strength, and they sank together to the floor. When they rose, Polly was standing by them with the pine box in her hand, and her apron to her eyes.

III.

“DARBY, THE POLITICIAN.”

\ I well remember the first man who, without any qualifications for the place, was elected to the Legislature of Georgia. He was a blacksmith by trade, and Darby Anvil was his name. I would not be understood as saying that none had preceded him but men of profound wisdom or even notable talents (at the time of which I am speaking such men were not to be found in every county of the State), but that none had been deputed to that body who were not vastly superior to Anvil in every moral and intellectual quality. /

Darby came hither just at the close of the Revolutionary War; and, if his own report of himself is to be believed, “*he fit*” in that memorable struggle. True, he never distinctly stated on which side “*he fit*;” but as he spoke freely of the incidents of the revolution, and at a time when Tories were very scarce and very mute, it was taken for granted that he fought on the right side.

Darby established himself upon a lot in the then village of ——, which cost him nothing; for in his day town lots, and even large tracts of land, were

granted to any one who would occupy them for a given time. Two log huts soon rose upon Darby's lot, into one of which he stowed his wife and children, and in the other his blacksmith's tools. He now plied his trade assiduously; and as all trades flourished at that time, he grew rich apace. A year had hardly rolled away before a snug frame house rose in front of his log dwelling, and his shop gave place to one of more taste and convenience from the hands of a carpenter. The brand of horse-shoes upon the shop-door no longer served Darby for a sign; but high over the entrance of the smithery, from a piece of iron-work of crooks and convolutions unutterable, hung a flaming sign-board, decorated on either side with appropriate designs. On one side was Darby in person, shoeing Gen. Washington's horse. I say it was *Washington's* horse because Darby said so, and Billy Spikes, who painted it, said so. Certainly, it was *large* enough for Washington's horse; for, taking Darby, whose height I knew, for a gauge, the horse could not have been less than five and twenty feet high. On the other side was a plow, with handles nine feet long (by the same measure), studded with hoes and axes, staples and horse-shoes.

Everything around Darby bore the aspect of thrift and comfort—in short, his fortune increased

even faster than his children; and this is no small compliment to his industry and economy, for Mrs. Anvil had not for many years suffered eighteen months to pass without reminding him, with a blush through a smirk, that she would "soon want a little sugar and coffee and sweetened dram *for the little stranger.*" Darby had just received the tenth notice of this kind when he resolved to turn politician. Whether the notices had any influence upon him in forming this rash resolution, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is that he had received them, for several years preceding, with a rapidly declining interest, insomuch that, when the last came, it gave to his countenance an expression better suited to dyspepsia than to such joyous tidings; and he was proceeding to make a most uncourteous response, when the kindling fire of his lady's eye brought him to an anti-climax of passive gentility.

"Why, Nancy," said he, "Lord 'a' massy on my soul! I don't grudge you the rum and coffee and sugar, but r'aly it *does* seem to me—that—we're havin' a powerful chance o' childern somehow or 'nother."

I am digressing a little, but I cannot resume my subject without doing Mrs. Anvil the justice to say that she defended her dignity with becoming spirit,

and by a short but pungent syllogism taught Darby that he had more cause for self-condemnation than for *grudgings or astonishment*.

Darby Anvil, though ignorant in the extreme, had some shrewdness and much low cunning. He knew well the prejudices and weaknesses of the common people of the country, and had no little tact in turning them to his own advantage.

Two attorneys of eminence who had repeatedly served the State in her deliberative assemblies during and after the war were candidates for the popular branch of the Legislature when Darby determined to make a third and supernumerary candidate. He announced his aims in the only way in which he could have announced them without exposing himself to overwhelming ridicule; for the people of those days pretty generally harbored the superstitious notion that talents were indispensable to wholesome legislation.

There was a great barbecue in the county. It was the wager of a hunting watch, and consequently everybody was invited and everybody attended. During the festival, when Darby and ten or twelve of his own class were collected round the bottle, "Boys," said he, "how 'bout the 'lection this year?"

"O," says one, "there's no opposition."

"No opposition!" cried Darby, "by zounds, that'll never do. We'll have no fun. I'll be ding'd if I don't offer myself if I can't git a smarter man to offer, rather than have no fun at all. What do you say, Bill Rucker? Won't you go in for the old blacksmith ag'inst the lawyers?" smiling and winking to the by-standers.

"O yes," said Bill carelessly, "I'll go in for you to a red heat."

"Well, thar's one vote for the old blacksmith, anyhow."

"Johnny, you'll stick to Uncle Darby ag'n the lawyers, I know; won't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny Fields, "I'll stick to you like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Jimmy Johns 'll go—O no! I've no chance of Jimmy's vote; bein' as how he's a mighty takin' to lawyers since his brother Bob's case was *try'n*. How 'bout that, Jimmy?" with a dry, equivocal laugh.

"Blast their infernal souls!" said Jim, "I'd vote for the devil 'fore I'd vote for either of 'em. They made out my evidence was nothin' 't all but swearin' lies for brother Bob from one end to t'other."

"Well, Jimmy," pursued Darby, "you mustn't mind Uncle Darby's laughin', my son, I can't help laughin' every time I think how mad you was when

you come to my shop that day; but you know I told you you'd git over it and vote for the 'squires at last, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you told a lie, too; didn't you, Uncle Darby?"

Here Darby roared immoderately and then, becoming suddenly very grave, he proceeded: "But, boys, puttin' all jokin' away, it's wrong, mighty wrong, for anybody to be puttin' upon anybody's charricter after that sort, I don't care who they is. And if I was in the Legislater the fust thing I'd do would be to stop it."

"Well, Uncle Darby, why don't you offer?" said Johns. "I'll go for you, and there's plenty more'll go for you if you'll come out."

"Yes, that there is," said Job Snatch (another sufferer in court). "I'll go for you."

"And so will I," said Seth Weed.

"Why, boys," interrupted Darby, "if you don't hush, you'll make me come out sure enough. And what would I do in the 'sembly?"

"I'll tell you what you'd do," said Sam Flat crustily, "you'd set up in one corner of the room like poor folks at a frolic and never open your mouth. And I'll tell you another thing—my opinion is, you want to offer, too; and you're only fishin' for an excuse to do it now."

Darby burst into a loud laugh; but there was enough chagrin mingled with it to show plainly that he felt the truth of Sam's remark. It was near a minute before he could reply: "O no, Sammy, I've no notion of offerin', unless it mout be just to have a little fun. And if I was to offer what harm would it do? I couldn't be 'lected; and if I wasn't I wouldn't care, for it wouldn't be no disgrace for a poor blacksmith to be beat by the great folks that's beat everybody."

"Well," said Jimmy Johns, "may I say you's a cand'date?"

"Jimmy, you is a free man and has a right to say what you please."

"And I'm a free man, and I'll say what I please, too," said Job Snatch.

"And so am I," said Seth Weed.

"Why, what's got into these boys?" chuckled out Darby; "I b'lieve they're gwine to make me a cand'date whether I will or no. I didn't know I had so much pop'larity. Let me git away from here or I'll be made a great man in spite of myself. But I must take a drink before I go. Come, boys, le's take a drink, and I'll give you a toast:

"Here's wishin' that honest men who's 'blige to go to court
to swear

May not be 'lowed to be made game of by lawyers of the
bare."

This sentiment, like many electioneering harangues of equal merit in the present day, was received "with unbounded applause;" and amidst laughter and entreaties for a repetition of the toast, Darby hastened away to a small party of marksmen who had made up a match and were trying their skill apart from the throng. To these he made himself obsequious, while his friends spread the news of his candidacy. It soon pervaded the whole assembly, and many went to him to know the truth of the report. His answers to such were regulated by the tone and manner with which they put their questions. If they exhibited no astonishment, he told them that "he had tried to git off, but his friends kept plaguin' him so to offer that he was 'bliged to give up or make 'em all mad; and therefore, he told 'em they mout do as they pleased." If the inquirer exhibited signs of wonder and incredulity, Darby gave him an affirmative with all the tokens of irony. Amongst the rest came Smith and Jones, the two candidates. They happened to meet him just as he was returning to the crowd from the shooting-match and when no person was with him.

"Darby," inquired Smith, "is it possible that you are a candidate for the Legislature?"

"Why not?" returned Anvil, with a blush.

"Why, you are utterly unqualified; you will disgrace yourself."

"I know," rejoined Anvil, "that I'd make a mighty poor spout of speakin' ag'in lawyers, but I reckon as how I could *vote* as good as them."

"You are mistaken, Darby," said Jones; "it requires a better head to *vote* right than to speak well. The business of law-making is a very delicate business, which should be managed with the nicest care, especially in this country. | It is true that it has been much simplified in the several States by our admirable form of government. A vast variety of subjects, and those, too, which the people at large are generally best acquainted with, have been withdrawn from the State Legislature. But still the States are sovereign, and possess all power not specially delegated to the general government—"

"You should have said," interrupted Smith, "that the State legislation has been *diminished* rather than that it has been *simplified*. In truth, it has been rendered more intricate by our novel form of government. In other countries the law-giver has only to study the interests of the people and legislate accordingly; but here, in addition to the ordinary duties of a legislator, he has others of infinite difficulty and infinite importance to dis-

charge. He is one of the guardians of a State which is both *sovereign* and *subject*—sovereign by Constitution, subject by concession. He must consider well, therefore, the powers which she has ceded, and yield implicit obedience to them; he must study well the powers which she has reserved, and fearlessly maintain them. An error on the one hand is a step toward anarchy; an error on the other is a step toward slavery—”

“Why,” interrupted Darby, “I don’t understand head nor tail of all this *sarment*.”

“I was not addressing myself to you,” said Smith, “though I confess that what I was saying was meant for your improvement. I was in hopes you would understand enough of it to discover your unfitness for the Legislature.”

“I think,” said Jones, “I can convince Darby of that in a more intelligent way.”

“Darby, what does a man go to the Legislature for?”

“Why, to make laws,” said Darby.

“True; and to amend such as have been made. Now, do you know what laws have been made?”

“No.”

“Do you know how those have operated which have been made?”

“Operated?”

"I mean do you know whether they have proved good or bad?"

"No, I tell you; I don't know nothin' 't all about 'em."

"Well, now suppose a man should come to your shop and offer to work for you a month—at plow-making we will suppose—and when you asked him if he understood making such plows as are used in Georgia he should reply that he knew nothing at all about plows, his whole life had been spent in shoe-making; but that if you would lay two plows before him he could tell you which he thought best; and that whenever you wanted his opinion or vote upon shop matters he could give it as good as any one. What would you think of him?"

"Then, 'cordin' to your chat, nobody ought to go to 'sembly but lawyers," said Darby.

"I do not say so; but that no one should go there who has not some little knowledge of the business which he has to do. If he possess this knowledge, it matters not whether he be lawyer, farmer, merchant, or mechanic."

By this time quite a crowd, mostly unlettered persons, had collected round the candidates, and though it was impossible for Darby to hide his chagrin while he and his companions were alone, it became less and less visible with every accession

to the group, so that by the time Mr. Jones concluded his remarks it was entirely dissipated, and Darby stood before the company decidedly the most self-confident of the three.

"Well," said he, planting himself astraddle and placing his arms akimbo, "now I've heard you all through, let me see how the old blacksmith can argify *with two lawyers at a time*. I know I'm nothin' but a poor, ign'ant blacksmith that don't know nothin' nohow; and furthermore, I don't think nobody ought to go to the 'sembly but *lawyers* nether, bein' as how they're the smartest people in the world. But howsomedever, that's n'ither here nor thar. Now, Mr. Smith, you say I'd disgrace myself to go to the 'sembly, and I reckon it's so, for I'm like my neighbors here, hard-workin' people, who ha'n't got no business doin' nothin' but workin' for great folks and rich folks, nohow. But howsomedever, that's n'ither here nor thar, as the fellow said. Now, I want to ax you a few questions, and you mus'n't git mad with me, for I only want to git a little l'arnin'. And firstly of the first place, to begin at the beginnin', as the fellow said, an't a poor man as free as a rich man?" winking, with a smirk to the approving by-standers.

"Certainly," said Smith.

"And didn't they fight for libity as well as rich ones?"

"Yes."

"Well—hem!—an't they as honest as rich men?"

"No doubt of it."

"Well, if a poor man is as free as a rich man (*now you mus'n't git mad with me*), and they fit for libity as well as them, and is as honest, how comes it that some people that's the smartest in the world votes for nobody havin' votes but them that's got land?" Here several of the by-standers who had been interchanging winks and smiles in token that they foresaw the dilemma into which Darby was leading his antagonist, burst into a loud laugh.

"Now, an't he the devil?" whispered one.

"I tell you what it is," said a second, "the lawyers an't gwine to git nothin' out o' him."

"Mighty smart man," said a third, gravely, "powerful smart for his opportunities."

"I advocated freehold suffrage," returned Smith, "in the convention that framed the Constitution, not because I thought the rich man entitled to higher privileges than the poor man, but because I thought him less exposed to temptation. Indeed, my proposition made no distinction between the poor and the rich, for there is not a farmer in

the State who has not more land than would have entitled him to a vote under it. But I apprehend the time will come when our State will be inundated with strangers and sojourners amongst us—mere floating adventurers—who have no common interest, feeling, or sympathy with us, who will prostitute the right of suffrage to private gain, and set up their votes to the highest bidder. I would, therefore, have confined this right to those who have a fixed and permanent interest in the State, who must share the honors or suffer the penalties of wise or corrupt legislation."

"If Smith is to be blamed," said Jones, "for his course in the convention, so am I. I differed from him, to be sure, in *measure*, but agreed with him in *principle*. I would have had a small *property* qualification without confining it to *land*, but his answer to this was decisive. If the amount of property required were *large*, it would disqualify many honest voters who are permanent residents of the State; if it were *small*, every stranger who brought with him money enough to bear his traveling expenses would be qualified to vote. But we were both overruled."

"Gentlemen," said Darby, "you talk too much dictionary for me; I wasn't raised to much book larnin' nor dictionary larnin'. But, howsomever,

I think, 'Squire Smith, you said anybody that didn't own land would sell their votes to the highest bidder; and I reckon it's so, for you great folks knows more than me; but 'the proof of the puddin's in chawin' the bag,' as the fellow said, therefore let's see how the thing'll work. Jimmy Johns, you don't own no land, and, therefore, 'cordin' to the 'Squire's narration, you'll sell your vote to the highest bidder. What'll you take for it?"

"Nobody better not tell me," said Jim, "that I'll sell my vote, or I'll be dad seized if I don't fling a handful o' fingers right in his face in short *metcher*, I don't care who he is."

"I did not say," resumed Smith, "that any man now in the State would sell his vote, nor do I believe that any true *Georgian*, by birth or adoption, ever will; but the time will come when idle, worthless vagabonds will come amongst us, who will sell their votes for a pint of rum if they can get no more."

"Well, 'Squire, now it seems to me—but I don't know, but it seems to me—somehow or 'nother that it'll be time enough to have land votin' when that time comes, and not to begin upon poor folks *now* to stop mean folks when we are all dead and gone. Them folks, I reckon, can take care o' themselves."

"Then it will be too late," interposed Jones. "Men who have a marketable article will never give it away, or allow it to be taken from them. Should they be willing to renounce it, there will be factious demagogues enough to prevent them from so doing. No, Darby, if you would establish a good government, you must do it at its organization; thenceforward there is a ceaseless war between the governors and the governed. The rulers are ever usurping the rights of the people, or the people are ever resuming the rights of the"—

"Stop a little thar," interrupted Darby; "you say thar's a war 'tween the Governor and the gov'-ment. Now, what's the reason I never hearn of that war? I've hearn of the old French War and the Rev'lution War and the Injun War, but I never hearn of that war before."

"I don't say," continued Jones, impatiently, "that there is a war, a fight"—

"O, well, if you take that back, why we'll start ag'in. But, howsomedever, when I'm gwine to a place I always try to take the right road at first, and then thar's no 'casion for turnin' back."

"Well, Darby," said Jones, "you are certainly a bigger fool than I took you to be, and that is not your worst fault."

"Well, now, you see," said Darby (bristling),

"that kind o' chat an't gwine to do for me, no-how; and you must take it back quick as you did the war, or I'll make the fur fly to the tother sorts."

"Yes, I'll be dad seized if I didn't," said Jimmy Johns, becoming furious; "talkin's talkin', but callin' a man the *fool's* no sort of chat."

"Uncle Darby," said John Fields, "you gwine to swallow that? If you do, you needn't count on John Fields's vote."

"No, I'm not," continued Darby, touching his coat. "Gentlemen, I didn't go to 'Squire Jones; he came to me and brought on the fuss, and I don't think I'm to blame. My charricter is as good to me as his'n to him; and, gentlemen, I'm a plain, hard-workin' man, but I'll be burned if I can bear everything."

"Strip yourself, Darby," said Snatch, flinging off his coat as if it were full of nettles, and pouring forth a volley of oaths without order or connection; "strip yourself; you sha'n't be imposed on; I'll see you out."

"O well, now," said John Reynolds (the bully of the county), coolly, "if thar's to be any fur flyin' here, I must have a little of the pullin' of it. And, Darby, you're not goin' to knock the 'Squire till you walk over me to do it. He's holpt my

wife and children too often when they've been sick for me to stand by and see him imposed on, right or wrong; that's the racket."

"Well, Johnny," said Darby (re-adjusting his coat), "I always liked the 'Squire myself, and always voted for him—don't you know I did, Johnny?—but then you know yourself that it's mighty hard for a man to be called a fool to his face, now an't it, Johnny?"

"Why, it's a thing that don't go down easy, I know, but then look at tother side a little. Now you made out the 'Squire eat his words about the war, and that's mighty hard to swallow, too. Now he told you he didn't mean they fit, and you know anybody's liable to make mistakes anyhow; and you kept makin' out that he had to back out from what he said, and"—

"Yes, Darby," said Jimmy Johns, "that's a fact, Johnny's right. You brushed the 'Squire a little too close there, Darby, and I can't blame him for gittin' mad. I'll stick by you when you're on the right side, but I can't go with you there. I couldn't ha' stood it myself."

"Yes, Darby," said Fields, "you must confess yourself that you begun it, and, therefore, you oughtn't to got mad. That was wrong, Darby, and I can't go with you them lengths."

"How was it?" said Snatch, as if he were not at the beginning of the affray. "How was it?"

"Why," said Johns, "Darby made out the 'Squire eat his words, and then the 'Squire called Darby a fool."

"O, chuch!" said Snatch, "was that the way of it? Darby's wrong. If I'd o' knowed that, I wouldn't a' opened my mouth."

"Well," said Darby, "I believe I *was* wrong there, Johnny; and if my friends say so, I know I was. And, therefore, I am willin' to drop it. I always looked upon the 'Squire as a mighty good, kind-hearted man."

"O yes!" exclaimed three or four at once, "drop it."

"I was just waitin' to see a row," said Sam Flat (bully number two), "and I'd a' kept up all sorts o' rollin' and tumblin' over this barbecue ground before I'd a' seen the 'Squire hurt."

"O, but Sammy," said Johns, Fields, and Snatch eagerly and in one voice, "it's all over now. Drop it; we all see Darby was wrong."

"O yes," said John White, reeling under a pint of rum, "drop it; it's all got—in a wrong—fix—by not knowin'—nothin' 'bout it. I heard it every bit. 'Squire didn't say what Darby said—and Darby—didn't say what 'Squire said—and

none of you didn't say what all of you said—and that's the way—you all got to quar'lin' an' fightin'. We're all friends—let's go 'n' take a drink—which whipped?"

Before White concluded this very luminous and satisfactory explanation the attorneys and their friends had retired, and Darby proceeded: "Gentlemen, when I fust talked 'bout bein' a cand'date, I had no notion o' bein' one. I jest said it in fun, as all the boys here knows. But now, you see, sence they go to puttin' on me after this sort, I'll be blamed if I don't be a cand'date, even if I git beat. This is a free country, in which every man has a right to do as he pleases, and 'cordin' to their chat nobody ha'nt got no right to be cand'dates but lawyers. If that's the chat, I don't know what our Rev'lution was for, and I fit in it too. Gentlemen, you see how I've been persecuted."

Darby's resolution was applauded by some, and his insulted dignity soothed by others. He now surrendered himself unreservedly to electioneering. His first object was to secure the favor of John Reynolds, for the bully of a county was then a very desirable auxiliary in a canvass. This was easily effected by a little kindness and a little hypocrisy, and Darby wanted neither when his interest was at stake. He soon persuaded John that

all he had said to Mr. Jones was a joke, or (what was the same thing to John) an error in Darby; and as the bully of the county is too much occupied in seeking glory to attend much to his trade or his farm, and is therefore constantly in need of some little assistance from his more industrious neighbors, Darby had opportunities enough of conciliating John by kind offices. These he improved so handsomely that John was soon won by gratitude, and came out his open supporter.

Marvelous was now the "change" which "came over the spirit of Darby's dream." His shop was committed to the entire management of Sambo and Cuffy, and his "little strangers" to Nancy. He rode night and day, attended every gathering in the county, treated liberally, aped dignity here, cracked obscene jokes there, sung vulgar songs in one place, talked gravely in another, told long, dry stories, gave short, mean toasts, jested with the women and played with the children, grew liberal in suretyships, paid promptly and dunned nobody, and asked everybody to vote for him.

By these means Darby's popularity increased wonderfully. Three months lay between the barbecue and the election, and before the expiration of the first the wise began to fear and the foolish to boast that Darby Anvil would be elected. An-

other month placed the matter beyond dispute, and left to either of the other candidates the alternative of making common cause with Darby or staying at home. The temptation was too strong for Smith's integrity. He formed a secret alliance with Darby. It was effected with great care and much cunning, but it was soon exposed by his conduct and its results. It was the first instance of such self-abasement that I ever witnessed in Georgia (would that it had been the last!), and it was received with becoming indignation by the virtuous and intelligent of the country. They took the field, almost to a man, in behalf of Jones, and but for his magnanimity they would have succeeded at last in giving Smith the just reward of his treachery. But Jones implored them by their regard for the future welfare of the State to level all their forces against Anvil and not against Smith. "If Smith," said he, "is returned to the Legislature, he will serve you with profit, if not with honor; but if Darby be elected, he will be worthless as a member and ruinous as an example. Encouraged by his success, hundreds of stupid asses like himself will make their way into the General Assembly; and the consequences will be that our government will become a despotism of fools and a disgrace to republicanism." By these

and many other more forcible arguments, which I have not time to repeat, Jones prevailed upon his friends to sacrifice their private prejudices to the public good, and to bend all their exertions to the exclusion of Anvil. They did so, and for a time wonderful were the effects of their efforts. So commanding was their position that even the common people were attracted by it, and many came over to them from the ranks of the coalition. Smith was cowed by the noble bearing of his old friend toward him, and remorse greatly paralyzed his exertions. Darby, too, grew so much alarmed that he became serious, and by as much as he grew serious by so much did he lose his influence. In short, there is every reason to believe that after all Darby would have been beaten had not a little incident occurred which secured his election in spite of opposition. It was a strange incident to be followed by such an effect. There is an old Scotch song which says:

Be a lassie e'er so black
An she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upo' Tintoock top,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

The winds are not more propitious to the *siller'd* lassie than unpropitious to a candidate. If ever ghe has committed a fault, no matter when or where

the wind will blow a babbler to him. It was so with Darby, though *unfortunate* only in a moral, not in a political sense.

About three weeks before the election a traveler stopped at a public house in the county where several persons had collected, and amongst the rest was *Your Uncle Nicky Bugg*. This was a title which he assumed himself and which was accorded to him by universal consent. The company were all supporters of Jones, and their conversation turning upon the approaching election, they denounced Darby Anvil in unmeasured terms. The stranger, probably emboldened by their sentiments, after putting a few questions as to Darby's personal identity, stated that Darby had left Virginia *between two days* in order to avoid a prosecution for perjury. The stranger said he was not himself personally acquainted with the facts, but referred to a number of persons in Virginia who would confirm his statement by certificates. The certificates were immediately written for, and to make their effect the more decisive it was resolved by the company that they would not whisper the important discovery until the certificates arrived. Fortunately for Darby, they did not arrive until the evening before the election.

At an early hour of the succeeding day Darby

made his appearance at the court-house at the head of about thirty men, some in wagons, some on horseback (single and double), and some on foot. They all had their tickets in their hats, with the names of Smith and Anvil written on them in large characters. As they proceeded to the polls they made the village ring with shouts of "Hurrah for Smith!" "Hurrah for Anvil!" "Hurrah for the blacksmith and the people's candidate!" Darby had provided a table and a dozen bottles of rum, to which he led his friends and told them to drink freely and vote boldly. He was reminded that if he should be elected he would have to swear that he had not gained his election by *treating*, canvassing, etc., to which he replied that he "could *swaller* that oath mighty easy, for he reckoned nobody wa'n't so mean as to vote for him just because he treated 'em."

Owing to some misunderstanding of the magistrates who were to preside at the election, or from some other cause unknown, the polls were not opened until an hour or two after the usual time. The delay was extremely annoying to Darby; for in the interim his friends paid such profound respect to his first injunction above mentioned that several of them were fast becoming *hors de suffrage*, if I may be allowed the expression. At

length came the magistrates, however; and no sooner had they entered the court-yard, where was collected an immense throng, than "Your Uncle Nicky" took the topmost step at the door of the court-house, and demanded the attention of every gentleman present. The demand had to be repeated several times before it was heeded, but it finally succeeded in gathering around him every voter on the campus. They were soon reduced to silence, and Bugg commenced reading, in a slow and audible voice, the cruel certificates. In the meantime Darby, as one very truly observed, "looked powerful bad." He stared like an owl at noonday, and trembled like the shoe of a grist-mill. He changed feet as rapidly as if he had been upon hot embers; and as for his hands, suffered them to do as they pleased, and they pleased to go through evolutions that no pen can describe. I can only say of them that they seemed to be in frantic search for the mind that had deserted them, for they wandered all over his body and all through his apparel, giving occasional hints to the materialists that the mind may at last be seated where none of them have ever yet placed it. To add, if possible, to Darby's embarrassment, "Your Uncle Nicky" was one of those men to whom a fight was an accommodation. Darby

could not, therefore, with safety, resort to the usual expedient in such cases: a quarrel with the author of his mortification. He received a consolation, however, the most grateful that could have been offered to his tortured feelings, even before Bugg had disposed of the certificates. It was from the cry of "Persecution!" which issued from a number of voices, accompanied by other consolatory expressions, which increased as soon as Bugg had concluded.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed one, "to attack a man so right on the 'lection day to his face, when he ha'n't got no chance o' defendin' himself."

"Ah, well, now," said a second, "if they go to takin' these in-turns on a fellow they an't gwine to git no good of it, and you'll see it. The clean thing's the clean thing, but this whopping a fellow up all at once when he's no chance is no sort o' doin's."

"Walk, ticket!" exclaimed a third (*tearing up a ticket on which was Jones's name*), "and come over to the old blacksmith; into my hand *flitter!* Fair play's a jewel, and that's what I go for in 'lectioneering as well as everything else."

"Never mind, Darby," added a fourth, "you an't dead yet if you are down and kickin'. There's enough here'll stand by you yet. Keep a stiff upper lip, and you'll come through yet."

"I swear," added a fifth, "it's too bad! It's enough to hurt any man's feelin's to be so put upon *unbeknowens*."

These, and many other expressions of a like kind, so far restored Darby's equanimity that he was able to take the step in his defense as soon as Bugg descended from it. When he mounted the rostrum, his appearance was quite unparliamentary. He was dressed in a full suit of mud-colored home-spun, the workmanship of Nancy's own hands, from the carding to the weaving. His pantaloons were supported only by his hips, for suspenders were not then worn; and even with this advantage at the one extremity, they were full five inches too short at the other. They reached his socks only when he stood firm on both legs—that is, when they were suffered to hang in a right line—but as Darby rarely used both limbs at the same time, there was an alternate flashing of naked skin from either limb, of the most agreeable and bewitching novelty. His vest was more uncourteous to his pantaloons than were his socks, for no position of Darby's body could induce it to come within an inch of them. His under garment, however, acted as a mediator between them, and gracefully rolled out into the vacant space, seemingly to encircle the orator with a sash of coarse

but clean, white cloth. Darby wore no cravat; and from accident or design (the former, I suppose), his shirt-collar was thrown entirely open, leaving exposed a most unsightly *Adam's apple*, that gave to his neck the appearance of a little dromedary. Upon his coat Nancy had obviously "*spread herself*," as we say in Georgia. She seemed to have taken the pattern of it from the wings of a horse-fly. From a point about seven inches above the *os coccygis*, it *debouched* to the right and the left, with daring encroachments upon his calves. Two large *plano-convex* covered buttons marked the salient points of the skirts, and as many (on either skirt, one) their nether limits. The molds of these gorgeous ornaments were cut, by the measure of a half-dollar, from a dried gourd; of course, therefore, it was in the covering that they took the shape which I have given to them. Five buttons more (*ejusdem generis*) stood in open order upon each lapel; and from every button advanced, in marvelous length, a button-hole worked with "indigo blue," so that they looked like two little detachments of artillery drawn up in battle array against each other. Coarse, sharp-pointed shoes and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat completed the costume of the first orator that I ever had the pleasure of

hearing address the electors of a county in Georgia. Indeed, he was the last also; for, though it is not now an unusual thing for candidates "to respond in strains of glowing eloquence" (see *gazettes, passim*) at dinner parties and barbecues, it is a very rare thing for them to address "the sovereignty" when assembled to exercise the elective franchise. But Darby had no alternative. The greetings which he met with from the crowd when he ascended the tribune were such as would have confounded any one who did not understand the spirit with which they were uttered. Strange as it may seem to the reader, they were meant for encouragement, and were so understood by Darby.

"Hey, Darb!" vociferated one, "you're too strong for your runners; you've pushed your legs too far through your breeches."

"Never mind that, Darby," cried another. "Tuck in your shirt-tail, and *norate* away the best you can; we'll see you out."

"Why, Darby," cried the third, "what makes you *swaller* so? Stand up to your fodder like a man. You've got plenty of friends here yet."

"Why, gentlemen," proceeded Darby, "its enough to make anybody *swaller* and feel bad too, to be put upon after this sort, all *unbeknowens*,

when he ha'n't got no chance o' defendin' himself —no manner o' chance. Gentlemen, I fit in the Revolution; and if I'm now to lose my charricter because I'm took all unawar's, I shall think it the hardest case I ever hearn of in all my born days. Gentlemen, my charricter's as much to me and any hardworkin' man as any man's charricter is to him, if he's a lawyer, or a doctor, or a store-keeper, or I don't care what he is. For what's a man worth that an't got no charricter? He's like a pair o' *belloweses* that ha'n't got no nose, or a saw that ha'n't got no handle: they an't no manner o' 'count; you can't use 'em at all. ['That's the truth, Darby,' interposed a voice gravely]. Gentlemen, I've lived a long time with you: did any of you ever hear of my usin' perj'ry? I reckon if I had time I could git ce'tif'cates, too, but you all see I an't got no time at all. Gentlemen, I don't think I ever seed any one that was so persecuted in all my born days; and if I'm beat now, I shall think I'm beat by persecution. And there's my wife and ten children, and they must all lose their charracters, too, just by bein' taken unawar's. I never knowed nobody to git nothin' by persecution; but if me and my wife and children's all to lose our charracters by it, why I s'pose it must be so, but I shall think it mighty hard. Gentlemen,

you can do as you please with me; and whatever you do, I can't help it."

The cry of "Hurrah for Anvil!" from many voices as Darby descended from the steps plainly testified that he had the sympathies and support of the majority. In vain did Jones and his friends reason with them upon the difference between exposing vice and persecuting innocence. It was in vain that they argued against the injustice of visiting Bugg's fault (if fault it was) upon the head of his friend Jones. The time and the severity of the attack were sufficient to change Darby into an object of persecution in their eyes. To make matters worse, if possible, for Jones, "Your Uncle Nicky" undertook to reason with the malcontents. This was a very unfortunate step, for though he was fully competent to reason, and reason well, with reasonable beings, he was the last man on earth who, in this way, should have undertaken to reclaim those who were won to Darby's support by what we have seen. He was easily excited and utterly intolerant of folly. Irritable as he was, however, he rarely gave signs of anger either in voice or countenance. So far from it, his composure was always greatest when just at the fighting point.

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borne about on the shoulders of their friends with huzzas of triumph. They then invited all who lingered about the court-yard at that late hour to a supper at one of the public houses of the village. Here they ate, drank, sung vulgar songs, and told more vulgar stories until about one o'clock, when they, or some of them, sallied forth and with drum and fife and yells drove sleep from the village until the dawn.

An inveterate hostility between Smith and Jones followed this election, the traces of which may be seen in their descendants to this day. Darby was elected again and again; and though he did nothing in the Legislature but vote as Smith voted, and drink grog in the recess of the sessions, he always returned to his constituents with wonderful stories of what "*we* did and what *we* tried to do."

In the meantime, things about home began to run rapidly to decay. Sambo and Cuffy worked up immense quantities of iron, for they both worked a great deal harder, as they said themselves, when "massa" was away than when he was there, "jist dat white folks might see dat nigger didn't want no watchin', and dat massa might know how to trust 'em." But then they had little or nothing to show for it. A number of

good customers deserted the shop; some from political hostility to the owner, and others because Sambo and Cuffy were always too busy to attend to them. Mrs. Anvil grew dissatisfied with politics as soon as Darby returned the first time from the Legislature with no money in his pockets, for she had taken up the idea that all who stepped into the Assembly stepped into a fortune. She therefore advised Darby to "quit it as not bein' the thing it was cracked up to be," and to "come home and mind his own business." But Darby had become too much enamored of the public service to take her counsel. He told her it would never do in the world for him to take his name down—*his party* would never forgive him. This logic was unsatisfactory to Nancy at first, and it became still more so as troubles thickened about the house. She therefore became crusty, petulant and boisterous by turns, greatly to the disturbance of Darby's domestic peace and tranquillity. He had anticipated this emergency, and took to drink privately beforehand; but he now began to come home drunk out of spite, and Nancy gave him spite for spite. Still, however, wife-like, she struggled hard to keep things together and to save her family from ruin; and her increased industry and economy would probably have balanced Darby's

waste from drink and kept a support in hand until he burned out, but alas! tickets began to pour in upon them by the peck from the courts of conscience and other more unconscionable courts, inviting Darby to appear here and appear there to answer for countless debts of his constituents. Then came the officers of justice and reduced them to beggary. A little before matters reached this crisis Darby was beaten for the Legislature, and it distressed him beyond measure. The friends for whom he had done the most were the first to desert him, alleging as a reason his want of qualification, and their thorough conviction, after three years' reflection, that the Virginia certificates were true.

Thus ended Darby's nomothetic career, but here ended not the consequences of it. Encouraged by his success, worthless candidates sprung up in every county. If their presumption was rebuked, they silenced the reprobate and repressed their own shame with "I know that I am better qualified than Darby Anvil." Under this plea and by such artifices as Anvil had used, they made their way to the councils of the State, where they became the worthy progenitors of a series of acts extending through many years, which for extravagance and folly have no parallel in the codes of enlightened

nations. The penalties of these acts are now upon our heads, and upon our children's children will they descend with unmitigated rigor. I forbear to follow the consequences further—in charity to my native land I forbear. And yet I am not so sure but that such charity is treason to the State and allegiance to her most deadly foes. Presumptuous ignorance should be reprimanded with a fearless tongue, its sins should be proclaimed abroad in warning to the people, and all good men should unite their efforts to redeem a State entirely from such influence.

IV.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

I describe a Georgia family. It is a fair specimen of Georgia families generally, at the heads of which are parents of good sense, good morals, and well-improved minds. To be sure, there are in Georgia as many notions about parental government as there are in any other country, and the practice is as various as the opinions. Some parents exercise no government at all; others confine themselves exclusively to the government of the tongue, and others rule by the rod alone; but by far the larger class blend these several modes of government and prefer the one or the other according to times and circumstances. To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the heads of the family which I am about to describe. Gilbert was the Christian name of the husband, and Eliza, of the wife. I was intimately acquainted with them both, before their union; and was ever afterwards admitted to their household, with the freedom of one of its members—indeed, I was a connection of one of them.

They had been married about eight months,

when a dull November evening found me at their fireside. In the course of the evening the conversation turned upon raising children. "By the way, Eliza," said Gilbert, "I have been thinking for some time past of interchanging views with you upon this subject; and there never can be a better time than now, while Abraham is with us, whose opinions we both respect, and who will act as umpire between us."

"Well," said Eliza, "let me hear yours."

"If we should ever be blessed with children (Eliza blushed a little), let it be a fundamental law between us that neither of us ever interfere with the discipline of the other, either by look, word, or action, in the presence of the children."

"To that rule I most heartily subscribe."

"When a child is corrected by one of us, let not the other extend to it the least condolence or sympathy."

"In that also you have my hearty concurrence."

"Let us never correct a child in a passion."

"The propriety of that rule I fully admit; but I fear that I shall not always be able to conform to its requisitions. I will, however, endeavor to do so."

"Well, if you will do your best, I shall be satisfied."

"Let us, as far as it is practicable, introduce among our children the universally-admitted principles of good government among men."

"That is a very indefinite rule, husband. I know very little of the principles of good government among men; and much less of those principles which are universally admitted."

"Well, I will be a little more specific. I believe it is universally admitted that laws should precede punishment, and that none should be punished who are incapable of understanding the law. In accordance with these principles, I would never punish a child who is incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, not until he shall have been forewarned of the wrong, and taught to avoid it."

"These principles seem very reasonable to me," said Eliza, "but they can never be applied to children. If you do not correct a child until it is old enough to learn from precept the difference between right and wrong, there will be no living in the house with it for the first five or six years of its life, and no controlling it afterwards."

Gilbert received these views of his wife with some alarm, and entered upon a long argument to convince her that they were erroneous. She maintained her own very well, but Gilbert had

certainly the advantage of her in the argument. All he could say, however, did not in the least shake her confidence in her opinion.

I was at length appealed to, and I gave judgment in favor of Gilbert.

"Well," said she, "I never was better satisfied of anything in my life than I am that you are both wrong. But let us compromise this matter. I'll agree to this: if ever I correct a child before it is old enough to receive instruction from precept, and you do not approve of my conduct, I will then promise you never to do the like again."

"Well," said Gilbert, "that is very fair. One more rule will settle the fundamentals, and we may safely trust all others to future adjustment. Let us never address our children in the non-sensical gibberish that is so universally prevalent among parents, and particularly among mothers. It is very silly in the first place, and it greatly retards a child's improvement in the second. Were it not for this, I have no doubt children would speak their mother-tongue as correctly at four years as they do at sixteen."

Eliza smiled, and observed that this was such a small matter that it had also better be left for future adjustment. To this Gilbert rather reluctantly assented.

About two months after this conversation Gilbert was "blessed" with a fine son, whom he named John James Gilbert, after the two grandfathers and himself—a profusion of names which he had cause afterwards to repent.

Just fourteen months and six days thereafter he was "blessed" with a fine daughter, whom Eliza named Anna Frances Eliza, after the two grandmothers and herself.

Fifteen months thereafter he received a third blessing, like unto the first, which he called George Henry, after his two brothers.

Thirteen months and nineteen days after the birth of George, a fourth blessing descended upon Gilbert, in the form of a fine son. This took the name of William Augustus, after two brothers of his wife.

Eliza now made a long rest of nineteen months, four days and five hours (I speak from the family record), when by way of amends she presented her husband a pair of blessings. As soon as his good fortune was made known to him, Gilbert expressed regret that he had not reserved his own name until now, in order that the twins might bear his name and mine. Seeing this could not be, he bestowed my name upon the first born, and gave me the privilege of naming the

second. As I considered "a good name rather to be chosen than great riches," I called the innominate, Isaac, after the patriarch, and a beloved uncle of mine. In this very triumphant and laudable manner did Mrs. Butler close the list of her sons.

She now turned her attention to daughters, and in the short space of five years produced three, of which a queen might have been proud. Their names in the order of their births were Louisa, Rebecca, and Sarah. It was one of Mrs. Butler's maxims, "If you have anything to do, do it at once," and she seemed to have been governed by this maxim in making up her family; for Sarah completed the number of her children.

James was about a year old when I was again at Gilbert's for the evening. He was seated by the supper table with the child in his arms, addressing some remark to me, when I called his attention to the child who was just in the act of putting its fingers in the blaze of the candle. Gilbert jerked him away suddenly, which so disappointed and incensed Master John James Gilbert that he screamed insufferably. Gilbert tossed him, patted him, walked him and whistled to him, but he could not distract his attention from the candle. He removed him out of sight of the luminary,

but that only made matters worse. He now commenced his first lesson in the "principles of good government." He brought the child towards the candle, and the nearer it approached the more pacified it became. The child extended its arm to catch the blaze, and Gilbert bore it slowly towards the flame until the hand came nearly in contact with it, when he snatched it away, crying "bunny fingers," which is by interpretation, "you'll burn your fingers." Eliza and I exchanged smiles, but neither of us said anything.

The child construed this into wanton teasing, and became, if possible, more obstreperous than ever. Gilbert now resorted to another expedient. He put his own fingers into the blaze, withdrew them suddenly, blew them, shook them, and gave every sign of acute agony. This not only quieted but delighted the child, which signified to him to do it again. He instantly perceived (what was practically demonstrated the minute afterwards) that the child was putting a most dangerous interpretation upon his last illustration. He determined, therefore, not to repeat it. The child, not satisfied with the sport, determined to repeat it himself; which the father opposing, he began to reach and cry as before. There was but one experiment left, and that was to let the

child feel the flame a little. This he resolved to try; but how to conduct it properly was not so easily settled. It would not do to allow the infant to put his hand into the blaze, because it would either burn it too little or too much. He therefore resolved to direct the hand to a point so near the flame that the increasing heat would induce the child to withdraw his hand himself. Accordingly he brought the extended arm slowly towards the flame, the child becoming more and more impatient with every moment's postponement of its gratification, until the hand came within about an inch of the wick, when he held the child stationary. But James would not let his hand remain stationary, nor at a chosen point. He kept snatching at the candle, till finding all his efforts fruitless he threw himself violently back, gave his father a tremendous thump on the nose with the back of his head, and kicked and screamed most outrageously. "You little rascal," said Gilbert, "I've a good mind to give you a good spanking."

"Give him to me," said Mrs. Butler.

"You'd better not take him," said Gilbert in an undertone, "while he is in such a passion."

"No danger," said she; "hand him to me."

As she received him, "hush, sir!" said she

sharply; and the child hushed instantly, and was asleep in a few minutes.

"Strange," said Butler, "how much sooner the mother acquires control over a child than the father."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Butler. "You would have controlled him as easily as I did, if you had given him the same lesson beforehand that I gave him. He got in just such an uproar the other day, and finding nothing else would quiet him, I spanked it out of him; and I have had no trouble in quieting him since."

"I begin to think, Butler," said I, "that Eliza was right in the only points of difference between you touching the management of children. I observed that you addressed the child just now in the gibberish which you so much condemned before you became a father; and though it seemed ridiculous enough, especially in you, I think it would have appeared still more ridiculous if you had said to a child so young, 'James, my son, do not put your fingers into the flame of the candle, it will burn them.' And your experiment has taught you the absolute impossibility of governing children of very tender years by prescribed rules."

"I am half inclined to your opinion," said

Butler. "Eliza's discipline has performed several good offices. It has relieved us of James' insufferable noise; it has taught him to control his temper at its first appearance, and it has taught him the meaning of a word ('hush') which will often supply the place of correction and always forewarn him of desires unlawful. However, this case is an exception to my rule rather than a refutation of it. After a child gets old enough to understand the language of instruction, he should always be premonished before he is punished."

Eliza again joined issue with him, and an argument ensued in which Gilbert silenced his wife as before, but with no better effect upon her judgment. The matter was referred to me, and I decided this time in favor of his wife, rather upon the doctrine of chances than of dialectics.

Gilbert now squared himself for an argument a little more obstinate than that from which he had just come off victorious. After waiting a reasonable time, "Well," said he, "proceed."

"Proceed where?" said I.

"With your reasons."

"I've got no reasons," said I, "except that your wife thinks so."

"Well, really," returned he, "that is very profound, and proves you to be the best judge for

the decision of my wife's controversies that she could select."

"There may be more sound philosophy in it," rejoined I, "than at first appears. Your wife has already proved herself to be a better judge of these matters than both of us put together, and I think I understand why it is so. She has had ten times the *experience* in them that we have had. Her habits of life have been domestic; she has seen children of all ages and under all circumstances; and from sixteen to twenty-three she supplied her mother's place in her father's family."

"A very handsome retreat," said Gilbert.

Long before the second son arrived at the reasoning age Gilbert abdicated, unreservedly, in favor of his wife, contenting himself with the subordinate station of her ministerial officer, in which he executed her orders in cases requiring more physical strength than she possessed.

V.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

I now introduce the reader to the same family in the preceding sketch, after most of the children had reached the "age of reason." In contemplating the scene which I am about to describe, he will be pleased to turn his thoughts occasionally to Gilbert's "principles of good government."

The youngest child was some two years and a half old when Gilbert invited me to breakfast with him one December morning, near the Christmas holidays. It was the time appointed for the killing of hogs, which, as the Southern reader knows, is a sort of family carnival in Georgia. The killing of the fatted calf of the olden time pales in comparison with the family joy and cheer at a "hog killing" on the plantation.

I went, and found all the children at home and Gilbert's mother added to the family circle. James and Anna had reached the age when they were permitted to take seats at the first table, though upon this occasion James being engaged about the pork, did not avail himself of the privilege; the rest of the children were taught to wait for the

second table. Breakfast was announced, and after the adults and Anna had dispatched their meal the children were summoned. As they had been taught not to seat themselves at the table until bidden, and as there were some few preparatory arrangements to be made, they all gathered around the fire, clamorous with the events of the morning.

“By jocky,” said William, “didn’t that old black barrer weigh a heap!”

“Look here, young gentleman,” said his mother, “where did you pick up such language as that? Now let me ever hear you *by jockeying*, or by anything else again, and I’ll ‘by jocky’ you with a witness, I’ll warrant you.”

“But the black barrer,” said George, “didn’t weigh as much for his size as the bob-tail speckle, though.”

“He did!”

“He didn’t!”

“Hush your disputing—this instant, stop it—you shall not contradict each other in that manner. And let us hear no more of your hog-pen wonders—nobody wants to hear them.”

At this instant William snatched a pig-tail out of Isaac’s hand.

“Ma,” said Isaac, “make Bill gi’ me muh tail.”

"You William, give him his—thing. And if I was near you I'd box your ears for that snatching. Mr. Butler, you really will have to take that fellow in hand. He's getting so that I can do nothing with him."

"If he don't behave himself," said Butler carelessly, "just turn him over to me; I reckon I can manage him."

"Ma," said Bill, "he took my blather—"

"Hush!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"Didn't I tell you to hush your disputing?"

"Well, Ma, Uncle York give it to me."

"He didn't, Uncle Monday give it to me."

"He didn't!"

"He did!"

Here the mother divided a pair of slaps equally between the disputants, which silenced them for a few moments.

At this juncture Miss Rebecca cried out with a burnt finger, which she received in cooking another pig-tail. The burn was so slight that she forgot it as the mother jerked her from the fire.

"You little vixen," said the mother, "what possesses you to be fumbling about the fire? Mr.

Butler, I beseech you to forbid the negroes giving these children any more of those horrid pig-tails. They are a source of endless torment. And now, young gentlemen—one and all of you—the next one that brings one of those things into this house again, I'll box his ears as long as I can find him. Now remember! Come along to breakfast."

In a little time, after some controversy about places, which was arrested by the mother's eye, they were all seated; James, who had dropped in in the meantime, taking his father's seat.

"Is-s-sp!" said William, smacking his lips, "sassidges! that's what I love."

"Poo!" said Isaac, "spare-ribs! that's what I love."

"Well, cease your gab, and eat what's set before you without comment. Nobody cares what you love, or what you don't love."

"Souse," said Abraham, "I don't love souse—I wouldn't eat souse—ta'n't fitten for a dog to eat."

"Get up, sir; get right up from the table, and march out of the house until you learn better manners. I'll be bound if I say you shall eat souse, you eat it. Do you hear me, sir?"

Abraham raked himself lazily out of his seat, and moved slowly off, casting a longing look at

the many good things on the table which he thought "fitten" for a prince to eat.

"Ma," said he, as he retired, "I wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at me."

"William, I've as great a mind as ever I had to do anything in my life, to send you from the table and not let you eat one mouthful. I despise that abominable disposition you have of rejoicing at your brother's misfortunes. Remember, sir, what Solomon says: 'He that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.' "

"Ma," said Abraham, "mayn't I come back to breakfast?"

"Yes, if you think you can now behave yourself with decency."

Abraham returned; and now they all broke forth at once: "Ma, mayn't I have some sassidge?" "Ma, I want some spare-rib." "Ma, I a'n't got no coffee." "Ma, if you please, ma'am, let me have some ham-gravy, and some fried hominy, and some egg, and—"

"And some everything on the table, I suppose! Put down your plates—every one of you. George, what will you have?"

"Some sassidge, and some fried potato."

"James, help your brother George."

"What do you want, William?"

"I want some spare-rib and some fried hominy."

"Chaney, help William."

"What do you want, Abraham?"

"I reckon," said James, smiling, "he'd like a little souse."

"Now, James, behave yourself. He has suffered the punishment of his fault, and let it rest there."

"I'll have," said Abraham, "some ham-gravy and some egg, and some hominy."

"Help him, Chaney."

"What'll you have, Isaac?"

"I'll have some ham-gravy, and some hominy, and some sassidge, and some spare-rib and some—"

"Well, you're not going to have everything on the table, I assure you. What do you want?"

"I want some ham-gravy, and some hominy."

"James, help I—"

"No, I don't want no gravy, I want spare-rib."

"James, give him—"

"No, I don't want no spare-rib, I want sassidge—"

"Well, if you don't make up your mind pretty quick, you'll want your breakfast, I tell you. I'm not going to be tantalized all day long with your wants. Say what you want and have done with it."

"I want some ham-gravy and some sassidge, and some hominy."

"Help him, James."

James helped him to about a teaspoonful from each dish.

"Now, Ma, jist look at bud Jim! He ha'n't gi' me only jist these three little bits o' bites."

"James, if you can't keep from tantalizing the children, tell me so, and I will not trouble you to help them anymore. I confess that I am at a loss to discover what pleasure one of your age can take in teasing your younger brothers."

"Rebecca, what do you want?"

"I want my pig-tail, ma'am."

"Bless my soul and body, haven't you forgot that pig-tail yet? It's burnt up long ago, I hope. Look, Bob, and see, and if it isn't, give it to her. I wish in my heart there was never a pig-tail upon the face of the earth."

Bob produced the half-charred pig-tail and laid it on Miss Rebecca's plate.

"There," continued her mother, "I hope now your heart's at ease. A beautiful dish it is truly for any mortal to take a fancy to."

"Ma, I don't want this pig-tail."

"Take it away—I knew you didn't want it, you little perverse brat! I knew you didn't want

it; and I don't know what got into me to let you have it. But really I am so tormented out of my life that half the time I hardly know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels."

"Mis'es," said Chaney, "Aunt Dorcas say please make Miss Louisa come out of the kitchen—say if you don't make her come out o' the fire she'll git burnt up d'rekly—say every time she tell her to come out o' the fire she make mouths at her."

"Why, sure enough, where is Louisa? Go, and tell her to come in to her breakfast this instant."

"I did tell her ma'am: and she say she won't come till she gets done bakin' her cake."

Mrs. Butler left the room, and soon appeared with Louisa sobbing, and crying: "Aunt Dorcas jerked me jist as hard as ever she could jerk, 'fore I did anything 'tall to her."

"Hold your tongue! She served you right enough; you'd no business in there. You're a pretty thing to be making mouths at a person old enough to be your grandmother. If I'd thought when I gave you that little lump of dough, that the whole plantation was to be turned upside down I'd have let you do without it."

Miss Louisa, after a little sobbing and pouting, drew from her apron a small, dirty, ashy, black, wrinkled, burnt biscuit, warm from the kitchen

shovel, which would have been just precisely the proper accompaniment to Miss Rebecca's dish; and upon this, in preference to everything on the table, she commenced her repast.

"Well, Lou," said her mother with a laugh, as she cast her eye upon the unsightly biscuit, "you certainly have a strange taste!"

Everybody knows that the mother's laugh is always responded to with compound interest by all her children. So was it in this instance; and good humor prevailed around the table.

"I'm sorry," said Abraham, "for Louisa's b-i-s, bis, k-i-t, kit,—biskit."

"Well, really," said Mrs. B. "You are a handsome speller. Is that the way you spell biscuit?"

"I can spell it, Ma!" bawled out Isaac.

"Well, spell it."

"B-i-s, bis—c— (Well, that's right!)—h—"

"Ah, well, that'll do, you needn't go any further; you've missed it farther than your brother. Spell it, William."

William spelled it correctly.

"Ma," said George, "what is biscuit derived from?"

"I really do not know," said Mrs. B. "And yet I have somewhere read an explanation of it. James, what is it derived from?"

James.—“From the French: *bis*, twice, and *cuit*, baked.”

Butler.—“Rather from two Latin words which mean the same thing; one of which the French have changed as we have it, while they have preserved the other unaltered.”

William.—“Why, Ma, you don’t bake biscuits twice over!”

Abraham.—“Yes, Ma does sometimes; don’t you, Ma, when company comes?”

Mother.—“No; I sometimes warm over cold ones, when I haven’t time to make fresh ones, but never bake them twice.”

Butler.—“They were first made to carry to sea; and they were then baked twice over, as I believe sea biscuits still are.”

Isaac.—“Ma, what’s breakfast ‘rived from?”

Mother.—“Spell it, and you will see.”

Isaac.—“B-r-e-c-k, breck, f-u-s-t, fust, breck-fust.”

Mother.—“Well, Ike, you are a grand speller. Breakfast is the word; not breckfust.”

Abraham.—“I know what it comes from.”

Mother.—“What?”

Abraham.—“You know when you call us chil’en to breakfast, we all break off and run as fast as we can split.”

Mother.—“Well, that is a brilliant derivation, truly. Do you suppose there was no breakfast before you children were born?”

Abraham.—“But, Ma, everybody has chil’en.”

Mrs. Butler explained the term.

Isaac.—“Ma, I know what sassidge comes from.”

Mother.—“What?”

Isaac.—“Cause it’s got sass in it.”

Mother—“Well there, there, there, I’ve got enough of your derivations unless they are better. You’ll learn all these things when you grow older.”

Just here Miss Sarah, who had been breakfasting at a side-table, was seized with a curiosity to see what was on the breakfast table.

Accordingly she undertook to draw herself up to a convenient elevation by the table cloth. Her mother arrested her just in time to save a cup, and pushed her aside with a gentle admonition. This did not in the least abate Miss Sarah’s curiosity, and she recommenced her experiment. Her mother removed her a little more emphatically this time. These little interruptions only fired Miss Sarah’s zeal; and she was returning to the charge with redoubled energy, when she ran her cheek against the palm of her mother’s hand with a rubific force.

Away she went to her grandmother, crying,

"Gramma, Ma whipped your prettous darlin' angel baby."

"Did she, my darling! Then grandma's precious darling angel baby must be a good child, and mother won't whip it any more."

"Well, I will be a dood chile."

"Well, then, mother won't whip it any more." And this conference was kept up without the variation of a letter on either side until the grandmother deemed it expedient to remove Miss Sarah to an adjoining room, lest the mother should insist upon the immediate fulfilment of her promises.

"Ma, just look at Abe!" cried out William. "He saw me going to take a biscuit, and he snatched up the very one I was going to take."

"Abe," said the mother, "I do wish I could make you quit nicknaming each other; and I wish more that I had never set you the example. Put down that biscuit, sir, and take another."

Abraham returned the biscuit, and William took it up with a sly but triumphant giggle at Abraham.

"Ma," said Abraham, "Bill said 'God durn.'"

"La, what a story! Ma, I declare I never said no such thing."

"Yes you did, and Chaney heard you."

William's countenance immediately showed

that his memory had been refreshed; and he drawled out, "I never nohow," with a tone and countenance that plainly imparted guilt to some extent. His mother suspected he was hinging upon technics, and she put the probing question—

"Well, what did you say?"

"I said, 'I be tetot'ly 'od-durn.'"

"And that's just as bad. Mr. Butler, you positively will have to take this boy in hand. He evinces a strong propensity to profane swearing which if not corrected immediately will become ungovernable."

"Whenever you can't manage him," said Butler as before, "just turn him over to me, and I reckon I can cure him."

It is due to Butler here to state that it was mutually understood between him and his wife, that her credit was not staked upon these general drafts, and therefore he did not feel himself bound to honor them; but whenever she valued on him (as the merchants say) for a specific amount or a special purpose, her bills were never dishonored.

"When did he say it?" inquired the mother, returning to Abraham.

"You know that time you sent us all to the new ground to pick peas?"

"Why, that's been three months ago at least;

and you've just thought now of telling it! Oh, you malicious toad, you! Where do you learn to bear malice so long? I abhor that trait of character in a child."

"Ma," said Bill, "Abe ha'n't said his prayers for three nights."

Abe and Bill now swapped places and countenances.

"Yes," said the mother, "and I suppose I should never have heard of that if Abraham had not told of your profanity."

"I know better," dragged out Abraham, in reply to William.

"Abraham," said the mother solemnly, "did you kneel down when you said your prayers last night?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Abraham, brightening a little.

"Yes, Ma," continued Bill, "he kneels down and 'fore I say 'now I lay me down to sleep' he jumps up every night and hops in bed and says he's done said his prayers, and he ha'n't had time to say half a one."

During this narrative, my namesake kept cowering under the steadfast frown of his mother, until he transformed himself into a perfect personification of idiocy.

"How many prayers did you say last night, Abraham?" pursued the mother in an awfully portentous tone.

"I said one, and—" (here Abraham paused).

"One and what?"

"One and piece of t'other one."

"Why, Ma, he couldn't ha' said it to save his life, for he hadn't time—"

"Hush, sir, I don't ask for your assistance."

"I did," muttered Abraham, "I said t'other piece after I got in bed."

"Abraham," said his mother, "I declare I do not know what to say to you. I am so mortified, so shocked, at this conduct, that I am completely at a loss how to express myself about it. Suppose you had died last night after trifling with your prayers as you did; who can say what would have become of you? Is it possible that you cannot spend a few minutes in prayer to your heavenly Father, who feeds you, who clothes you, and who gives you everything you have in the world! You poor sinful child, I could weep over you!"

Poor Abraham evinced such deep contrition under this lecture (for he sobbed as if his heart would break) that his mother deemed it prudent to conclude with suasives, which she did in the

happiest manner. Having thus restored Abraham's equanimity in a measure, with a gently encouraging smile, she continued:

"And now, Abraham, tell your mother how you came to say a second prayer?"

"I couldn't go to sleep till I said it, ma'am."

"Well, that is a good sign at least. And what part was it?"

"God bless my father and my mother."

Mrs. Butler felt quickly for her handkerchief. It had fallen from her lap, and she was glad of it. She depressed her head below the table in search of it—dismissed the children before she raised it—and then rose with a countenance suffused with smiles and tears.

"My poor children," said she, "what an odd compound of good and bad they are!" The grandmother returned just at this time, and displaying some uneasiness at Mrs. Butler's tears, the latter explained. As she concluded—"The Lord bless the poor dear boy," exclaimed the venerable matron, raising her apron to her eyes, "that shows he's got a good heart. No danger of the child that can't sleep till he prays for his father and mother."

VI.

THE OLD WOMEN.

A TRIBUTE.

I love the aged matrons of our land. As a class, they are the most pious, the most benevolent, the most useful and the most harmless of the human family.

Their life is a life of good offices. At home, they are patterns of industry, care, economy and hospitality; abroad, they are ministers of comfort, peace, and consolation. Where affliction is, there are they to mitigate its pangs; where sorrow is, there are they to assuage its pains.

Nor night, nor day, nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold, nor angry elements, can deter them from scenes of suffering and distress.

They are first at the fevered couch, and the last to leave it. They hold the cup to the parched lip, they bind the aching head, close the dying eye, and linger in the death-stricken habitation to pour the last drop of consolation into the afflicted bosoms of the bereaved.

VII.

THE MATCHMAKER.

JULIA AND CLARISSA.

In times gone by there resided in the village of —— a widow lady whose name was Carp. She was a woman of good practical sense, great industry, and commendable economy, so that the estate left her by her husband, consisting of all he had, and just enough to place her in comfortable circumstances, rather increased than diminished under her management. Her education was very limited, but her manners were, upon the whole, agreeable; though, as she often said herself, “she was not mealy-mouthed about telling people what she thought of them, if they came putting on airs about her; for she thought herself as good as Mrs. Anybody.” It was her honor—or her fault, as the reader may esteem it—that she never married again, after the death of her husband; though she might have done so. She, therefore, as three or four other widows have done in the United States, falsified the remark of one of her townsmen, viz: “Cut a widow’s finger, and if it’ll bleed

she'll marry again." By her husband's decease, Mrs. Carp was left in charge of two children of tender years. The oldest was a son whose name was Osborn; the youngest was a daughter whose name was Julia. To both, the mother gave as good an education as could be got at the best schools in the State.

About ten years after the death of Mr. Carp, died the wealthiest citizen of the village, Mr. Gage, leaving a clear estate of sixty thousand dollars, to be divided equally between his widow and a daughter, his only child. The loss of her husband nearly cost Mrs. Gage her life. So deep and inconsolable was her grief that the whole village became alarmed for her safety. If she received any solace for a month after her bereavement, it was from Mrs. Carp, who had proved her devotion to her husband, and therefore had gained the esteem and respect of Mrs. Gage; and who endeared herself to her still more, by weeping for her own husband afresh, as often as Mrs. Gage wept for hers, and describing Mrs. Gage's present feelings in her own past history. Either from these kind offices of Mrs. Carp, or because violent grief necessarily soon wears itself out, or both, Mrs. Gage's grief was so far assuaged in the course of two months,

or less, that she could calmly visit the church. Though it is a little aside from my purpose, I cannot forbid to mention here how the wounds of the afflicted lady's bosom, yet uncicatrized, were torn open afresh by one of those unfeeling wretches who can sport over the grave of woman's hopes and jest at the widow's tears. But thrice had Mrs. Gage gone to church before the barbarian just alluded to remarked, "that he saw plainly that Mrs. Gage thought, already, twice of a live man, where she thought once of a dead one." It may be a salutary warning to such unfeeling creatures, to be informed that this remark soon reached the ears of Mrs. Gage, and it distressed her to such a degree that she resolved never to leave the house again; and to this resolution she would have undoubtedly adhered but for the entreaty of her friends, and other considerations. Her daughter, Clarissa, found a tender and sympathizing friend in Julia, and a still more tender and sympathizing friend in Osborn. The attachment of the girls to each other increased with their years.

Mrs. Gage, finding herself in her distress of mind utterly incapable of managing so large an estate, on the May succeeding the September in which Mr. Gage died, gave her part of it, with

her hand and the guardianship of her daughter, to Parson Dove, a gentleman of great merit, to whom she was indebted for many consolations. Soon after this union, Clarissa was sent to a distant State to complete her education. She returned after an absence of three years, in all respects greatly improved. The two young ladies now became like twin sisters. They could not be separated more than two days at a time, and if they were that long apart, several affectionate or playful notes passed between them. They dressed alike, put up their hair alike, called each other cousin, slept together almost every night, interchanged all the secrets they had (and some that they had not), kissed whenever they met or parted, and, in short, gave every manifestation of attachment that girls could give. There was a shade of difference between Clarissa and Julia, but it was very slight. Clarissa would sometimes purchase articles without first consulting her friend; this Julia never did; and Clarissa always dropped to sleep, leaving Julia talking—and Julia never was so impolite. It was well that she was not, or it is likely they would have got no sleep at all when they occupied the same bed; for, as it was, they generally talked until after midnight.

In the meantime, Osborn, while he had all his own feeling towards Clarissa (and they were of the tenderest kind), partook somewhat of his sister's. He called Clarissa coz too—laughed and jested with the girls with a brotherly familiarity, and, indeed, treated them in all respects alike; except that when he compared their hands to see which was the largest or handsomest, he pressed Clarissa's a little harder, and held it a little longer, than he did Julia's; and except that when he exchanged their rings, it took him longer to get off and put on Clarissa's than Julia's; and except that when he and Clarissa were alone, he seemed to have much more frequent yearnings for the sentimental than he had when he and his sister were alone; and except that when he was gallanting both, he held Clarissa's arm a little closer to his side than he did Julia's, and paid a little more attention to her remarks than to Julia's, and smiled a little more benignantly upon them. With these exceptions, and a few others of no more importance, Osborn extended the same conduct to both the girls—and it met with precisely the same return from both—except that in the *ring* scenes Clarissa would disengage her hand from Osborn's after a while, and Julia would not;

and in the sentimental scenes Clarissa would always laugh them off, with a careless levity, while Julia would take a lively interest in them—and except that his sister sometimes gave him a kiss at parting, which Clarissa never did. Nevertheless, Clarissa treated Osborn with great good humor and kindness. Thus matters went on for eighteen months,—and as I have nothing of more interest to fill up the interim, I will fill it up so far as the reader will allow, with

YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHTS.

“Oh, Clarissa,” said Julia, one evening, as soon as they had composed their heads on their pillows: “I often think of the time when we must separate, and it almost breaks my heart. When shall I find another friend that I love so dearly? I don’t remember that we ever differed in opinion in all our lives.”

“Nor I,” said Clarissa. “But it will be long, I hope, before we part.” And here they embraced and kissed.

“No, Clarissa, you will soon get married, and then farewell to poor Julia.”

“Oh! Julia, I hope you don’t think that if I were to get married (which I have not the most distant idea of) that it would lessen my affec-

tion for *you*. I've had my own feelings too much hurt in that way, ever to treat another in the same way. You've often heard me speak of my old schoolmate, Betsy Willis?"

"Yes; and sometimes I have felt right jealous of her."

"I loved Betsy dearly—and when we parted we promised solemnly that we would write to each other every month, *at least*, as long as we lived. Well, we corresponded for about six months, when she got married, and I have not received a line from her since. And, would you believe it, I heard her fairly abuse Fanny Sawyer for the very self-same thing. I never expected Betsy would have served me so. It was the same way with Caroline Wild, Sarah Marshall and Mary Jones. Think you that I could ever act thus toward you?"

"Oh! no," said Julia, "I have no idea you would lose your *affection* for me; but then you would move away to some far distant land, where I should never see you again; and I don't believe that I should get over it as long as I live. But how common it is for girls as soon as they get married, to forget their old friends. There must be something very enrapturing in the married state, Clarissa."

"Oh! I've no doubt," returned Clarissa, "that it is the most blissful state on earth, when founded on pure affection."

"Nor I. I can't conceive of anything so transporting as to be able to call that object upon which your heart dotes, your own."

Here the girls embraced.

"Julia, I do *love* you," said Clarissa.

"Oh, Clarissa!" said Julia, plaintively—and they wept, I know not why.

"Will you ever leave me, Clarissa?" said Julia, after a short pause.

"Never. If I should get married (and certainly it shall not be for three years to come; for Ma says she will never consent to my marrying before I'm twenty-one)—if I should get married. I never will leave this village."

"Oh! Clarissa, how happy I am to hear you say that! But what objection has your Ma to your marrying now? I am sure you are old enough."

"Yes; but she thinks it's not prudent for girls to marry too young. She says it is the most important step that can be taken in this life, and therefore should not be taken without the greatest care and deliberation. She can't bear hasty marriages."

"Well, my mother thinks that a girl should never wait longer than till she's seventeen;—that's the time, she says, when the heart is tenderest and the affections warmest and when girls are most apt to marry for love. *Do*, Clarissa, get married at once,—I'm so afraid you will change your mind about leaving the village."

"What, against my mother's counsel?"

"Oh! *no*; but I'm sure your mother never would object if she knew your happiness depended upon it."

"No, I don't suppose she would; but remember, coz, I've no offer as yet."

"But you have had four already, and doubtless soon will have another; and do take the next."

"Well, if he's a right clever fellow, maybe I will. But you don't seem to recollect that *you* may marry and go off and leave me."

"No, Clarissa," said Julia, pensively; "my circumstances are such that I cannot hope to marry soon. My father was once rich,—I've heard my mother say that just before brother Osborn was born, he was worth twenty thousand dollars, and in two short years he lost nearly all of it, by being security for a man by the name of Smith."

Julia wept over her father's shattered fortune, and Clarissa gave her a sympathetic embrace and a sigh of condolence.

"But, Julia," said Clarissa, "I always thought your father was in easy circumstances; wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he had a plenty to live on, and to live comfortably, but he left barely enough to support his family. When I think what my father has been, and how he was reduced by the meanness of that man Smith, I almost wish there never had been a man in the world. I know it's foolish, but if you'll believe me, I never have been able to like a man named Smith. Have you ever noticed how few of them are distinguished? Almost all of them have some fault, and I don't think I ever knew one who made a truly devoted, affectionate husband; they are always cross and crabbed to their wives. Just look how John treats his wife. But though I never can hope to be rich, yet I know that as long as brother Osborn lives I shall never want. He is one of the best of brothers to me, and one the best of sons to my mother. There is not a wish of our hearts that he can gratify, that he does not. We both have to scold him sometimes right sharply for exposing his health too much on our account. If either of us be the

least unwell, you can hardly force him from our bedside. I do believe that a long spell of sickness of either of us would cost him his life. He will sit up from night's end to night's end; and when urged to go to bed he will say, 'why, mother, I could not rest if I were to retire'—'why, sister, I assure you I am not sleepy'—("Not much," said Clarissa, softly)—sometimes, when he tells me so, I say to him—but, brother Osborn, I know you *are* sleepy—"

"Emph?" said Clarissa, like the twang of a fiddle-string. "No, indeed, I am not sleeping, Julia; I hear every word you say. Which of the Smiths was it treated your father so?"

"Turner," said Julia, crustily.

"Yes, let's *turn over*," said Clarissa, sweetly.

SECOND NIGHT.

Mr. Smith passed away, and Dr. Ward, a young physician of genteel person and agreeable manners, began to visit Clarissa. "Ward is quite an agreeable young man," said Clarissa, as she and her companion composed themselves in the *Talkery*. "Oh, Clarissa!" exclaimed Julia, "how can you say so! I think he is the most affected creature I ever saw. He is not near as interesting a man as Mr. Smith."

"Oh, yes, he is much more interesting than Smith; I thought you didn't like Smith."

"No, I did not, much. But I thought him far more agreeable than Dr. Ward. But I'm prejudiced against physicians, I suppose. I don't believe I could be induced to marry a physician if there was not another man in the world."

"Why, Julia?"

"Oh, I've heard too much about them."

"But you never heard anything about Dr. Ward, did you?"

"Haven't you?"

"No, never."

"You never heard anything about Dr. Ward!"

"Never, I've always understood he was a very moral man."

"Well," said Julia, thoughtfully, "I dare say he is—sometimes I get so mad with myself, for letting my thoughtless tongue run on so, that I think I never will speak again. Forgive me, Clarissa, if I have hurt your feelings. I'd rather die than offend you." She wept.

"Why, Julia," said Clarissa, embracing her, "what is the matter with you? You have said nothing to offend me, I assure you. Do you think I care anything about Dr. Ward—why I am hardly acquainted with him."

"Well, Clarissa, I want you to make one promise, will you?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Well, if you and Dr. Ward should ever get married, do not tell him what I have said. It was a foolish thing and I am sorry for it."

"That I promise most cheerfully," said Clarissa, laughing, "and I'll promise you more than that—that I'll never marry Dr. Ward as long as I live."

"Then I'm safe," exclaimed Julia, exultingly, and she pressed Clarissa to her bosom with a lover's ardor, and covered her face with kisses; "you have made me the happiest of beings. I thought you were pleased with Dr. Ward. I knew he would court you, and it flashed upon my mind—Clarissa may marry him, and then she will tell him all I have said, and he will despise me, and soon wean her affections from me, and then I shall be miserable as long as I live. I'm sure, Clarissa, it would make me completely wretched to lose your affections."

"But you said nothing; and surely had you seen me going to marry him, you would not have permitted me to have done so without disclosing to me anything you knew affecting his moral character."

"I ought not to have done so; but really, Clarissa, I love you so much, and am so much afraid of losing your affections, that half the time I do not know how to act."

"But what has Dr. Ward done? You haven't told me that yet."

"Oh, let it pass, Clarissa; it's a matter of no consequence. We oughtn't to speak ill of any one, brother Osborn says. I don't think I ever heard him speak a harsh word of a human being in my life. Did you, Clarissa?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. I've always thought he possessed a most amiable disposition."

"Clarissa, you do not know him. You never can know him unless you live in the same family with him."

"But you haven't told me yet what Dr. Ward has done."

"Why, Clarissa, what makes you so anxious to hear that? You alarm me again. You can talk of nothing but Dr. Ward, Clarissa! Clarissa! Clarissa! why, Clarissa! what's the matter?"

"Nothing." (Pensively.)

"Something *is* the matter with you."

"No, I believe nothing's the matter."

"There is, for you're shedding tears." (*Embracing her.*) "Oh, my dear coz, if I've offended you, I ask your pardon. I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Won't you forgive me, Clarissa?" (*Weeping.*) "I declare I don't know what I said to wound your feelings."

"Julia," said Clarissa, after a long pause in which they remained embraced like parting lovers, "have I ever proved myself unworthy of your confidence?"

"Why, no. Why do you ask such a question? There is not a secret of my heart that I have not told you. Oh, Clarissa, how could you suspect me of——"

"Well, don't weep, Julia. You have always opened your heart freely to me, and therefore I felt pained that you should now distrust me, when I have never breathed a secret of yours to any human being living. I could not account for it. It seemed to me so strange that you should refuse to intrust me with the only secret I ever asked you to communicate, that I could not but feel hurt."

"Why, Clarissa, I do not know of any secret that I have ever held from you, and I'm sure I never have withheld one that you asked me to tell."

"Yes, Julia, I asked you twice distinctly to tell me what Dr. Ward had done. But I suppose you didn't hear me; for I can't believe I have lost your confidence."

"Pshaw, why is that all? (Laughing.) Why it was such a trifling matter that I did not think it worth telling. Everybody knows it. He was called to see Miss Billington, who was taken ill with a fever; she was very ill, and not expected to live. One day when Dr. Ward was in the room with her alone, old Mrs. M'Corkle happened to step in, and what should she see but Dr. Ward, holding her hand and kissing her."

"And did she submit to it?"

"Why, poor girl, I expect she was so low that she was unconscious of it. What a brute he must be, to take advantage of his profession and the sickness of his patient to insult her in that way!"

"And what did Mrs. M'Corkle do? Did she tell her parents?"

"Oh, no, she told Mrs. Frisby of it, and she told Mrs. Clacket, and Mrs. Clacket told Ma, who told brother, who told me—Oh, he can't bear the sight of Ward. I reckon, Clarissa, he has the tenderest regard for female character of any being you ever saw."

"Did Miss Billington die?"

"No, she's just getting about again; and people say that she is the most changed being they ever saw. They say she looks despondent and melancholy; and they *do* so say—but I don't know that I ought to tell that. If brother Osborn knew that I'd told you all this, he'd be very angry with me. He said he told me of it, to put me on my guard; and that nothing else would ever have induced him to broach it even to me. But I know he'd have no objection to my telling it to you, for he feels to you as a brother."

"I thought I saw that he seemed a little distant and reserved towards Dr. Ward when they met here, and I couldn't account for it; for the Doctor seemed to be very respectful to him. Oh, Julia, who is to be trusted? I thought Dr. Ward was an extremely modest man. Sometimes I wish there never was a man upon earth. I don't believe there's a virtuous one in Georgia."

"Yes, there's one, Clarissa, if no other—and that's brother Osborn. He's as pure a being as ever drew the breath of life."

"I've no doubt but that he's as pure as the most of them; but suppose he was not, do you think you would know it?"

"Know it! yes. There's not a thought of his heart that he conceals from me. Did you ever hear the first whisper against his reputation, Clarissa?"

"No, nothing but the affair with Miss M'Girk; and you know I never believed that."

"It was as base a falsehood as was ever told upon man. I had it from his own lips that it was a lie. Oh, Clarissa, can you believe that brother Osborn could ever degrade himself so low as to address that Pol. M'Girk?"

"No, Julia, I never did believe it; but you asked me if I'd ever *heard* of anything against him. I never heard the particulars, but report said he treated Mary M'Girk badly."

"No, this was the way of it. Pol. M'Girk was dead in love with him, and she did not pretend to conceal it. She threw herself in his way wherever he went. Ma warned him against her, and told him to keep out of her company. 'Well,' said he, 'mother, I do as much as I can, but she puts herself in my way, and I must treat her with civility. What can I do when she asks me to walk with her, and then takes me off a mile or more from the village just at dusk?' 'Why,' said Ma, 'I'd make some excuse, and wouldn't go with her.' 'But,' said Osborn, 'I

have made excuses, but I can't always be making excuses, and I dislike to hurt the feelings of anyone, especially of a lady.' You know, Clarissa, how tender he is of a lady's feelings always, don't you?"

"Yes—I—Oh yes, always."

"Well, things went on that way for some time, and mother was constantly at him — — "

"Was constantly at him! what a creature!"

"*Mother* was. She constantly urged him to break off from her, and at last, said he, 'mother, I'll do it, I'll do it.'"

"Well, do it, Julia—I would if I were you."

"Oh, Clarissa, don't go to sleep until I explain that matter."

"Why, I'm not sleepy, Julia; I'm listening to you."

"No, you ain't, you're going to sleep."

"Indeed I'm not, I hear all you say, 'she took him off a mile out of town at dusk,' and what did she do to him then?"

"Why then she brought him back again—and Ma made him quit keeping company with her—and she hatched up a whole parcel of lies and told on him."

The next morning Osborn came in and announced that Dr. Ward was married to Miss Bil-

lington. They were to have been married, he said, some weeks earlier, but the wedding had been prevented by her sickness.

But a few weeks rolled away before Clarissa found a suitor indeed, in the person of Milton Fisher, Esq., a young barrister, whose name had been a full year before him at the village. He had everything but wealth to recommend him to a young lady, and so high was his professional reputation that all could see that he was within a few years of a handsome fortune.

He visited Clarissa, spent an hour with her in the forenoon—retired, and returned and spent the evening with her. He tried to be agreeable to her, and succeeded. She tried to be agreeable to him, and succeeded.

“And that is the great lawyer Fisher that is so smart!” said Julia, as the girls entered the dormitory. “He is certainly the most affected being I ever beheld.”

“Why, Julia!” exclaimed Clarissa: “I’m astonished to hear you say so! I saw nothing like affectation about him, and I thought him the most agreeable man in his manners I ever saw.”

“I reckon if you’d seen what I did, you wouldn’t have thought so.”

"What was it?" said Clarissa, with a little extra interest.

"Why, when he was standing behind you, and you were playing the piano, he reached his head over your shoulder under pretence of looking at the notes, and looked right down your neck, as brazen as he looked at his own pretty face while he sat opposite the large looking-glass. I was so provoked at him that I couldn't bear the sight of him afterwards."

"Julia," said Clarissa, "I don't think he was conscious of it; for I noticed that the instant I struck the last note on a page, he turned over the leaf. But he didn't see much, the saucy fellow, if he was, for my cape nearly covered my ——"

"Oh, pshaw! Don't tell me about these jack-legged lawyers not being conscious of such things! And what's a lace cape. And that's a piece of rudeness I never saw in any of your visitors before. Brother Osborn saw it, I know; and his face colored like crimson; and I was so alarmed for fear he'd insult him, I didn't know what to do. And when you threw yourself back in your chair and looked at him ——"

"Why, Julia, I didn't do that, did I?"

"Yes, when you asked him about Miss Bryan's playing ——"

"Oh, yes, I recollect it now. It hurt my neck so to keep turning my head round when I went to address him ——"

"Well, it was then—I really thought he would have kissed you right before all of us."

"Oh, Julia, I know how that was. He didn't hear me, and just bowed his head a little to hear more distinctly."

"Oh, don't tell me—I know 'em—there was no great noise, that he had to stick his ear within an inch of your cheek to hear you. I heard you distinctly, and I was three times as far from you as he was."

"La! me, Julia! if we fall out with everybody for such little trifles, we'll be forever in hot water. Osborn has done the same thing a thousand times ——"

"Why, Clarissa!"

"I reckon."

"Never—never was he guilty of such rudeness. If he was, I'd disown him."

By this time the young ladies were abed, and Julia put Clarissa to sleep as usual, with a descant upon the sins of lawyers. This, however, was not effected until nearly the break of day.

The next morning, a little before the usual visiting hour, Mr. Fisher called, as he said, "but

for a moment, to bid the young ladies farewell." Julia courtesied to him formally; Clarissa received him graciously. He sat but a moment, and bid them adieu. Julia tittered contemptuously as he left; and Clarissa bounded to the piano, and struck up loudly with voice and instrument,

"Wilt thou say farewell, love?"

She sung but a single verse, then closed the piano.

"Well, certainly," said Julia, "he is the most disagreeable being I ever saw. It was a great piece of presumption in him to come all the way up here, to bid us good-bye, upon a single day's acquaintance."

"Oh, I don't think so, Julia. He said last night, you know, that he would come and bid us adieu before he left."

"But who asked him to make the promise? I'm sure I didn't. Did you notice how red his face was?"

"It seemed a little flushed, as I suppose from diffidence."

"Oh, mercy! I'm sorry for his diffidence! Clarissa, isn't it strange that almost every lawyer nowadays drinks?"

"Why, I never heard that before."

"You never heard how given to drink lawyers were?"

"No, I never heard that they were more given to drink than other people."

"Why, bless your soul, there is not a sober one among them, at best; so they tell me. Mrs. Bull says, that from daybreak to midnight it's nothing but mint-slings, and grog, and brandy toddy, and apple toddy, all kinds of drinks that ever were heard of. She said if they didn't pay well she never would entertain them, they are such a drunken rowdy set ——"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Osborn. And the day passed off as usual, except that Clarissa was a little pensive.

The brother and sister did not see Clarissa the next day; but the day following Osborn visited her, and found her in good spirits.

"Oh, Cousin Osborn," said she, "where have you and Julia been all this time? It seems like an age since I saw you. I would have been over to your house yesterday, but I felt unwell. Where is Julia?"

"She will be over this afternoon, she told me to tell you; but she is detained just as she was yesterday, about some business for mother."

"And did you miss me, too, Cousin Clarissa?"

"Why, to be sure I did. And I take it right unkindly that *you* did not come over if she could not."

"It affords me a satisfaction, Clarissa, that you little suppose, to learn that you take an interest in my company. I have a feeling here." (*Laying his hand upon his heart.*)

"Oh, come now, Cousin Osborn, you're getting sentimental again. What's happened to you to give you the blues? Come, be cheerful; I can't bear to see you melancholy."

We need not go into detail of what followed. Suffice it to say that Osborn had come over this morning courting with malice aforethought, and nothing could divert him from his purpose. Clarissa tried every expedient to save him the mortification of a refusal; but all in vain. The Fates, those inexorable deities who figured so largely in love affairs of old, seemed to have got in a pet with him to-day, just for nothing at all; and as neither Juno nor Venus interested themselves in his behalf, the cruel sisters played all manner of pranks with him. They threw sand in his eyes, so that he could not see Clarissa's recoilings; they poured lead in his ears, so that he could not hear her delicate rebuffs; they be-

wildered his judgment, so that he could not distinguish between "*sisterly love*" and "*brotherly love*" and true-and-true love—nay, made him think the first a better kind of love to marry upon than the last. They gave him first the *trembles*, then the *heroics*, and then the *frantics*, and finally squeezed onion-juice in his eyes and dismissed him weeping. Clarissa did all she could to mitigate their wrath, and as he retired, begged him to forget what had passed, and to continue his visits as a *friend*; to which Osborn responded with a half-melancholy, half-crusty grunt that Clarissa did not hear. He took to the woods for an hour or so, and then went home in tolerable keeping, considering his hard usage.

The afternoon was far spent when Clarissa received the following billet from Julia:

“ WOODBINE HALL, 6TH MAY, 1816.

“ *Dear Coz.*—I’m almost dead to see you, and intended to have been over this evening by all means; but Ma keeps me so busy that I am afraid I shall not be able to get away from home to-day. If I should not come to see you, be sure to come and see me.

“ Your affectionate cousin, JULIA.”

The young ladies did not meet that day, and

it was a sad day to Clarissa. The hour of rest arrived, but she sought no rest until several hours after; and then sought it in vain.

The next morning Julia came over, and they rushed to each other's arms with an ardor uncommon even to them.

"Oh! Julia," said Clarissa, "I'm so happy to see you! I have felt like an outcast from the world since you left me. If you'll believe me, I did not sleep one wink last night."

"Neither did I; but you ought to be punished a little, Cousin Clarissa, for dropping to sleep so often, and leaving me talking."

"Well so I ought, dear Julia. But don't banter me now, for I am really heart-sick. I will do so no more. But take off your bonnet and gloves.

"No, I can't stay to-day, coz.; I just ran over to keep you from feeling uneasy;—but Ma wouldn't let me come till I promised her I wouldn't stay but a minute—but if I can get away, I'll come and spend the night with you. Good-bye, coz. I'll come over this evening and cheer up your spirits; but if I shouldn't come, don't think hard of it, for I'll be sure to come if I can."

She came agreeable to appointment, and Clarissa greeted her with a sister's tenderness.

"Oh, Julia," said Clarissa, "I am rejoiced to see you; from what you said I was afraid you would not come."

"Why, Cousin Clarissa, am I in the habit of violating my promises?"

"No, but you remember you did not promise positively that you would come, and as the sun went down, I began to give you up and to prepare myself for another sleepless night."

"Well, I declare! so you just wanted me to put you to sleep! Now, Cousin Clarissa, that is too bad. But I deserve it."

"Oh! my dear Julia, how could you put such an interpretation upon my remarks?— You cannot tell what pain it gives me," and her eyes filled.

"Pshaw, Cousin Clarissa," said Julia, "don't feel hurt. I was only jesting. You know I would not intentionally wound your feelings for the world. Come, now, if you won't be cheerful, I'll go right home."

"Well, Julia, I will be. You must not leave me to-night. My heart is full, and I wish to unburden it to you. I need a friend just now, and you are that very friend. If I am cheerful, will you be?"

"Why, yes; you know nothing makes me sad."

Things went on now as usual with the girls

until bed-time—except that Julia took issue with Clarissa a little oftener than common, upon trifling matters.

The young ladies were no sooner in bed than Clarissa embraced Julia and said, "I suppose, Cousin Julia, you heard what passed between Cousin Osborn and myself the day before yesterday?"

"No; he never breathed a word of it to *me*."

"Well, he will tell you, I know, for he conceals nothing from you. He made a formal proposal to me; but though I always esteemed him as a friend, and still do, I did not feel that kind of attachment to him which I thought I ought to feel to the man to whom I unite myself for life; and therefore I refused him. But I hope, my dear Julia, this occurrence will not interrupt our friendship."

"Never; it shall never make the least change in my feelings, I assure you."

"Thank you, my dear Julia," said Clarissa, kissing her. "I love you, Julia, as dearly as I ever did—more dearly now than I ever did. Nor is my regard for cousin Osborn abated in the least. Beg him, if you please, from me, to forget what has passed, and to come and see me with his usual brotherly familiarity."

"Shall I tell him, Clarissa, that *you* wish to see him again."

"Yes; again and again, as heretofore."

"Well, Clarissa, as you have broached this subject, I will speak freely upon it. Now that you have rejected him, you can't mistake my motives. You have rejected as pure a being as walks the earth—one who loves you more devotedly than any other ever will love you. You were his first and will be his last love. Oh! how happy I would have been if you could have fancied him. But now it is all over. No, I fear it is not all over. I know the sensibility of his nature, and I shall be miserable with the fear of his destroying himself ——"

"Oh! my dear Julia, don't talk that way."

"Yes, Clarissa; he could bear anything but the loss of the object of his affections. This is the thing that will ruin the peace of all of us. If we lose him, we lose our father, brother, son, friend,—everything. Oh! think, dear Clarissa, of our own Osborn—our hope, our all, brought home to us weltering in his gore!" here she buried her face in Clarissa's bosom, and wept bitterly.

"Oh! Julia," said Clarissa, as soon as she could speak—for she wept too—"do not fear

such awful consequences. I am sure Osborn would not commit the dreadful sin of suicide."

"Oh! Clarissa, you do not know what it is to lose a brother,—the kindest, best of brothers. You do not know the agony one of his refined feelings must suffer, at being discarded by the only being on earth that could make him happy. How often have I thought of the bliss we might enjoy, if you could only fancy each other!—But it is all over now; and our only hope is that he may be spared to us. If, Clarissa, you can do anything to save him from desperation, and us from grief that will carry us to the grave, pray do it,—will you, Clarissa?"

"Yes, Julia, with all my heart. But what would you advise me to say to him? It will seem strange and vain in me, to beg him not to kill himself, when I don't know that he has any such intention."

"Oh, I would not have you hint such a thing to him by any means. But do whatever seems to you best,—we are all at your mercy. Oh! Clarissa, how changed the scene from those blissful nights which we used to spend together!"

"But, Julia, they shall not be changed."

"Do you say so, Clarissa?"

"Yes; I see no reason why they should be

changed. You are as near and dear to me as ever you were—and so is Osborn; and I don't think you need have the least apprehension of his destroying himself."

"Well, then, I will not distress myself any longer. Let us dismiss the subject for to-night."

Various subjects now engaged the conversation of the young ladies until nearly dawn, when they dropped to sleep simultaneously.

Julia left the next morning soon after breakfast; and she had but little more than time to reach home, before Osborn appeared with a bright and happy countenance.

"I hope, Clarissa," said he, "from what sister Julia tells me, that my case is not as desperate as I thought it was."

"And did you consider it *desperate*, Cousin Osborn?"

"Yes; perfectly hopeless."

"And what did you purpose doing?"

"Why, I had no alternative but to submit to my lot, as thousands had done before me, or to destroy myself; and it was not a very difficult matter to choose between these alternatives."

"And you meant to destroy yourself?"

"Oh! no, I didn't. I had not the most distant idea of that."

"Oh! Cousin Osborn, how happy I am to hear you say so. Now we shall all be happy again; your mother, and Julia, and you, and I, and all of us. Run and tell cousin Julia to come over here, if it's but for a moment. Tell her I have good news to tell her—*very* good."

Away went Osborn, swift as the wind, to Julia.

"Why, surely brother Osborn, you come with good news; so changed is your countenance!" said Julia, as he entered the house.

"I *believe* I do," said Osborn.

"What is it?" said his mother, looking cheerily over her spectacles.

"Why, I don't know exactly myself," said Osborn—"but Clarissa sent for me this morning, met me more tenderly than she ever did, and told me she was going to make us all happy; and desired me to tell Julia she had good news for her, *very good*,—and to bring her over immediately. So that I suppose she has changed her mind."

"Well, bless the dear child," said the mother. "I knew she was no *quoquet*; and I told Osborn not to give up too soon. Fetch her over with you, that I may hug her to my bosom."

Julia hurried on her bonnet, and she and Osborn were off in an instant. They found Clarissa

just within the door, with a smiling countenance, waiting to receive them. As soon as they entered the door, Julia and Clarissa embraced and kissed, and embraced and kissed again.

"I hope, Clarissa," said Osborn, "you have reserved at least one kiss for me."

"Yes, Cousin Osborn," said Clarissa, "I will kiss you now; but mind, you must never ask me to kiss you again."

"Never," said Osborn; and as she presented her lips, he gave her a smack that was like tooth-pulling.

"Come here, Julia," said Clarissa, taking her aside, "you may quiet all your uneasiness. Osborn and I have talked the matter all over, and ——."

"Why, if there isn't Mr. Fisher!" said Julia; and she ran to him and shook his hand warmly. So did Osborn, and (nearly) so did Clarissa.

All seemed happy; and a spirited conversation ensued, followed by music of flute and piano,—for Fisher had brought his flute this time, and he had brought with it, the best music of that instrument.

About an hour had been spent in this way, when a little negro boy entered the room, and said, "Mass Osborn, missis say, why don't you

and Miss Juley bring along Miss Cla'sa,—say, she most crazy to see her.” Julia bounced to the servant, whispered something in his ear, and he retired.

“I hope,” said Fisher, “I have not interrupted a visit, Miss Clarissa.”

“Oh! no,” said all at once. “Ma,” continued Julia, “requested brother Osborn and I, when we came home, to bring Miss Clarissa with us; but we had not even mentioned it to Clarissa.” Fisher remained but a few minutes longer, and rose to retire.

“Mr. Fisher,” said Julia, as he was about bidding them adieu, “won’t you come over this evening to our house, and try your flute with our piano?”

“Yes,” said Osborn; “Mr. Fisher, come over and take tea with us, if you please: we will be very happy to see you.”

“I will with pleasure,” said Fisher; and he retired.

“Well, I declare,” said Julia, “how he improves upon acquaintance! Oh, that flute! It was positively enrapturing; wasn’t it, Clarissa?”

“Yes, indeed it was,” said Clarissa; “and, coz., take care of your heart; for if he has conquered your prejudices the second visit, he’ll

have you in love with him the third, to a certainty."

"Oh! hush, coz." (tapping her cheek, playfully,) "you know he doesn't dream of me."

"That does not prove, though, that you don't dream of him. What think you, Cousin Osborn? Didn't you think Julia tried to make herself very agreeable to the squire this morning?"

"Yes, I think it's a case with Jule,—a clean gone."

"Brother Osborn, ain't you and Cousin Clarissa ashamed of yourselves? I declare I shall get right angry with you, if you talk so. But come, we must go over and let Ma know that he is to be there to-night. And Osborn, you must go and invite Miss Low, and Miss Green, and Miss White, and ——. What are you laughing at?"

"Why, sister," said Osborn, "you are certainly picking the ugliest girls in town."

"Oh, pshaw," said Julia, laughing, "I hadn't got through. Well, go and invite who you please; only don't have too many. It's too late to have a large party. Cousin Clarissa, you'll go over with us now, won't you? and spend the day and evening both with us?"

"Yes," said Clarissa, "with pleasure, especially

as your ma is so anxious to see me. Cousin, what did that message mean?"

"Why, when Osborn came over, he mentioned what you were telling me when Mr. Fisher came in, and it was such a gratification to Ma that she said we must bring you over, that she might take you to her bosom."

"I am rejoiced that she is happy, but I do not deserve the credit of it. It's due to Osborn himself, alone."

"Well, we haven't time to talk about it now; we'll talk it all over by-and-by. Will you dress now, or send over for your clothes, and dress this evening?"

"Why, I believe, as I have to do a little shopping this evening, I will dress for the evening at once."

"Well, I'll run over and prepare Ma, for the party; and you and brother Osborn can come over when you are ready."

"No, as Osborn is going to give the invitations, I insist upon his returning with you. I shall detain him, perhaps, longer than he would wish to be detained."

After the usual preliminaries, this was agreed on. As they approached their dwelling, their mother met them with some anxiety at the door, and inquired where Clarissa was.

"She'll be along directly," said Julia.

"All's right, I suppose," said the old lady, in a half whisper.

"All right;" returned Julia. "Clarissa put up her lips to Osborn to kiss her; which, you know, she wouldn't have done for the world, if they hadn't been engaged."

"Why, you don't tell me so! Well, as a general rule, I don't think a young lady ought to allow a gentleman to kiss her, even if they're engaged; but where they've been like brother and sister, and where there's been a little misunderstanding, I think it's well enough that they should do a little something extr'or'nary."

"Ma, we're going to have a little party this evening; Mr. Fisher is to be here, and ——"

"What, has he come back?"

"Oh, yes; and he's much cleverer than I thought he was. You'll be pleased with him when you see him; I know you will."

"Well, maybe so; but I wish he'd stayed away a little while longer,—until we got a little better fixed for company."

The old lady now began to prepare for the party, with an energy befitting the occasion. All things were set in order in the house, and in disorder in and about the kitchen. Coffee-

mill, spice-mortars, sifters and egg-beaters, struck up in merry concert to quick time—

"Young Fisher is coming, oh! ho, oh! ho."

The chickens took the hint, and scampered—for it was not yet one o'clock,—and even the ducks and turkeys looked as if they did not consider themselves safe.

In the midst of this bustle, Clarissa made her appearance, and found the old lady wrist-deep in dough; so that the promised *hug* had to be postponed; but with outstretched arms, the kind matron offered a kiss, which was accepted. Between those two white arms, gloved as they were, oh! how sweetly Clarissa looked; and oh! how sweetly did her would-be mother-in-law welcome her.

"Why, my daughter," said the good lady, "I never saw you look so pretty before; I don't wonder Osborn fell in love with you to distraction."

Clarissa blushed, and replied—"Come, Aunty, that's all done with now, and nothing gratifies me more than to see that you all love me still, and all treat me as you used to. To have been treated coldly by you all, would have almost broken my heart."

"Why, God bless you, my dear child, we love you more for it—a great deal more; for Osborn had no right to expect that you would have him."

"Yes, he had, Aunty, as good a right to expect it as any young man of good moral character, good manners, and good family. But you know our hearts are not always at our own disposal."

"No, my dear, I know they are not. When Mr. Carp courted me, I could'a'got much handsomer and richer young men than him; but I fell in love with him, I could not tell why. But don't stay here in the pantry with me, child; go and hunt up Julia, or play the piano, or amuse yourself any way that you like. You know you are at home now."

Dinner was soon brought in and despatched; and Clarissa took a ramble among the stores, while Julia went to assist her mother until it was time to dress for the party.

The afternoon rolled away, and with the gathering dusk, some four or five young ladies, and as many gentlemen convened in the drawing-room.

Julia was dressed exactly like Clarissa, except that her cape was a little more opened before than Clarissa's, and the material a little thinner.

The evening passed off cheerily—tea followed conversation and music followed tea. Mr. Fisher

had been most attentive to Clarissa at her house,—he was now most attentive to Julia at her's. Osborn was attentive to all by turns, but a little more dilatory in passing from, than in passing to, Clarissa. The girls twitted Clarissa about Osborn—and the young gentlemen felicitated Osborn upon his late good luck. Mrs. Carp came into the room but twice,—the first time she found Mr. Fisher and Julia in an interesting *tête-a-tête*, and Clarissa and Osborn in a cheerful conversation. The next time, Julia was at a rest at the piano, leaning back and listening smilingly to some remarks which fell (*down*) from Fisher's lips.

The time for retiring had nearly arrived, when Fisher, finding Clarissa and Julia a little apart from the company, took a seat by them.

"And are all the young ladies of the village engaged, Miss Gage?" said Fisher; "I should judge so from report."

"I can only answer for one, sir."

"And that one the whole village answers for."

"And how does it answer?"

"Affirmatively, of course."

"Then the whole village is wrong for once at least."

"I could not expect you, Miss Gage, to admit

the truth of such a report even to a friend, much less to a stranger."

"I do not know what I should do if the report were true; but I have no scruples in denying it, since the report is not true."

This was said with a little spice of seriousness; more than the occasion called for.

"Well, really," said Julia, "Mr. Fisher, I thought you could manage a *case* better than that; to ask a lady about her engagements before company!"

"Miss Gage will acquit me, I'm sure, of having instituted any inquiry personal to herself."

"Certainly I will. I led the conversation to myself, I know; but how, exactly, I disremember. Of one thing, however, I'm very sure, and that is, that I gave it a very unguarded direction."

"It grew very naturally out of my question, Miss Gage. Indeed, now I think of it, though I did not before, you could hardly have given it any other direction without tacitly admitting your own engagement."

"You lawyers are very ready," said Julia, "at smoothing things over, but you are not smart enough to find out a young lady's engagements, I'll warrant you."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a call upon Fisher for a solo on the flute. He rose,

took his seat by the lady who made the call, and complied with the request.

"Julia," said Clarissa, "you ought not to have talked as you did to Mr. Fisher; you will lead him to believe I am engaged, sure enough."

"Well, coz., I wouldn't have said anything, if you hadn't denied it so positively. I thought, then, that you ought to be teased a little."

"Well, Julia, you know that I am not."

"Why, Clarissa, are you in earnest?"

"Surely I am. Are you in earnest in seeming to think I am engaged?"

"Yes, Clarissa; but pray don't let's talk any more about it now."

The conversation had by this time assumed an interest that was visible to several eyes, though it was heard by no ears but those to which it was addressed.

Julia rose, sauntered about listlessly for a moment, and said to Osborn, "Come, you've talked long enough to Miss White—I wish to talk to her some myself; so give me your seat."

Osborn rose and seated himself by Clarissa. "You seem to be losing your spirits, Cousin Clarissa," said he.

"Yes, Osborn," said she, "I am uneasy,—I fear there has been some misunderstanding; I cannot

tell how. Julia this moment told me in confidence and seriously, she thought I was engaged. What does she mean?"

"And do you not consider yourself engaged, Miss Clarissa?" said Osborn.

"Why, no,—who to? What can have started such an idea? I thought that there was something—but tell me how did such an idea get afloat?"

"I'll explain it all, Clarissa, to-morrow."

"Pray see me home, Osborn," and she rose.

During this interview, Julia, with her eyes fixed upon the parties, was carrying on a very dry and scattered conversation with Miss White, for one who had usurped a seat for the purpose of entertaining her; so that as soon as Clarissa rose, she followed her example, and all the rest did the like. Julia pressed Clarissa to stay all night with the usual forms, but not the usual feeling. The entreaty was urged long enough, however, to throw Clarissa in the rear of the retiring company. Mrs. Carp met her at the door, "Why, you're not going home to-night! you mustn't, I've a heap of things to say to you."

"You must excuse me this evening, Aunty,—I must go home. Come, Cousin Osborn."

"Bless her heart," said the old lady kindly, as they left, "it's only for the walk with her dear Osy that she must go home."

"No, it isn't, Ma," said Julia, "it's all blown up. I heard her telling Mr. Fisher most solemnly that she was not engaged; and I felt so out of patience with her, that I gave Mr. Fisher a little hint that she was. And do you think she didn't face me down that she was not engaged? and expressed as much astonishment as if she'd never seen brother Osborn. Brother Osborn went and sat down by her, and they soon got in a warm conversation; I don't know what they said, but they were very much excited, and Clarissa rose right out of it to go home."

"Didn't I tell you so? I knew that just as sure as that jacklegg'd lawyer came here, there'd be a fuss. I saw, when he was here before, she was pleased with him."

"Ma, he's not to blame,—he didn't ask her anything about her engagements, as she said herself. She just up and told that barefaced story without being asked about it. She might just as well have courted Mr. Fisher outright. I was ashamed of her."

"Well, let's not be too hasty; we'll hear what Osborn says,—and if she is such a hypocrite

quoquet, I'll give her a piece of my mind, if King George was her father."

As soon as Clarissa and Osborn had cleared the door, "Pray tell me," said she, "what means the strange idea that you and Julia have taken up?"

"Why, when you sent for me this morning—" "I didn't send for you."

"Why, Julia said you did, and that you'd be happy to see me again and again, as she expressed it."

"Well, I did tell her so, but I meant and said, as a friend and old acquaintance. I requested her to tell you, not to let what had passed destroy our friendship; and when you came, and came with such a cheerful countenance, I thought you had forgotten the past."

"Well, certainly, Miss Clarissa, you treated me very differently from what you had ever done before."

"Not till you told me you had no idea of killing yourself—did I?"

"Killing myself!"

"Yes; don't you remember it was then, and not before, that I expressed so much delight?"

"I believe it was at that time; but surely you did not suppose that I was going to kill myself?"

"Yes, I did; and your mother thought so, and your sister thought so——"

"Thought that I was going to kill myself?"

"Yes; and when I heard from your own lips, that you had no thought of such a thing, I sent off immediately to Julia, to quiet her alarms——"

Here they reached the door, and Osborn bid Clarissa good-night.

"No, Osborn, come in, late as it is, and let this whole matter be explained before we part."

"Not to-night, Miss Clarissa. It's too late; besides, I am very well satisfied with your explanation."

Clarissa retired to her room, and wept through the night. Osborn went home, and his countenance verified what Julia had said.

"And what does she say for herself?" inquired the old lady.

"Why, she says all her kind favors to me was to keep me from killing myself."

"From killing yourself!" said the old lady, with a hiccup laugh, and a look of fire. "She must think herself the *Empire* (Emperor) of France, surely, to kill who she pleases."

"Why, she says that you and Julia both thought I was going to kill myself——"

"Oh! the thing's run crazy, that's a clear case.

That lawyer's run her clear distracted. Why I had no more idea of your killing yourself, than I had of your killing me; not a bit,—and how the girl could hatch up such a barefaced lie, I can't tell."

"Julia, she says she didn't tell you to ask me over there this morning."

"Why, brother Osborn, she surely doesn't have the impudence to say that!"

"Yes, she does. She says she begged you to tell me not to let what had passed destroy our friendship; but to come and see her as I had done before; and I'm afraid, Julia, that all this matter has grown out of your imprudence."

"Oh! brother Osborn, how can you think so badly of me! Oh! Clarissa, who could have believed all this of you!" and here Julia buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept piteously.

"I don't see what you want to blame Julia for," said the old lady. "If she'll tell lies on me, she'll tell lies on her. Tell me this, did she kiss you?"

"Oh, yes; but that was for joy that I didn't blow my brains out."

"And didn't she treat you with more attention than ever before?"

"Yes; but that was because I didn't cut my throat."

"And didn't she, standing right there, in that pantry door, while I was kneading the jumbles with these very hands—didn't she come up and kiss me, and as much as tell me over and over again that you and she were engaged? And when I wondered at her having you, she said girls' hearts were not their own; and that you had as good a right to expect her to have you, as any young man, because you had a good character and good manners, and was of good family; and I b'lieve she said, because you were handsome too,—but I won't be sure of that."

"If that's all so, I don't see what that had to do with my killing myself."

"If that's all so!" why I'll be sworn upon a stack of bibles as big as all Colonel Fielder's fodder stacks put together, that it's every word true. True!—why, come here,—here—wasn't she standing right here, with one foot on this little stool, just so—as I'm standing now—when she told me every word of it? Let her come to my face, and deny it, if she dare. If she chooses to fling you away for gadabout lawyers——"

"Oh! mother," said Julia, plaintively, "don't talk so."

"—— why let her do it, and say so; but not be telling a pack of lies upon us all, and making

fools of us. I wouldn't put up with it, if she was as rich as *Creasy*. Humph, you may laugh at it, but to me it's no laughing matter. I think myself as good as she is, if she has got a few stumps o' niggers, and river low grounds. I reckon I know her breed, from drunken Bill down to gambling Ned. Her father was the best of the tribe, and her mother, after all her kick-ups, hardly let his head get cold before she married a gadabout preacher."

"Well, well, mother, talking won't mend matters. I'm no worse off than I was yesterday—and I give you my word and honor I shall not kill myself about it. Good night."

"Julia, call Betty to put away these tea things."

Betty was called, and in she bounced with the family face of the morning.

"Missis," says she, "they say Mas' Osborn's gwine to marry Miss Clar'sa; is it so?"

"You impudent huzzy, if you don't put away these things and get out of this house, I'll *marry* you. What's it to you who Mas' Osborn marries! And as to Miss Clar'sa, as you call her, she may marry the Old Nick for what I care, and all his imps with him."

"Emph, emph," muttered Betty, and she despatched the tea-things in short order.

The next morning the village was in an uproar. A thousand reports were afloat, which agreed in but two things: first, that the match between Osborn and Clarissa had been broken off; and secondly, that Fisher was the cause of it. This had been seen at the party by several; and therefore there was no disputing it. The consequence was that Clarissa was loudly censured by all but Mr. and Mrs. Bacon and two or three young gentlemen. Mrs. Bacon said, that as soon as Mr. Fisher stopped at her house, instead of going to Mrs. Bull's, she knew some story would be trumped up against him. "It wasn't enough to get all the lawyers that came to court there, but she must get all the strange lawyers too. For her part, she didn't believe Miss Clarissa ever had any notion of Osborn. If she had, she might have had him long ago, for he'd been ding-donging at her, ever since she came from school, with his mother and sister to help him; and if they couldn't make it out before, she didn't know how they'd made out so much all of a sudden. It was all over town that she had given him a walking-ticket, till Mrs. Bull came down yesterday with the story that they were engaged and going to be married right away. She could see how they worked things, as quick as most

people; and when the truth came out, it would be found out that Jule Carp was hankering after Squire Fisher herself, and fell out with Clarissa because she saw he liked her best. Sally Green told me about her capers at the party; and how mighty clever she was, till the squire took a seat by Clarissa. Don't tell me! white folks is mighty unsartin, I tell you—'specially in their sparkling days."

We may not follow all the reports; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Carp and Miss Julia took the grand rounds the next morning to return long neglected calls, and to see how all the young ladies did after the party. Their conversation at every call was much the same, so that the following, at Mrs. Green's, will give the reader a pretty accurate idea of all of them.

MRS. GREEN—Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Carp! How-d'y', Julia? I am very glad to see you. Take off your bonnets and shawls, and stay all day.

MRS. CARP—We can't stay but a few minutes; we have several calls to make. How is Sally this morning?

MRS. GREEN—She is very well—she has just stepped out, but I hope she'll soon return. She says it was the most agreeable little party she has been at for many a day.

MRS. CARP—The young people seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

MRS. GREEN—Sally says, Julia, that you played the world with Mr. Fisher's heart,—that he was all attention to you.

JULIA—Oh, dear! Mr. Fisher's Clarissa's beau, you know.

MRS. GREEN—Oh! no; Osborn is her beau, everybody knows. I wouldn't have mentioned it, if it hadn't been town talk; but report says they're to be married right away, and a good many thought they would have got married at your house last night.

JULIA—Oh! no, they are not even engaged; for I heard Clarissa tell Mr. Fisher so over and over again last night.

MRS. GREEN—Heard her tell Mr. Fisher so!

JULIA—Yes, and that without his asking; he, he, he!

MRS. GREEN—Oh! Julia, child, you must be joking!

JULIA—Indeed I am not. Do you ask Mr. Fisher if it isn't so.

MRS. GREEN—Why it's the beat of anything I ever heard in all my life!

MRS. CARP—Oh! Julia, you needn't be mealy-mouthed about it. Tell the whole story at

once. This was the way of it, Mrs. Green:—Clarissa and Osborn were engaged, and she made no secret of it. She sent for Julia, told her it was settled, kissed Osborn—

MRS. GREEN—What!!

MRS. CARP—It's as true as you set there. I'll never budge out of this seat, if it ain't—

JULIA—But Ma, you ought to remember, Clarissa said that she only did that to keep brother Osborn from killing himself, not from love—he, he, he!

MRS. GREEN—What! Why what did she think he was going to kill himself for?

JULIA—Oh! for love of her, of course. But I've no doubt Clarissa thought so; for I can't think she would have said it, if she hadn't; but wasn't it a strange notion, Mrs. Green?

MRS. GREEN—Strange? why I wouldn't believe it if all the men in Georgia were to say so.

MRS. CARP—Now, Julia, you needn't go to making apologies for Clarissa. I know you never can think she does wrong or thinks wrong; but nobody 'll believe you; so you'd as well stop your excuses,—and considering it's your own brother, I don't think it's any credit to you.

JULIA—Well, Ma, I cannot help loving Clarissa, no matter how she treats me.

MRS. CARP—Well, as I was saying, after all their hugging and kissing, and her telling Osborn she was so happy, and how happy all of us was to be, over she comes to my house, and ups and tells me all about how she came to take him, because he was all this and all that. Well, that very evening she sticks herself down by Mr. Fisher —

JULIA—No, Ma, he took a seat by her; she did not go to him. Do Clarissa justice.

MRS. CARP—Well, it's the same thing. As soon as Fisher sat down by her, "Mr. Fisher," says she, "everybody says I'm engaged to be married, but it's not so —"

JULIA—Oh! no, Ma —

MRS. CARP—Why, I'll be shot if you didn't tell me so yourself.

JULIA—No, Ma, I said with the *first question* he *asked* her, she began to say she was not engaged.

MRS. CARP—Well, did he ask *her* if she was engaged—tell me that?

JULIA—No, he made no allusion to her.

MRS. CARP—And wasn't the first word she said, that she wasn't engaged?

JULIA—Oh, yes; and she repeated it several times, but —

MRS. CARP—But what? Now, I wonder how much you've bettered it?

MRS. GREEN—Why, Julia, how could you, who knew all about it, set by and hear her run on so?

JULIA—Clarissa has been a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Green, as everybody knows; and besides it was my own house. I did at last venture to say to Mr. Fisher, that he wasn't lawyer enough to find out a lady's engagement; and oh, *me!* she flew in such a *passion*, you can't think! I got scared, and got away as quick as I could.

MRS. CARP—Had you heard anything about it?

MRS. GREEN—Sally told me she saw that something was the matter with you and Clarissa, just at the breaking up of the party; but she didn't know what it was.

The visitors retired, and they had left the house but a few minutes before Sally entered.

“Well,” said her mother, “Mrs. Carp and Julia have been here, and told the whole story about Osborn and Clarissa, and I don't suppose such a pack of barefaced falsehoods was ever told upon any poor girl since the world was made. They make out she was kissing Osborn all day before the party,—and that she said she only kissed him to keep him from killing himself for love of her,—that she came over to Mrs. Carp's

bragging about getting Osborn, and how happy all were,—and then as soon as she got into the party, she bounced up and ran and popp'd herself in a seat by Mr. Fisher, and began to gabble out, ‘Mr. Fisher, *I a'n't* engaged; Mr. Fisher, *I a'n't* engaged’—and then got in a furious passion at Julia for saying lawyers knew no more about girls’ engagements than other people. I don’t believe one word of it. Clarissa Gage would put her head in the fire before she’d take on at these tricks. The story belies itself from A to Z.”

Sally’s eyes opened wider and wider at every word of the narrative, and when it was concluded she exclaimed, “Why, Ma, it’s as big a——no such-a-thing as ever was told. I saw it all, and there a’n’t a word of truth in it. It was just precisely as I told you it was.”

In three days’ time, all the old ladies of the village had talked the matter over, and every one told “how she heard it.” No two had heard it exactly alike; but as they all agreed in the essentials, the prevailing opinion was that Clarissa was much to blame. The young ladies were pretty equally divided. The young gentlemen (a majority of them, that is) considered nobody to blame but Fisher. While the old gentlemen thought the

whole town to blame, for making such a fuss about young people's love scrapes.

All the stories soon got to Mrs. Dove's ears, and she resolved to have the matter rectified. So she set out upon the grand rounds, beginning with Mrs. Bacon. After a salutation and a few preliminaries—"Now," said she, "Mrs. Bacon, I never intended to have said anything about this matter, but so many abominable falsehoods have been hatched up about my daughter ——"

"God bless your soul, honey, I never believed one word of them, from the first,—everybody will tell you so. I haven't two eyes and two ears for nothing."

"I know you did not believe them—I heard that; and I thank you for taking our part as you did. The truth is, the Carps have been trying in all ways, for two years, to make a match between Osborn and Clarissa——"

"There! there! what did I tell Sally Green and her mother, and my old man! Now the cat's out of the wallet. Now I hope people 'll believe me."

"Osborn is a clever young man enough, and Clarissa liked him as a friend, but never would let him court her ——"

"Ah! honey, Osborn seems mighty clever, and

all that; but you better not trust any of 'em too far, I tell you. I don't like the blood. That Carp blood won't do now, I tell you."

"Well, Osborn always behaved himself very clever to us. At last he proposed himself to Clarissa, in spite of all she could do."

"Proposed himself against her *consent*! What impudence? Didn't I tell you he wouldn't do?"

"Clarissa refused him then plainly and flatly. A night or two after, Julia comes over, and tells Clarissa that Osborn was going to kill himself."

"And did she think Clarissa was fool enough to believe that?"

"Oh, bless you, any one would have believed her, the way she went on. She cried——"

"Oh! did she *cry*?"

"Cry, yes; as if her heart would break!"

"Oh! that indeed! That alters the case. If she took on at that rate, I don't wonder at Clarissa's believing her. I thought she just told it in a plain sort of way."

"No, she wept and sobbed, and told what distress her mother was in; and said that they knew his disposition better than any body in the world, and that they looked for nothing else but that he would be brought home all weltering in

his gore,—until she frightened Clarissa, poor child, almost out of her senses."

"Well, it bangs anything that ever I heard of in all my livelong born days. Why, she ought to be penetensh'd."

"She begged Clarissa to see Osborn, and try to get him not to kill himself. She said, as for her refusing Osborn, she didn't mind that——"

"And that was a whopper, I know."

"Clarissa begged her not to suffer her refusal of Osborn to interrupt their friendship; for the idea of their getting angry with her distressed very much ——"

"Poor child, if she knew them as well as I do, she'd 'a' thought it good riddance ——"

"Julia gave her to understand, that if Osborn's life could be saved, all would be happy. Well, she goes home and tells Osborn Clarissa wanted to see him ——"

"What a lie!"

"So he comes in a mighty good humor, of course ——"

"No doubt of that."

"—— as he supposed she had changed her mind. Clarissa was surprised and pleased to see him look so little like killing himself, and met

him very cheerfully. After hinting at what she had heard, she asked him if he had any idea of destroying himself. And he said such an idea never entered his head ——”

“There we have it; the Carps over again. Mother and sister lie, and brother catch 'em in it.”

“Well, Clarissa was so delighted to hear that, and to think that they would all be friends now as before, that she sends off Osborn for Julia, to tell her she needn't be afraid of his killing himself; and said to Osborn that all would now be happy.”

“Just to tease him? He deserved it, a chuckle-head!”

“No, not to tease him; but because she thought it would please them all so much, to know that he was not going to destroy himself; and she would be happy, because now all would be friends.”

“Oh! ah! yes. That was all right!”

“Osborn thought that this was because she had changed her mind ——”

“What a fool!”

“—— and that she was going to make them all happy by marrying him ——”

“I declare! Marry *him*! A pretty story.”

“Well, I suppose Osborn told 'em so when he

went home for Julia; for she came over in the finest humor in the world ——”

“I'll be bound.”

“The girls met, both pleased, and they embraced as they used to do. Clarissa took Julia one side, to tell her she needn't be alarmed about Osborn's killing himself; and just as she began, Mr. Fisher came ——”

“I know him mighty well. He stays with me—and he's the cleverest lawyer and the cleverest man I ever saw.”

“Clarissa never had an opportunity of saying any more before the party.”

“And all this rigmarole they've been telling, about Clarissa *kissing* Osborn, turns out just as I expected, to be a pack o' lies.”

“Why—yes, as they tell it, it is not true. The way of it was this: when she kissed Julia, Osborn said he hoped she had a kiss for him. Clarissa said yes, she would *now* give him one kiss if he would never ask her for another—meaning that, as he had resolved not to take it to heart that she had refused him, but meant to be a friend as before, and had relieved all from fear, she would kiss him once.”

“Oh! that was the way of it! I don't blame her at all for that.”

"I wish Clarissa had not done it; but in a thoughtless moment of delight she did it; and didn't suppose that it would ever be thought of again."

"Why, it was perfectly right in the way she did it. The thing coming upon her unexpected, and she not thinking, and taken unawares, and just kissing his sister, and he standing there, and all in a good humor, and in a frolic! I don't wonder at it at all. Any girl in the world would 'a' done the same thing."

"Well, to go on with my story. It happened that while Osborn and Julia were at her house, Mrs. Bull went over to Mrs. Carp's ——"

"There! there! what did I tell my old man! Do stop a moment, Mrs. Dove, and let me bring him in to hear it with his own ears; for he never will believe what I say."

"Never mind, Mrs. Bacon; it's not of much importance. Mrs. Carp, I suppose, told Mrs. Bull that Osborn and Clarissa were engaged; and Mrs. Bull told it to I don't know how many——"

"Why, bless your soul, honey, she made a blowing horn of it. She told it at dinner, I reckon, for it was all over town before night. Mr. Fisher told me just before he started to the party; and" (*lowering her voice*) "he looked mighty sorry

about it too, I tell you. But I told him as I told my old man, that it was nothing but a Bull tale, and they'd see it. The Bull boarders want to drive him off, that's the chat; for they've no notion of the way the gals look at him. I stay at home here and mind my own business, but I've got two eyes for all that, and two ears, too."

"Mrs. Bull told at least enough to make it common talk at the party. For a long time Clarissa thought nothing of it; but at last, thinking over all the day's doings, and the conduct of all the Carps to her, it flashed upon her mind that it might have grown out of what had passed between her and Osborn that day. She thought she saw something in Julia's conduct to Mr. Fisher ——"

"Now you're coming to it. Now you begin to hit the nail right spang upon the head. Sally Green saw it—Sally saw how the *Carp* was nibbling at that *angling-hook*, but he wouldn't jerk."

"Clarissa saw, or thought she saw, that Julia was encouraging the report; and as Mr. Fisher gave her a fair opportunity of denying it, she did so. Julia intimated that it was true, and this led to an explanation."

"Well, it's all turned out just as I said it would.

Now, I hope people will see what the Bulls and Carps are."

This story was no sooner circulated than it gained a large majority of all ages and sexes to the Dove side.

Fisher courted Clarissa and married her. Eighteen months afterwards, Julia married a Dr. John Smith, who had recently settled in the village; and about a year after that, Osborn married a fine girl of a neighboring village—and all lived as happily as married people usually live.

VIII.

“A CHARMING WIFE.”

My nephew George Baldwin was but ten years younger than myself. He was the son of a plain, practical, sensible farmer, who, without the advantages of a liberal education, had enriched his mind by study and observation with a fund of useful knowledge rarely possessed by those who move in his sphere of life. His wife was one of the most lovely of women. She was pious, but not austere; cheerful, but not light; generous, but not prodigal; economical, but not close; hospitable, but not extravagant. In native powers of mind she was every way my brother's equal; in acquirements she was decidedly his superior. To this I have his testimony as well as my own; but it was impossible to discover in her conduct anything going to show that she coincided with us in opinion. To have heard her converse you would have supposed she did nothing but read; to have looked through the departments of her household you would have supposed she never read. Everything which lay within her little province bore the impress of her hand or ac-

knowledged her supervision. Order, neatness, and cleanliness prevailed everywhere. All provisions were given out with her own hands, and she could tell precisely the quantity of each article that it would require to serve a given number of persons, without stint or wasteful profusion. In the statistics of domestic economy she was perfectly versed. She would tell you, with astonishing accuracy, how many pounds of cured bacon you might expect from a given weight of fresh pork; how many quarts of cream a given quantity of milk would yield; how much butter so much cream; how much of each article it would take to serve so many persons a month or a year. Supposing no change in the family, and she would tell to a day when a given quantity of provisions of any kind would be exhausted. She reduced to certain knowledge everything that could be; and she approximated to it as nearly as possible with those matters that could not be. And yet she scolded less and whipped less than any mistress of a family I ever saw. The reason is obvious. Everything under her care went on with perfect *system*. To each servant were allotted his or her respective duties, and to each was assigned the time in which those duties were to be performed. During this time she suffered

them not to be interrupted, if it was possible to protect them from interruption. Her children were permitted to give no orders to servants but through her, until they reached the age at which they were capable of regulating their orders by her rules. She laid no plans to detect her servants in theft, but she took great pains to convince them that they could not pilfer without detection; and this did she without betraying any suspicions of their integrity. Thus she would have her biscuits uniformly of a size, and, under the form of instructions to her cook, she would show her precisely the quantity of flour which it took to make so many biscuits. After all this, she exposed her servants to as few temptations as possible. She never sent them to the larder unattended, if she could avoid it, and never placed them under the watch of children. She saw that they were well provided with everything they needed, and she indulged them in recreations when she could. No service was required of them on the Sabbath further than to spread the table and to attend it; a service which was lightened as much as possible by having the provisions of that day very simple, and prepared the day before.

Such, but half described, were the father and

mother of George Baldwin. He was their only son and eldest child; but he had two sisters, Mary and Martha, the first four and the second six years younger than himself—a son next to George having died in infancy. The two eldest children inherited their names from their parents, and all of them grew up worthy of the stock from which they sprang.

George, having completed his education at Princeton, where he was graduated with great honor to himself, returned to Georgia and commenced the study of the law. After studying a year he was admitted to the bar, just after he had completed his one-and-twentieth year. I have been told by gentlemen who belong to this profession that one year is too short a time for preparation for the intricacies of legal lore; and it may be so, but I never knew a young man acquit himself more creditably than George did in his maiden speech.

He located himself in the city of—, seventy miles from his father's residence; and, after the lapse of three years, he counted up eight hundred dollars as the *net* profits of his last year's practice. Reasonably calculating that his receipts would annually increase for several years to come, having no expenses to encounter except

for his board and clothing (for his father had furnished him with a complete library), he now thought of taking to himself a helpmate. Hitherto he had led a very retired, studious life; but now he began to court the society of ladies.

About this time Miss Evelina Caroline Smith returned to the city from Philadelphia, where, after an absence of three years, she had completed her education. She was the only child of a wealthy, unlettered merchant, who, rather by good luck than good management, had amassed a fortune of about fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Smith was one of those men who conceived that all earthly greatness, and consequently all earthly bliss, concentrated in wealth. The consequence was inevitable. To the poor he was haughty, supercilious, and arrogant, and, not unfrequently, wantonly insolent; to the rich he was friendly, kind, or obsequious, as their purses equalled or overmeasured his own. His wife was even below himself in moral stature; proud, loquacious, silly. Evelina was endowed by nature with a good mind, and, what her parents esteemed of infinitely more value, she was beautiful from her infancy to the time when I introduced her to the reader, which was just after she had completed her seventeenth year. Evelina's time, between her

sixth and fourteenth year, had been chiefly employed in learning from her father and mother what a perfect beauty she was, and what kind of gewgaws exhibited her beauty to the greatest advantage, how rich she would be, and "what havoc she would make of young men's hearts by-and-by." In these instructive lectures her parents sometimes found gratuitous help from silly male and female visitors, who, purely to win favor from the parents, would expatiate on the perfection of "the lovely," "charming," "beautiful little creature" in her presence. The consequence was that pride and vanity became, at an early age, the leading traits of the child's character, and *admiration* and *flattery* the only *food* which she could *relish*. Her parents subjected themselves to the loss of her society for three years, while she was at school in Philadelphia, from no better motive than to put her on an equality with Mr. B.'s and Mr. C.'s daughters; or, rather, to imitate the examples of Messrs. B. & C., merchants of the same city, who were very rich.

While she was in Philadelphia Evelina was well instructed. She was taught in what female loveliness truly consists, the qualities which deservedly command the respect of the wise and

good, and the deportment which insures to a female the admiration of all. But Evelina's mind had received a bias from which these lessons could not relieve it, and the only effect of them upon her was to make her an *accomplished hypocrite*, with all her other foibles. She improved her instructions only to the gratification of her ruling passion. In music she made some proficiency, because she saw in it a ready means of gaining admiration.

George Baldwin had formed a partial acquaintance with Mr. Smith before the return of his daughter, but he rather shunned than courted a closer intimacy. Smith, however, had intrusted George with some professional business, found him trustworthy, and thought he saw in him a man who, at no very distant day, was to become distinguished for both wealth and talents; and, upon a very short acquaintance, he took occasion to tell him "that whoever married his daughter should receive the next day a check for twenty thousand dollars. That'll do," continued he, "to start upon; and when I and the old woman drop off she will get thirty more." This had an effect upon George directly opposite to that which it was designed to have.

Miss Smith had been at home about three

weeks, and the whole town had sounded the praises of her beauty and accomplishments; but George had not seen her, though Mr. Smith had in the meantime given him several notes to collect, with each of which he "wondered how it happened that two so much alike as himself and George had never been more intimate, and hoped he would come over in a sociable way and see him often." About this time, however, George received a special invitation to a large tea-party from Mr. and Mrs. Smith, which he could not with propriety reject, and accordingly he went. He was received at the door by Mr. Smith, announced upon entering the drawing-room, and conducted through a crowd of gentlemen to Miss Smith, to whom he was introduced with peculiar emphasis. He made his obeisance and retired; for common politeness required him to bestow his attentions upon some of the many ladies in the room, who were neglected by the gentlemen in their rivalry for a smile or word from Miss Evelina. She was the admiration of all the gentlemen, and, with the exception of two or three *young* ladies, who "thought her too affected," she was praised by all the ladies. In short, by nearly universal testimony she was pronounced "*a charming creature.*"

An hour had elapsed before George found an opportunity of giving her those attentions which, as a guest of the family, courtesy required from him. The opportunity was at length, however, furnished by himself. In circling round the room to entertain the company, she reached George just as the seat next to him had been vacated. This she occupied, and a conversation ensued, with every word of which she gained upon his respect and esteem. Instead of finding her that gay, volatile, vain creature whom he expected to find in the rich and beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, he found her a modest, sensible, unassuming girl, whose views upon all subjects coincided precisely with his own.

"She yielded to the wishes of her parents, from a sense of duty, in giving and attending parties; but she always left them under the conviction that the time spent at them was worse than wasted. It was really a luxury to her to retire from the idle chit-chat of them, and to spend a few minutes in conversation with a male or female friend who would consider it no disrespect to the company to talk rationally upon such occasions. And yet, in conducting such conversations at such times, it was so difficult to

avoid the appearance of pedantry, and to keep it from running into something too stiff or too grave for a social circle, that she really was afraid to court them." As to books, "she read but very few novels, though her ignorance of them often exposed her to some mortification; but she felt that her ignorance here was a compliment to her taste and delicacy, which made ample amends for the mortifications to which it forced her occasionally to submit. With Hannah More, Mrs. Chavone, Bennett, and other writers of the same class she was very familiar" (and she descanted upon the peculiar merits of each); "but, after all, books were of small consequence to a lady without those domestic virtues which enable her to blend superior usefulness with superior acquirements; and if learning or usefulness must be forsaken, it had better be the first. Of music she was extravagantly fond, and she presumed she ever would be; but she confessed she had no taste for its modern refinements."

Thus she went on with the turns of the conversation and as she caught George's views. It is true she would occasionally drop a remark which did not harmonize exactly with these dulcet strains; and in her rambles over the world of science she would sometimes seem at

fault where George thought she ought to have been perfectly at home; but he found a thousand charitable ways of accounting for all this, not one of which led to the idea that she might have *learned these diamond sentiments by rote from the lips of her preceptress*. Consequently, they came with resistless force upon the citadel of George's heart, and in less than half an hour overpowered it completely.

"Truly," thought George, "she is a charming creature! When was so much beauty ever blended with such unassuming manners and such intellectual endowments! How wonderful that the daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* should possess such accomplishments! How dull—with all her filial affection—how dull must be her life under the parental roof! Not a companion, not a sympathetic feeling there! How sweet it would be to return from the toils of the courts to a bosom friend so soft, so benevolent, so intelligent."

Thus ran George's thoughts as soon as Miss Smith had left him to go in quest of new conquests. The effects of her short interview with him soon became visible to every eye. His conversation lost its spirit, was interrupted by moody abstractions, and was sillier than it had ever been. George had a fine person, and, for the first time

in his life, he now set a value upon it. To exhibit it to the greatest advantage, he walked the room under various pretences; and when in his promenades he caught the eye of Miss Smith resting upon him he assumed a more martial or theatic step, which made him look ridiculous at the time, and feel so immediately afterwards. In his listless journeyings his attention was arrested by a beautiful cottage scene at the foot of which glittered, in golden letters, "By EVELINA CAROLINE SMITH, OF —, GEORGIA."

This led him to another, and another, from the same pencil. Upon these he was gazing with a look and attitude the most complimentary to Miss Evelina that he could possibly assume, while the following remarks were going the rounds.

"Do you notice George Baldwin?"

"Oh yes; he's in for it; dead, sir; good-bye to bail writs and *sassiperaris!*"

"Oh, she's only put an *attachment* on him."

"Really, Miss Smith, it was too bad to serve George Baldwin so cruelly!"

"Ah, sir, if reports are true, Mr. Baldwin is too fond of his books to think of any lady, much less of one so unworthy of his attentions as I am."

George heard this, nestled a little, threw back

his shoulders, placed his arms akimbo, and looked at the picture with wonderful independence.

Then Miss Evelina was handed to the piano, and to a simple, beautiful air she sang a well-written song, the burden of which was an apology for love at first sight. This was wanton cruelty to an unresisting captive. To do her justice, however, her performance had not been equalled during the evening.

The company at length began to retire; and, so long as a number remained sufficient to give him an apology for staying, George delayed his departure. The last group of ladies and gentlemen finally rose, and George commenced a fruitless search for his hat; fruitless, because he looked for it where he knew it was not to be found. But a servant was more successful, and brought it to him just as he was giving up the search as hopeless, and commencing a conversation with Miss Smith for the night.

"Why, where did you find it?" said George, with seeming surprise and pleasure at the discovery.

"Out da, in de entry, sir, wha all de gentlemen put da hats."

"Oh, I ought to have known that. *Good-bye, Miss Evelina!*" said George, throwing a melting

eloquence into the first word, and reaching forth his hand.

"Good-evening, Mr. Baldwin!" returned she; "I hope you will not be quite so great a stranger here as you have been. Pa has often wondered that you never visit him." Here she relinquished his hand with a gentle but sensible pressure, which might mean two or three things. Whatever was its meaning, it ran like nitrous oxide through every fibre of George's composition, and robbed him for a moment of his last ray of intellect.

"Believe me, Miss Smith," said he, as if he were opening a murder case—"believe me, there are fascinations about this hospitable home, in the delicate touches of the pencil which adorn it, and in the soft breathings of the piano, awaked by the hand which I have just relinquished, which will not permit me to delay, as heretofore, those visits which professional duty requires me to make to your kind parent (your father) a single moment beyond the time that his claims to my respects become absolute. Good-evening, Miss Smith."

"Did ever mortal of common-sense talk and act so much like an arrant fool as I have this evening?" said George, as the veil of night fell

upon the visions which had danced before his eyes for the four preceding hours.

Though it was nearly twelve o'clock at night when he reached his office, he could not sleep until he laid the adventures of the evening before his father and mother. The return mail brought him a letter from his parents, written by his mother's hand, which we regret we cannot give a place in this narrative. Suffice it to say, it was kind and affectionate, but entirely too cold for the temperature of George's feelings. It admitted the intrinsic excellence of Miss Smith's views and sentiments, but expressed serious apprehensions that her habits of life would prove an insuperable barrier to her ever putting them in full practice. "We all *profess*, my dear George," said the amiable writer, "the value of industry, economy—in short, of all the domestic and social virtues; but how small the number who *practice* them! Golden sentiments are to be picked up anywhere. In this age they are upon the lips of everybody; but we do not find that they exert as great an influence upon the morals of society as they did in the infancy of our republic, when they were less talked of. For ourselves, we confess we prize the gentleman or lady who habitually practises one Christian virtue much higher

than we do the one who barely *lectures* eloquently upon them all. But we are not so weak or so uncharitable as to suppose that none who discourse fluently upon them can possess them.

* * * * *

"The whole moral which we would deduce from the foregoing remarks is one which your own observation must have taught you a thousand times: that but little confidence is to be reposed in fine sentiments which do not come recommended by the life and conduct of the person who retails them. And yet, familiar as you are with this truth, you certainly have more command over your judgment than have most young men of your age, if you do not entirely forget it the moment you hear such sentiments from the lips of '*a lady possessing strong personal attractions.*' There is a charm in beauty which even philosophy is constrained to acknowledge, and which youth instinctively transfers to all the moral qualities of its possessor.

* * * * *

"When you come to know the elements of which connubial happiness is composed, you will be astonished to find that, with few exceptions,

they are things which you now consider the *veriest trifles* imaginable. It is a happy ordination of Providence that it should be so; for this brings matrimonial bliss within the reach of all classes of persons. * * * *Harmony of thought and feeling upon the little daily occurrences of life, congeniality of views and sentiments between yourselves, and your connections on either side, similarity of habits and pursuits among your immediate relatives and friends, if not essential to nuptial bliss, are certainly its chief ingredients.*

* * * * *

"Having pointed you to the sources of conjugal felicity, your own judgment will spare my trembling hand the painful duty of pointing you to those fountains of bitterness and woe; but I forget that I am representing your father as well as myself."

George read the long letter from which the foregoing extracts are taken with deep interest and with some alarm; but he was not in a situation to profit by his parents' counsels. He had visited Miss Smith repeatedly in the time he was waiting to hear from his parents; and though he had discovered many little foibles in her character, he found a ready apology or an easy remedy for them all.

The lapse of a few months found them engaged and George the happiest mortal upon earth.

"And now, my dear Evelina," said he, as soon as they had interchanged their vows, "I go to render myself worthy of the honor you have conferred upon me. My studies, which love, doubt, and anxiety have too long interrupted, shall now be renewed with redoubled intensity. My Evelina's interest, being associated with all my labors, will turn them to pleasures; my honor being hers, I shall court it with untiring zeal. She will therefore excuse me if my visits are not repeated in future quite as often as they have been heretofore."

"What, a'ready, Mr. Baldwin!" exclaimed she, weeping most beautifully.

"Why, no, not for the world, if my dear Evelina says not! But I thought that—I flattered myself—I hoped—my Evelina would find a sufficient apology in the motive."

The little mistake was rectified in the course of an hour, and they parted more in raptures with each other than they had ever been.

George continued his visits as before, and in the meantime his business began to suffer from neglect, of which his clients occasionally reminded him, with all the frankness which one exhibits

at seeing a love affair carried on with too much zeal and at his expense. In truth, George's heart had more than once entertained a wish (for his lips dare not utter it) that his charming Evelina's affection could come down to a hundred of Wedgewood when the circuit commenced, and give him a temporary respite.

The evening before he set out he spent with his "charming Evelina," of course, and the interview closed with a most melting scene; but I may not stop to describe it. Candor constrains me to say, however, that George got over it before he reached his office, which he entered actually whistling a merry tune.

He was at the second court of the circuit, and had been from home nearly a fortnight, when one of his friends addressed him with, "I'll tell you what it is, Baldwin: you'd better go home or Dr. Bibb will cut you out. There have been two or three parties in town since you came away, at all of which Miss Smith and Bibb were as thick as two pickpockets. The whole town's talking about them. I heard a young lady say to her, she'd tell you how she was carrying on with Bibb; and she declared, upon her word and honor (looking *killniferously* at Bibb), that she only knew you as her father's collecting attorney."

George reddened deeper and deeper at every word of this, but passed it off with a hearty, hectic laugh.

It was on Thursday afternoon that he received this intelligence, and it met him forty miles from home, and twenty-five from the next court in order. Two of his cases were yet undisposed of. Of these he gave hasty notes to one of his brethren, in order to guide him if he should be forced to trial, but instructing him to continue them if he could. Having made these arrangements, Friday afternoon, at five o'clock, found his jaded horse at his office door. George tarried here no longer than was necessary to change his apparel, and then he hastened to the habitation of his "charming Evelina."

He was received at the door by a servant, who escorted him to the drawing-room, and who, to heighten Evelina's joy by surprise, instructed her maid to tell her that there was a *gentleman* in the drawing-room who wished to see her.

Minute after minute rolled away, and she did not make her appearance. After he had been kept in suspense for nearly a quarter of an hour, she entered the room, dressed in bridal richness and taste.

"Why, is it you?" said she, rushing to him in transports: "I thought it was Dr. Bibb."

"And who is Dr. Bibb, Evelina?" said George.

"He's a young physician, with whom I had a partial acquaintance in Philadelphia, and who has just settled himself in this place. I want you to get acquainted with him, for he is one of the most interesting young gentlemen I ever knew in my life."

"No doubt I should be much pleased with him; but do you think he would feel *himself* much honored or improved by an acquaintance with '*your father's collecting attorney*'?"

"Why! Is it possible that Rebecca Freeman has told you that? I never will speak to her again. I am the most persecuted being upon earth. I can say nothing nor do nothing, no matter how innocent, which some one does not make a handle of to injure me."

Here Miss Evelina burst into tears, as usual; but there being a little passion mingled with her tears on this occasion, her weeping was not quite as interesting as it had been before. It subdued George, however, and paved the way to a reconciliation. The obnoxious expression was explained—rather awkwardly, indeed, but satisfactorily—and Miss Freeman was acquitted of all blame.

Matters were just placed in this posture when a servant arrived to inform George "that something was the matter with his horse, and Mr. Cox (his landlord) thought he was going to die."

George rose, and was hastening to the relief of his favorite of all quadrupeds, when Miss Smith burst into a very significant but affected laugh.

"Why, what is it amuses you so, Evelina?" inquired George, with some surprise.

"Oh, nothing," said she; "I was only thinking how quick Mr. Baldwin forgets me when his *horse* demands his attentions. I declare, I'm right jealous of my rival."

"Go back, boy, and tell your master I can't come just now; but I'll thank him to do what he can for the poor animal."

Mr. Cox, upon receiving this intelligence, and learning the business which engrossed George's attention, left the horse to take care of himself; and he died just before George returned from Mr. Smith's.

These, and a thousand little annoyances which we may not enumerate, urged upon George the importance of hastening the nuptials as speedily as possible.

Accordingly, by all the dangers, ills, alarms, and anxieties which attend the hours of engage-

ment, he pressed her to name the happy day within the coming month when their hearts and their destinies should be inseparably united.

But "she could not think of getting married for two years yet to come; then one year at least. At all events, she could not appoint a day until she consulted her dear Morgiana Cornelia Marsh, of Canaan, Vermont. Morgiana was her classmate, and, at parting in Philadelphia, they had interchanged pledges that whichever got married first should be waited upon by the other."

In vain did George endeavor to persuade her that this was a schoolgirl pledge, which Morgiana had already forgotten, and which she never would fulfil. His arguments only provoked a reproof of his unjust suspicions of the "American fair."

Finding his arguments here unavailing, he then entreated his "charming Evelina" to write immediately to Miss Marsh to know when it would be agreeable to her to fulfil her promise.

Weeks rolled away before Miss Smith could be prevailed upon even to write the all-important letter. She despatched it at last, however, and George began to entertain hopes that a few months would make the dear Evelina his own.

In the meantime his business fell in arrears, and his clients complained loudly against him.

He was incessantly tortured with false rumors of his coldness and indifference towards Miss Smith, and of the light and disrespectful remarks which he had made upon her; but he was much more tortured by her unabated thirst for balls and parties of pleasure; her undiminished love of general admiration, and the unconcealed encouragement which she gave to the attentions of Dr. Bibb. The effect which these things had upon his temper was visible to all his friends. He became fretful, petulant, impatient, and melancholy. Dr. Bibb proved, in truth, to be a most accomplished, intelligent gentleman; and was the man who, above all others, George would have selected for his friend and companion, had not the imprudences of Evelina transformed him into a rival. As things were, however, his accomplishments only embittered George's feelings towards him, provoked from George cruel, misplaced, and unnatural sarcasms, which the world placed to the account of jealousy, and in which George's conscience forced him to admit that the world did him nothing more nor less than sheer justice.

At length Miss Morgiana's letter arrived. It opened with expressions of deep contrition that the writer "should have got married without giving her beloved Evelina an opportunity of

fulfilling her promise; but really, after all, she was not to blame, for she did propose to write to her beloved Evelina to come on to Canaan, but papa and Mr. Huntington (her husband) would not hear of it; indeed, they both got almost vexed that she should think of such a thing. * * * But as soon as my beloved Evelina gets married she must appoint a time at which we can meet at Philadelphia with our husbands and compare notes. * * * I have a thousand secrets to tell you about married life; but I must reserve them till we meet. A thousand kisses to your dear George for me; and tell him, if I were not a married woman I should certainly fall in love with him, from your description of him."

"Well, I declare," said Evelina, as she folded up the letter, "I could not have believed that Morgiana would have served me so. I would have died before I would have treated her in the same way."

The great obstacle being now removed, the wedding night was fixed at the shortest time that it could be to allow the necessary preparations, which was just three months ahead.

Before these three months rolled away, George became convinced that he had staked his earthly happiness upon the forlorn hope of reforming

Miss Smith's errors after marriage; but his sense of honor was too refined to permit him to harbor a thought of breaking the engagement; and, indeed, so completely had he become enamoured of her that any perils seemed preferable to giving her up forever.

He kept his parents faithfully advised of all the incidents of his love and courtship, and every letter which he forwarded went like a serpent into the Eden of peace over which they presided. Their letters to him never came unembalmed in a mother's tears, and were never read without the tender response which a mother's tears ever draw from the eyes of a truly affectionate son.

The night came, and George and Evelina were married.

A round of bridal parties succeeded, every one of which served only to heighten George's alarms and to depress his spirits. He could not discover that marriage had abated in the smallest degree his wife's love of general admiration and flattery. The delight which she felt at the attentions of the young gentlemen was visible to more eyes than his, as was plainly evinced by the throngs which attended her wheresoever she moved. Occasionally their assiduities assumed a freedom which was well calculated to alarm

and to inflame one whose notions of married life were much less refined than those which George had ever entertained; but there was an apology for them, which he knew he would be forced to admit, flimsy as it was in truth—namely, "they were only those special attentions which were due to the queen of a bridal party." Another consideration forced him to look in silence upon those liberties. *His wife* had taken no offence at them. She either did not repel them at all, or she repelled them in such a good-humored way that she encouraged rather than prevented the repetition of them. For *him*, therefore, to have interposed would have been considered an act of supererogation.

To the great delight of George, the parties ended, and the young couple set out on a visit to Lagrange, the residence of George's parents. On their way thither, Evelina was secluded, of course, from the gaze of every person but her husband; and her attachment now became as much too ardent as it had before been too cold. If, at their stages, he left her for a moment, she was piqued at his coldness or distressed at his neglect. If he engaged in a conversation with an acquaintance or a stranger he was sure to be interrupted by his wife's waiting-maid, Flora,

with "Miss V'lina say, please go da, sir;" and when he went he always found her in tears or in a pet at having been neglected so long by him, "when he knew she had no friend or companion to entertain her but himself."

George had been long acquainted with the ladies of the houses at which they stopped. They all esteemed him, and were all anxious to be made acquainted with his wife; but she could not be drawn from her room, from the time she entered a house until she rose to leave it. All her meals were taken in her room; and George was rebuked by her because he would not follow her example. It was in vain that he reasoned with her upon the impropriety of changing his deportment to his old acquaintances immediately after his marriage. He stated to her that the change would be attributed to pride; that he should lose a number of humble but valuable acquaintances, which, to a professional gentleman, is no small loss. But "she could not understand that a gentleman is at liberty to neglect his wife for 'humble but valuable acquaintances?'"

When they reached Lagrange they received as warm a welcome from George's parents as parents laboring under their apprehensions could

give; but Mary and Martha, having nothing to mar their pleasures (for they had not been permitted to know the qualifications which George's last letters had annexed to his first), received her with all the delight which the best hearts could feel at welcoming to the family, in the character of a sister, the beautiful, amiable, accomplished, intelligent, wealthy Miss Smith. In anticipation of her coming, the girls had brushed up their history, philosophy, geography, astronomy, and botany for her especial entertainment, or, rather, that they might appear a little at home when their new sister should invite them to a ramble over the fields of science. The labor answered not its purpose, however; Evelina would neither invite nor be invited to any such rambles.

The news of George's arrival at Lagrange with his wife brought many of his rustic acquaintances to visit him. To many of them George was as a son or a brother, for he had been acquainted with them from his earliest years, and he had a thousand times visited their habitations with the freedom with which he entered his father's. They met him, therefore, with unrestrained familiarity, and treated his wife as a part of himself. George had endeavored to prepare her for the plain, blunt, but honest familiarities of his

early friends. He had assured her that, however rude they might seem, they were perfectly innocent—nay, they were tokens of guileless friendship; for the natural disposition of plain unlettered farmers was to keep aloof from “the quality,” as they called the people of the town, and that by as much as they overcame this disposition, by so much did they mean to be understood as evincing favor; but Evelina profited but little by his lessons.

The first visitor was old Mr. Dawson, who had dandled George on his knee a thousand times, and who, next to his father, was the sincerest male friend that George had living.

“Well, Georgy,” said the old man, “and you’ve got married?”

“Yes, Uncle Sammy, and here’s my wife. What do you think of her?”

“Why, she’s a mighty pretty creater; but you’d better took my Nance. She’d ‘ave made you another sort of wife to this pretty little soft creater.”

“I don’t know, sir,” said Evelina, a little fiery, “how you can tell what sort of a wife a person will make whom you never saw. And I presume Mr. Baldwin is old enough to choose for himself.”

“Ah, well, *now* I *know* he’d better ‘ave took

my Nance," said the old man, with a dry smile. "Georgy, my son, I'm afraid you've got yourself into bad business; but I wish you much happiness, my boy. Come, Neighbor Baldwin, let's go take a look at your farm."

"Oh no," said old Mr. Baldwin, "we will not go till I make my daughter better acquainted with you. She is unused to our country manners, and therefore does not understand them. Evelina, my dear, Mr. Dawson is one of our best and kindest neighbors, and you and he must not break upon your first acquaintance. He was only joking George in what he said, and had no idea that you would take it seriously."

"Well, sir," said Evelina, "if Mr. Dawson will say that he did not intend to wound my feelings, I'm willing to forgive him."

"Oh, God love your pretty little soul of you," said the old man, "I didn't even know you had any feelings; but as to the *forgiving* part, why, that's neither here nor there!" Here Evelina rose indignantly and left the room.

"Well, Georgy, my son," continued the old man, "I'm sorry your wife's so touchy; but *you* mustn't forget old Daddy Dawson. Come, my boy, to our house, like you used to, when you and Sammy and Nancy used to sit round the

bowl of buttermilk under the big oak that covered Mammy Dawson's dairy. I always think of poor Sammy when I see you" (brushing a tear from his eye with the back of his hand). "I'm obliged to love you, you young dog; and I want to love your wife too, if she'd let me; but, be that as it may, Sammy's playmate won't forget Daddy Dawson—will he, George?"

George could only say "Never!" with a filling eye, and the old men set out for the fields.

Most of the neighbors who came to greet George upon his return to Lagrange shared Mr. Dawson's fate. One wanted to span Evelina's waist, for he declared "she was the littlest creater round the waist he ever *seed*." Another would "buss *her* because she was George's wife, and because it was the first chance he ever had in all his life to buss (kiss) 'the quality.' " A third proposed a swap of wives with George, and all made some remark too blunt for Evelina's refined ear. Having no tact for turning off these things playfully, and as little disposition to do so, she repelled them with a town dignity which soon relieved her of these intrusions, and in less than a week stopped the visits of George's first and warmest friends to his father's house.

Her habits, views, and feelings agreeing in

nothing with the family in which she was placed, Evelina was unhappy herself, and made all around her unhappy. Her irregular hours of retiring and rising, her dilatoriness in attending her meals, her continual complaints of indisposition, deranged all the regulations of the family, and begot such confusion in the household that even the elder Mrs. Baldwin occasionally lost her equanimity; so that when Evelina announced, a week before the appointed time, that she must return home, the intelligence was received with pleasure rather than pain.

Upon their return home, George and his lady found a commodious dwelling handsomely furnished for their reception. Mr. Smith presented him this in lieu of the check of which he had spoken before the marriage of his daughter; and though the gift did not redeem the promise by \$14,000, George was perfectly satisfied. Mrs. Smith added to the donation her own cook and carriage-driver. Flora, the maid, had been considered Evelina's from her infancy. Nothing could have been more agreeable to George than the news that greeted him on his arrival, that he was at liberty to name the day when he would conduct Evelina to his own house; for his last hope of happiness hung upon this last change of

life. He allowed himself but two days after his return to lay in his store of provisions; and on the third, at four in the afternoon, he led his wife to their mutual home.

"To this moment, my dear Evelina," said George, as they seated themselves in their own habitation—"to this moment have I looked forward for many months with the liveliest interest. I have often figured to myself the happy hours that we should enjoy under the common roof, and I hope the hour has arrived when we will unite our endeavors to realize my fond anticipations. Let us, then, upon the commencement of a new life, interchange our pledges that we will each exert ourselves to promote the happiness of the other. In many respects, it must be acknowledged that our views and dispositions are different; but they will soon be assimilated by identity of interest, community of toil, and a frank and affectionate interchange of opinions, if we will but consent to submit to some little sacrifices in the beginning to attain this object. Now tell me, candidly and fearlessly, my Evelina, what would you have me be, and what would you have me do, to answer your largest wishes from your husband?"

"I would have you," said Evelina, "think

more of me than all the world beside; I would have you the first lawyer in the State; I would have you overcome your dislike to such innocent amusements as tea-parties and balls; and I would have you take me to the Springs, or to New York or Philadelphia, every summer. Now what would you have me do?"

"I would have you rise when I do; regulate your servants with system; see that they perform their duties in the proper way and the proper time; let all provisions go through your hands; and devote your spare time to reading valuable works, painting, music, or any other improving employment or innocent recreation. Be thus, and I '*will* think more of you than all the world beside'; '*I will* be the first lawyer in the State'; and after a few years, '*you shall* visit the North or the Springs every summer,' if you desire it."

"Lord, if I do all these things you mention I shall have no time for reading, music, or painting!"

"Yes you will. My mother—"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, Mr. Baldwin, hush talking about your mother! I'm sick and tired of hearing you talk of '*my mother*' this, and '*my mother*' that; and when I went to your house

I didn't see that she got along a bit better than my mother, except in her cooking; and that was only because your mother cooked the meats and your sisters made the pastry. I don't see the use of having servants if one must do everything herself."

"My sisters make the pastry, to be sure; because mother desires that they should learn how to do these things, that they may better superintend the doing of them when they get married, and because she thinks such things should not pass through the hands of servants when it can be avoided; but my mother never cooks."

"She does, for I saw her lifting off a pot myself."

"She does not—"

Here the entry of the cook stopped a controversy that was becoming rather warm for *the first evening at home*.

"I want the keys, Miss 'V'lina, to get out supper," said the cook.

"There they are, *Aunt** Clary," said Evelina; "try and have everything very nice."

* "Aunt" and "mauma," or "maum," its abbreviation, are terms of respect commonly used by children to aged negroes. The first generally prevails in the up-country, and the second on the seaboard.

"My dear, I wouldn't send her to the provisions unattended; everything depends upon your *commencing right*—"

"Hush!" said Evelina, with some agitation; "I wouldn't have her hear you for the world. She'd be very angry if she thought we suspected her honesty. Ma always gave her up the keys, and she says she never detected her in a theft in all her life."

"Very well," said George, "we'll see."

After a long waiting, the first supper made its appearance. It consisted of smoked tea, half-baked biscuit, butter, and sliced venison.

"Why," said Evelina, as she sipped her first cup of tea, "this tea seems to me to be smoked. Here, Flora, throw it out and make some more. Oh, me! the biscuit ain't done. Aunt Clary's made quite an unfortunate beginning. But I didn't want any supper—do you?"

"I can do without it," said George, coldly, "if you can."

"Well, let's not eat any, and that will be the very way to mortify Aunt Clary without making her mad. To-morrow I'll laugh at her for cheating us of our supper, and she won't do so any more. The old creature has very tender feelings."

I'll starve for a week to save Clary's feelings,"

said George, "if you will only quit *aunting* her. How can you expect her to treat you or your orders with respect when you treat her as your superior?"

"Well, really, I can't see any great harm in treating aged people with respect, even if their skins are black."

"I wish you had thought of that when you were talking to old Mr. Dawson. I should think he was entitled to as much respect as an infernal black wench!"

This was the harshest expression that had ever escaped George's lips. Evelina could not stand it. She left the room, threw herself on a bed, and burst into tears.

In the course of the night the matter was adjusted.

The next morning George rose with the sun, and he tried to prevail upon his wife to do the same; but "she could not see what was the use of her getting up so soon, just to set about doing nothing;" and, to silence all further importunities then and after upon that score, she told him flatly she never would consent to rise at that hour.

At half after eight she made her appearance, and breakfast came in. It consisted of muddy coffee, hard-boiled eggs, and hard-burnt biscuit.

"Why, what has got into Aunt Clary," said Evelina, "that she cooks so badly?"

"Why, we mortified her so much, my dear, by eating *no* supper," said George, "that we have driven her to the opposite extreme. Let us now throw the breakfast upon her hands, except the coffee, and perhaps she'll be *mortified* back to a medium."

"That's very witty, indeed," said Evelina; "you must have learned it from the amiable and accomplished Miss Nancy Dawson."

This was an allusion which George could not withstand, and he reddened to scarlet.

"Evelina," said he, "you are certainly the strangest being that I ever met with; you are more respectful to negroes than to whites, and to everybody else than to your husband."

"Because," returned she. "negroes treat me with more respect than some whites; and everybody else with more respect than my husband."

George was reluctant to commence tightening the reins of discipline with his servants for the first few weeks of his mastership; and therefore he bore in silence, but in anger, their idleness, their insolence, and their disgusting familiarities with his wife. He often visited the kitchen, unobserved, of nights, and almost always found it

thronged with gay company, revelling in all the daintiest of his closet, smoke-house, sideboard, and pantry. He communicated his discoveries to his wife, but she found no difficulty in accounting satisfactorily for all that he had seen. "Clary's husband had always supplied her with everything she wanted. Flora had a hundred ways of getting money; and Billy (the carriage-driver) was always receiving little presents from her and others."

At the end of three weeks Aunt Clary announced that the barrel of flour was out.

"Now," said George, "I hope you are satisfied that it is upon *your* flour, and not upon her husband's, that Aunt Clary gives her entertainments."

"Why, law me!" said Evelina, "I think it has lasted wonderfully. You recollect ma and pa have been here 'most every day."

"Had they *boarded* with us," said George, "we could not have consumed a barrel of flour in three weeks."

In quick succession came the news that the tea, coffee, and sugar were out; all of which Evelina thought "had lasted wonderfully."

It would be useless to recount the daily differences of George and his wife. In nothing could

they agree; and the consequence was that at the end of six weeks they had come to downright quarrelling, through all which Evelina sought and received the sympathy of Miss Flora and Aunt Clary.

About this time the Superior Court commenced its session in the city; and a hundred like favors, received from the judge and the bar, imposed upon George the absolute necessity of giving a dinner to his brethren. He used every precaution to pass it off well. He gave his wife four days' notice; he provided everything himself, of the best that the town could afford; he became all courtesy and affection to his wife, and all respect and cheerfulness to Aunt Clary, in the interim. He promised all the servants a handsome present each if they would acquit themselves well upon this occasion, and charged them all, over and over, to remember that the time between two and half-past three was all that the bar could allow to his entertainment; and, consequently, dinner must be upon the table precisely at two.

The day came and the company assembled. Evelina, attired like a queen, received them in the drawing-room, and all were delighted with her. All were cheerful, talkative, and happy.

Two o'clock came, and no dinner; a quarter after, and no dinner. The conversation began to flag a little. Half-past two rolled round, and no dinner. Conversation sank to temperate, and George rose to intemperate. Three-quarters past two came, but no dinner. Conversation sank to freezing, and George rose to fever heat.

At this interesting moment, while he was sauntering every way, George sauntered near his wife, who was deeply engaged in a conversation with his brother Paine, a grave, intelligent young man, and he detected her in the act of repeating, *verbatim et literatim*, the pretty sentences which first subdued his heart.

"Good Lord!" muttered George to himself; "Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with his one sentence of learning revived!"

He rushed out of the room in order to inquire what delayed dinner; and on leaving the dining-room was met at the door by Flora with two pale-blue, dry, boiled fowls, boiled almost to dismemberment, upon a dish large enough to contain a goodly-sized shote, their legs sticking straight out, with a most undignified straddle, and bowing with a bewitching grace and elasticity to George with every step that Flora made.

Behind her followed Billy, with a prodigious

roast turkey, upon a dish that was almost concealed by its contents, his legs extended like the fowls, the back and sides burned to a crisp, and the breast raw. The old gentleman was handsomely adorned with a large black twine necklace; and through a spacious window that, by chance or design, the cook had left open the light poured into his vacant cavity gloriously.

George stood petrified at the sight; nor did he wake from his stupor of amazement until he was roused by a burned round of beef and a raw leg of mutton making by him for the same port in which the fowls and turkey had been moored.

He rushed into the kitchen in a fury. “You infernal heifer!” said he to Aunt Clary; “what kind of cooking is this you’re setting before my company?”

“Eh—eh! Name ‘o God, Mas’ George; how anybody gwine cook t’ing good when you hurry ‘em so?”

George looked for something to throw at her head, but fortunately found nothing.

He returned to the house, and found his wife entertaining the company with a never-ending sonata on the piano.

Dinner was at length announced, and an awful sight it was when full spread. George made as

good apologies as he could, but his wife was not in the least disconcerted; indeed, she seemed to assume an air of self-complaisance at the profusion and richness which crowned her board.

The gentlemen ate but little, owing, as they said, to their having all eaten a very hearty breakfast that morning. George followed his guests to the Court-house, craved a continuance of his cases for the evening on the ground of indisposition, and it was granted, with an unaccountable display of sympathy. He returned home and embarked in a quarrel with his wife, which lasted until Evelina's exhausted nature sank to sleep under it, at three the next morning.

George's whole character now became completely revolutionized. Universal gloom overspread his countenance. He lost his spirits, his energy, his life, his temper, his everything ennobling; and he had just begun to surrender himself to the bottle, when an accident occurred which revived his hopes of happiness with his wife, and determined him to make one more effort to bring her into his views.

Mr. Smith, by an unfortunate investment in cotton, failed; and, after a bungling attempt to secrete a few thousand dollars from his creditors (for he knew George too well to claim his assist-

ance in such a matter), he was left without a dollar that he could call his own. Evelina and her parents all seemed as if they would go crazy under the misfortune; and George now assumed the most affectionate deportment to his wife and the most soothing demeanor to her parents. The parents were completely won to him; and his wife, for once, seemed to feel towards him as she should. George availed himself of this moment to make another and the last attempt to reform her habits and sentiments.

"My dear Evelina," said he, "we have nothing now to look to but our own exertions for a support. This, and indeed affluence, lies within our reach if we will but seek them in a proper way. You have only to use industry and care within-doors, and I without, to place us, in a very few years, above the frowns of fortune. We have only to consult each other's happiness to make each other happy. Come, then, my love, forgetting our disgraceful bickerings, let us now commence a new life. Believe me, there is no being on this earth that my heart can love as it can you, if you will but claim its affections; and you know how to command them." Thus, at much greater length, and with much more tenderness, did George address her. His appeal had, for a season,

its desired effect. Evelina rose with him, retired with him, read with him. She took charge of the keys, dealt out the stores with her own hand, visited the kitchen; in short, she became everything George could wish or expect from one of her inexperience. Things immediately wore a new aspect. George became himself again. He recommenced his studies with redoubled assiduity. The community saw and delighted in the change, and the bar began to tremble at his giant strides in his profession. But, alas! his bliss was doomed to a short duration. Though Evelina saw, and felt, and acknowledged the advantages and blessings of her new course of conduct, she had to preserve it by a struggle against nature; and, at the end of three months, *nature* triumphed over resolution, and she relapsed into her old habits. George now surrendered himself to drink and to despair, and died the drunkard's death. At another time I may perhaps give the melancholy account of his ruin in detail, tracing its consequences down to the moment at which I am now writing. Should this time never arrive, let the fate of my poor nephew be a warning to mothers against bringing up their daughters to be "*charming creatures.*"

IX.

THE BALL.

Being on a visit to the city of — about ten years ago, my old friend Jack De Bathle gave me an invitation to a ball, of which he was one of the managers. Jack had been the companion of my childhood, my boyhood, and my early manhood; and through many a merry dance had we hopped, and laughed, and tumbled down together in the morning of life. Dancing was really, in those days, a merry-making business. Except the minuet, which was introduced only to teach us the graces, and the congo, which was only to chase away the solemnities of the minuet, it was all a jovial, heart-stirring, foot-stirring amusement. We had none of your mathematical cotillions; none of your immodest waltzes; none of your detestable, disgusting gallopades. The waltz would have crimsoned the cheek of every young lady who attended a ball in my day; and had the gallopade been *commenced* in the ballroom, it would have been *ended* in the street. I am happy to say that the waltz has met with but very little encouragement in Georgia as yet; the gallopade

with none. Ye fair of my native land! ye daughters of a modest race! blush them away from the soil, which your mothers honored by their example and consecrated with their ashes! Born to woman's loftiest destinies, it ill becomes you to stoop from your high estate to ape the indecencies of Europe's slaves. It is yours to command, not to obey. Let vice approach you in what form she may—as the handmaid of wit and talents, the mistress of courts, or the queen of fashion—fail not to meet her with the frown of indignant virtue and the flush of offended modesty. There is a majesty in these which has ever commanded her homage. There is a loveliness in these which will ever command the admiration of the world. The interest which I feel in the character of the fair daughters of America is my apology for this sober digression.

Though De Bathle is but two months younger than I am, he still dances occasionally; and to this circumstance in part, but more particularly to the circumstance of his being a married man, is to be ascribed his appointment of manager—the custom now being to have one-third or one-half the managers married men. This would be a great improvement on the management of balls in olden time could the married men only

manage to keep out of the cardroom. Would they take the direction of the amusement into their hands, their junior colleagues would then have an opportunity of sharing the pleasures of the evening, a privilege which they seldom enjoy as things are now conducted. However, married men are not appointed with the expectation that they will perform the duties of the office, but to quiet the scruples of some half-dozen or more "*charming creatures*," who, though they never fail to attend a ball, will not condescend to do so until they are perfectly satisfied it is to be conducted with the utmost gravity, dignity, decorum, and propriety. For these assurances they look first to "*the face of the paper*" (the ball-ticket); and if they do not find on it a goodly number of responsible names (such as, by reasonable presumption, are well broke to petticoat government), they protest against it, tell a hundred amiable little fibs to conceal the cause of their opposition, torture two or three beaux half to death with suspense, and finally conclude to go "*just to keep from giving offence*." But if the endorsers be "*potent, grave, and reverend seigniors*," schooled as aforesaid, why, then, one difficulty is at least removed; for though it is well known that these are "*endorsers without recourse in the first*

instance," it is equally well known that they may be ultimately made liable; for if the juniors fail to fulfil their engagements a lady has nothing to do but to walk into the cardroom, take a senior by the nape of the neck, lead him into the ballroom, present her ticket with his name upon it in the presence of the witnesses there assembled, and she is sure of ample satisfaction.

When De Bathle and I reached the ballroom, a large number of gentlemen had already assembled. They all seemed cheerful and happy. Some walked in couples up and down the ballroom, and talked with great volubility; but not one of them understood a word that himself or his companion said.

"Ah, sir, how do you know that?"

Because the speakers showed plainly by their looks and actions that their thoughts were running upon their own personal appearance, and upon the figure they would cut before the ladies when they should arrive, and not upon the subject of the discourse. And, furthermore, their conversation was like that of one talking in his sleep; without order, sense, or connection. The hearer always made the speaker repeat in sentences and half-sentences, often interrupting him with "What?" before he had proceeded three

words in a remark; and then laughed affectedly, as though he saw in the senseless, unfinished sentence a most excellent joke. Then would come his reply, which could not be forced into connection with a word that he had heard; and in the course of which he was treated with precisely the civility which he had bestowed. And yet they kept up the conversation with lively interest as long as I listened to them.

Others employed themselves in commenting good-humoredly upon each other's dresses and figure, while some took steps—awkwardly.

In the meantime, the three junior managers met and agreed upon the parts which they were to perform. Herein I thought they were unfortunate. To Mr. Flirt, a bustling, fidgety, restless little man, about five feet two and a half inches high, was assigned the comparatively easy task of making out and distributing the numbers. Mr. Crouch, a good-humored, sensible, but rather unpolished gentleman, undertook to attend the carriages, and to transport their precious treasures to the ballroom, where Mr. Dupree was to receive them, and see to their safe-keeping until the dancing commenced. The parts of the married men, up to the opening of the ball, was settled by common law. They were to keep a sharp

lookout, lend a helping hand in case of emergency, drink plenty of wine, see that other gentlemen, particularly strangers, did the same, and, finally, to give any gentleman who might have come to the ball encumbered with a little loose change an opportunity of relieving himself.

Things were thus arranged, Crouch standing with a group of gentlemen, of which I was one, in the entry leading to the ballroom, when Mr. Flirt broke upon us, as if the whole town were on fire, with "Goodness, Crouch! there's Mrs. Mushy's carriage at the door, full of ladies, and not a manager there to receive them! I'll swear it is too bad!"

"Horrible!" said Crouch; and away he went.

But Mrs. Mushy, with Miss Feedle and Miss Deedle, had reached the foot of the stairs unattended before Crouch, or even Flirt, who was considerable in advance of him, met them. Mrs. Mushy, who was a lady of very full habit, looked huffishly as Flirt took her hand, and Miss Feedle and Miss Deedle blushed sarcastically. Flirt made a hundred apologies, and Crouch looked first at Mrs. Mushy, then at Flirt, and tittered. "What a lovely figure Mrs. Mushy is!" said he, as he turned off from delivering his charge to Dupree.

"Oh, Mr. Crouch," said Flirt, "if you begin

making your fun of the ladies a'ready we'd better break up the ball at once. By Heaven, it's a shame!"

"Upon my honor, Mr. Flirt," said Crouch, "I think she's beautiful. I always liked a light and airy figure, particularly for a ballroom."

By this time Dupree had joined us. Flirt left us, obviously in a pet; but we hardly missed him before back he rushed from the ballroom, exclaiming, "Why, gracious heavens, Dupree! there are those three ladies sitting in the ballroom and not a gentleman in the room to entertain them! Do go and introduce some of the gentlemen to them, if you please."

"Flugens!" said Dupree, "what an oversight!" and off he went for *entertainers*. After several ineffectual attempts he at length prevailed on Mr. Noozle and Mr. Boozle to be made acquainted with the ladies.

Mr. N. seated himself to the right of Miss F., and Mr. B. to the left of Miss D.; Mrs. M. occupying a seat between the girls, and looking, for all the world, as if she thought, "Well, this is the last ball I'll ever attend, unless it's a little better managed!" But the young ladies looked like a May morning as soon as the gentlemen approached.

After a pause of two minutes:

"It's a very pleasant evening," said Mr. Noozle to Miss Feedle.

"Delightful," said Miss Feedle to Mr. Noozle.

"It's a delightful evening," said Miss Deedle to Mr. Boozle.

"Very pleasant," said Mr. Boozle to Miss Deedle.

"I thought there were some *married* managers of the ball," said Mrs. Mushy, emphatically. Here ensued a long pause.

"Are you fond of dancing?" said Mr. Noozle.

"Ah! what's that you say, Noozle," said Boozle—"you are not fond of dancing? Come, come, that'll never do. You tip the pigeon-wing too well for that."

"You quite misapprehend me, sir," returned Mr. Noozle. "Mine was not a declaration touching in the remotest degree my personal predilections or antipathies, but a simple interrogatory to Miss Feedle. No, sir; though I cannot lay claim to the proficiency of Noverre in the saltant art, I am, nevertheless, extravagantly fond of dancing; too much so, I fear, for one who has but just commenced the *viginti lucubrationes annorum*, as that inimitable and fascinating expositor of the elements of British jurisprudence, Sir William

Blackstone, observes. To reach these high attainments in forensic—”

Here the young gentlemen were forced to resign their seats to a number of ladies who now entered the ballroom.

“What an intelligent young gentleman!” said Miss Feedle. “I declare I must set my cap for him.”

“I think the other much the most interesting of the two,” said Miss Deedle. “He’s too affected, and too fond of showing off his learning. What did he call that ‘inimitable expositor’? *Finny Crashionis.*”

The seats were soon filled with ladies; almost all of whom (except Mrs. Mushy) entered the room in the same style, which seemed to have been strictly copied from the movement of the killdee. They took their seats with precisely the motion with which the schoolgirls in my younger days used to make “cheeses,” as they called them, with their frocks.

The musicians were all blacks, but neatly dressed. The band consisted of three performers on the violin, one on the clarinet, one on the tambourine, and one on the triangle.

The ladies ceased coming, and nothing seemed now wanting to begin the amusement but the

distribution of the numbers; but Mr. Flirt was running up and down stairs every minute after —no one knew what; and with great anxiety—no one knew why. He would enter the room, look the ladies all over, then down he would go; then return and go through the same evolutions. The band struck up a spirit-stirring tune, in which the tambourine-player distinguished himself. For dignified complacency of countenance, under his own music, he rivalled Mr. Jenkins; and he performed the rattlesnake note with his middle finger in a style which threw Miss Crump entirely in the shade. The band ceased, and the inquiry became general, "Why doesn't the drawing begin?" but Mr. Flirt still kept up his anxious movements.

"In the name of sense, Flirt," said Crouch, impatiently, as the little man was taking a third survey of the ladies, "what are you bobbing up and down stairs for? Why don't you distribute the tickets?"

"Oh," said Flirt, "it's early yet. Let's wait for Miss Gilt and Miss Rino. I know they're coming, for Mr. Posy and Mr. Tulip told me they saw them dressed, and their carriages at the door, an hour ago."

"Blast Miss Gilt and Miss Rino!" returned

Crouch. "Is the whole company to be kept waiting for them? Now, sir, if the tickets are not handed round in three minutes I'll announce to the company that Mr. Flirt will permit no dancing until Miss Gilt and Miss Rino shall think proper to honor us with their presence."

"Oh, zounds!" said Flirt, "I'm not waiting for them. I thought it was too early to begin the drawing. It's quite unfashionable in New York to commence drawing before nine o'clock." (Miss R.'s father was computed at a cool hundred and fifty, and Miss G.'s at a round hundred thousand.)

In a few minutes the tickets were distributed, and Mr. Flirt proceeded to call, "No. 1—*First Cotillion*," with most imposing majesty. Then numbers 2, 3, and 4 of the same; then No. 1 of the second, and so on.

Five sets of cotillions could occupy the floor at a time, and Flirt had just called No. 2 of the fifth, when Miss Rino entered the room, and immediately afterwards Miss Gilt. Flirt had put two supernumerary tickets in the hat, in anticipation of their coming; and, forgetting everything else, he suspended the calling, and rushed to deliver them as soon as the ladies made their appearance.

He went to Miss Rino first—as she entered first

—but she was obviously piqued at seeing the sets on the floor before her arrival. She refused to take a number, declaring (very sweetly) that she left home with no idea of dancing. Flirt insisted, earnestly and prettily, upon her taking a number; but she hesitated, looked in the hat, then looked at Flirt bewitchingly, and declared she did not wish to dance.

In the meantime Miss Gilt began to feel herself slighted, and she said, in a pretty, audible tone, that for her part, she would like very well to draw a number if she could be permitted to do so. Several gentlemen who had gathered around her hastened to Flirt to remind him of the indignity which he was offering to Miss Gilt; but before they reached him Miss Rino drew No. 3 of the fifth cotillion from the hat.

Unfortunately, Crouch's patience had worn out just before Miss R. made up her mind to take a ticket and he took the office which Flirt had abdicated. He called No. 3 twice, but the call was not responded to. He then called No. 4, when Miss Jones appeared and took her place. He next called No. 1 of the sixth set, when a lady appeared, which completed the cotillion. The last lady had just taken her place when Miss Rino, led on by Mr. Noozle, advanced, and announced

that hers was No. 3 of the fifth set. Miss Jones was instinctively retiring from the august presence of Miss Rino when she was stopped by Crouch with "Keep your place, Miss Jones; I think you are entitled to it."

"Isn't this No. 3 of the fifth cotillion?" said Miss Rino, holding out her ticket to Mr. Crouch.

"Yes, miss," said Crouch, "but I think it has forfeited its place. Indeed, I do not think it was even drawn when Miss Jones took her place."

This drew from Miss Rino the expression of countenance which immediately precedes a sneeze.

"Upon every principle of equity and justice," said Mr. Noozle, "Miss Rino is entitled to—"

"Music!" said Crouch.

"Hands round!" said the fiddler; and the whole band struck into something like "The Dead March."

"This matter shall not end here," said Noozle, as he led Miss Rino back to her seat.

"Oh, Mr. Noozle," returned Miss Rino, "don't think anything of it! I declare I had not the least wish in the world to dance. Surely you would not object to anything the *polite* and *accomplished* *Mr. Crouch* would do!"

Noozle walked the floor in portentous abstrac-

tion, wiped his face with terrific emphasis, and knocked his hair back with the slap belligerent.

The ladies who were not dancing became alarmed and sedate (Miss Gilt excepted); the gentlemen collected in groups, and carried on an animated conversation. As all but myself who could give a correct version of the affair were engaged in the dance, the Noozle party had gained over to their side most of the company present before the dance ended. After various inquiries, rumors, and corrections, the company generally settled down upon the following statement, as confirmed by the joint testimony of Rino, Flirt, and Noozle:

"Crouch had an old spite against Miss Rino for nothing at all; began cursing and abusing her because she was not the first lady in the room; refused to wait two minutes for her arrival; as soon as he saw her enter the ballroom, usurped Mr. Flirt's appointment, and commenced calling the numbers on purpose to cut her out. She, seeing his object, snatched up a number and rushed to her place; but it was occupied by Miss Jones, who, seeing the superiority of her claims, offered to give way, and was actually retiring when Crouch seized her by the arm, jerked her back, and said, '*Keep your place, miss! You're*

entitled to it, if Miss Rino has got the number; and you shall have it.' And when Mr. Noozle was pleading with him just to look at Miss Rino's ticket, he just turned upon his heel and called for the music." This was all reported to Crouch, as confirmed by the trio before mentioned. He pronounced it all an infamous lie, from beginning to end, and was with difficulty restrained from going immediately after Flirt, to pick him up, as he said, and wear him out upon Noozle.

As soon as the first cotillion ended, the Crouch party began to gain ground; but not without warm words between several gentlemen, and a general depression of spirits through the company.

The dancing of the ladies was, with few exceptions, much after the same fashion. I found not the least difficulty in resolving it into the three motions of a turkey-cock strutting, a sparrow-hawk lighting, and a duck walking. Let the reader suppose a lady beginning a strut at her own place, and ending it (precisely as does the turkey-cock) three feet nearer the gentleman opposite her; then giving three sparrow-hawk bobs, and then waddling back to her place like a duck, and he will have a pretty correct idea of their dancing. Not that the three movements were blended at every turn of the dance, but that one

or more of the three answered to every turn. The strut prevailed most in balancing; the bobs, when balanced to; and the waddle, when going round. To all this Mrs. Mushy was an exception. When she danced, every particle of her danced, in spite of herself.

There was as little variety in the gentlemen's dancing as there was in the ladies'. Any one who has seen a gentleman clean mud off his shoes on a door-mat has seen nearly all of it; the principal difference being, that some scraped with a pull of the foot, some with a push, and some with both.

"I suppose," said I to a gentleman, "they take no steps because the music will not admit of them?"

"Oh no," said he; "it's quite ungenteel to take steps." I thought of the wag's remarks about Miss Crump's music: "If this be their *dancing*," thought I, "what must their *mourning* be?"

A splendid supper was prepared at twelve o'clock, and the young ladies ate almonds, raisins, apples, oranges, jelly, sillabub, custard, candy, sugar-plums, kisses, and cake, as if they had been owing them an old grudge. But the married gentlemen did not come up to supper.

"And how did the quarrel end?"

"Oh, I had like to have forgotten the dénouement of the quarrel!"

A correspondence opened the next morning between the parties, in which Noozle was diffuse and Crouch laconic. They once came this near an amicable adjustment of the difference: Noozle's second (for the fashion is for the principals to get into quarrels and for the seconds to get them out) agreed if Crouch would strike the word "it" out of one of his letters, his friend would be perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Crouch's second admitted that the removal of the word would not change the sense of the letter the least, but that Mr. Crouch, having put his life and character in his hands, he felt bound to protect them with the most scrupulous fidelity; he could not, therefore, consent to expunge the objectionable word unless the challenge were withdrawn. To show, however, his reluctance to the shedding of blood, and to acquit his friend, in the eyes of the public, of all blame, he would take it upon himself to say that if Mr. Noozle would withdraw his objections to the "t," Mr. Crouch should expunge the "i." This proposition was rejected; but, in return, it was submitted that if Mr. Crouch would expunge the "t," the "i" might remain. To which it was replied that the altera-

tion would convert the whole sentence into nonsense; making it read "*i is*," instead of "*it is*," etc. Here the seconds separated, and soon after the principals met; and Crouch shot Noozle, in due form and according to the latest fashion, through the knees. I went to see him after he had received his wound, and, poor fellow, he suffered dreadful tortures. So much, said I, for a young lady's lingering from a ball an hour too long, in order to make herself conspicuous, and not endeavoring to adjust matters ere they went too far.

X.

WILLIAM MITTEN AT SCHOOL.

Many years ago there lived in a small village in the State of Georgia, a pious widow, who was left with an only son and two daughters. She was in easy circumstances and managed her temporal concerns with great prudence, so that her estate increased with her years. Her son exhibited, at a very early age, great precocity of genius, and the mother lost no opportunity of letting the world know it. When he was but six years old he had committed little pieces in prose and poetry, which he delivered with remarkable propriety for his years. He knew as much of the scriptures as any child of that age probably ever knew, and he had already made some progress in geography and mental arithmetic. With all this, he was a very handsome boy. It is not to be wondered at that his mother should be bringing him out in some department of science, upon all occasions; of course, she often brought him out upon very unsuitable occasions, and sometimes kept him

out greatly to the annoyance of her company. Not to praise his performances would have been discouraging to Master William Mitten, and very mortifying to his mother; accordingly, whether they were well-timed or ill-timed, everybody praised them. The *ladies*, all of whom loved Mrs. Mitten, were not unfrequently thrown into raptures at the child's exhibitions. They would snatch him up in their arms, kiss him, pronounce him a perfect prodigy both in beauty of person and power of mind, and declare that they would be willing to go beggars upon the world to have such a child. Others would piously exhort Mrs. Mitten not to set her heart too much upon the child. "They never saw the little creature without commingled emotions of delight and alarm; so often is it the case that children of such wonderful gifts die early." Her brother, Capt. David Thomson, a candid, plain-dealing, excellent man, often reproved Mrs. Mitten for *parading*, as he called it, "her child upon all occasions."

"Anna," said he, "you will stuff your child so full of pride and vanity and make him so pert and forward that there will be no living with him. From an object of admiration he will soon become an object of detestation."

"No danger, brother—no danger," she would

reply, "I take special care to guard him against these vices."

At eight years of age, William was placed under the instruction of Miss Smith, the teacher of a female school into which small boys were admitted by courtesy. Here he continued until his tenth year, when Miss Smith told his mother that he was getting too old to remain in her school, and that she could keep him no longer. Here Miss Smith whispered something to Mrs. Mitten which drew a smile from her, but which has ever remained a secret between them. It took about the time to deliver it that it would take to say: "the truth is, he is too pretty and too smart to be in a female school."

William being now out of employment, his mother took six months to deliberate as to what was next to be done with him; and in the meantime she sent him in the country to stay with his grandmother. On his return she determined to place him under the tuition of Mr. Markham, one of the best of men, and best of instructors. Accordingly, she conducted him to the school-room of his second preceptor.

"You will find him, Mr. Markham," said Mrs. Mitten as she delivered over her son to the teacher's charge, "easy to *lead* but hard to *drive*."

"If that be the case, Madam," said Mr. Markham, "I fear that your son will not do well under my government."

"Why, surely, Mr. Markham, you don't *prefer driving to leading*."

"By no means, Madam—by no means. I much prefer *leading*; but no child of his age can be *always* led. Withal, a teacher must govern by fixed rules, which cannot be relaxed in favor of one of his pupils without rendering them worthless or unjust to all the rest."

This took Mrs. Mitten a little by surprise; for she supposed that Mr. Markham would be proud of such an accession to his school as William. She acquiesced, however, in the soundness of his views; but flattering herself "that he would never find it necessary to *drive* William," she turned him over to the teacher and withdrew.

William made his debut at school in a dress which was rather tawdry for Sunday, and extravagant for the school-room. The first ten or fifteen minutes were spent by William and the school boys in interchanging looks of admiration, which Mr. Markham indulged, under pretense of not observing. At length a pretty general titter began to run through the school at William's expense. Mr. Markham now interposed, with a

sternness that instantly brought all to order but William, who tittered in turn at divers persons and things. But this Mr. Markham *happened* not to notice. The object of William's special regards and amusement was John Brown, whose clothes seemed to have been made of remnants of old bed-quilts, so numerous and particolored were their patches. John's *attitude* was as curious as his dress ; he seemed to have derived it from the neck of a crane at rest. His head was flat and bushy, his feet were large and black, and his face bore a marked resemblance to that of a leather-winged bat. In all his life, William had never seen exactly such a thing as this; and he laughed at it without stint and without disguise. John soon became indignant, and raising his book between his face and the teacher, he set his mouth to going as if repeating all the vowels and consonants of the alphabet in quick time, and shook his fist at William with a quiver of awful portent. According to the masonry of the school-room, these signs meant: "*Never mind, old fellow, as soon as school's out I'll make you laugh t'other side of the mouth.*"

"Come here, sir," said Markham, who always saw more than he seemed to see. "Who are you shaking your fist at, sir?"

"Mr. Markham, that fellow keeps laughing at me, sir."

"And didn't you laugh at him first?"

"I—I—laughed at him a little bit; but he keeps at it all the time. He don't do nothin' else but keep on laughing at me all the time."

"Well, if you laugh at other people you must let them laugh at you; and now, sir, go to your seat, and if I catch you shaking your fist at anybody in school hours again, or *using it upon anybody afterwards*, who has only paid laugh with laugh, I'll *shake you*."

There was a little spice of equity here that John had entirely overlooked; and he went to his seat much cooler than might have been expected.

"Come here, William!" continued the preceptor. William did not move; and the whole school was electrified at disobedience to Mr. Markham's orders.

"Come here, William!" repeated Mr. Markham, but with no better success. Whereupon he rose and commenced "*leading*" him, in quick time, to his seat. Having stationed him by it he said to him: "William, I know you have been indulged so much that you hardly know the duty of submission to your teacher's orders, or I would correct you for not coming to me when I called you. You

must do as I tell you; and I tell you now to quit laughing and get your lesson—you, John Brown, are you tittering again already? Put down your feet and come here, sir!” Here Mr. Markham, by way of parenthesis, gave John three cuts, which sounded like a whip-poor-will, and made him dance a jig, a minuet and a polka, all in less than a minute. He retired crying, and limping, and rubbing, and shaking his bushy head like a muscovy drake in a pet, and Mr. Markham proceeded: “I tell you, William, you must obey me”—

“Yes, sir,” said William, pale as a sheet.

“I can have no little boys with me who won’t do as I tell them”—

“No, sir.”

“If you will be a good boy, and mind your book and your teacher, you need not be afraid of me. Go now and take your seat, and quit laughing and get your lesson.”

William obeyed promptly, and hardly took his eyes from his book until the school was dismissed.

During the recess he begged his mother to take him away from Mr. Markham’s school. He said Mr. Markham whipped his scholars, and he “didn’t want to go to a man that whipped children.”

“But,” said his mother, “you must be a good

boy, and then he will not whip you. I've entered you now, and paid your first quarter's schooling, and you must go to the end of the quarter."

William returned to school, and for several weeks did remarkably well. He was put in a class with George Markham, son of the preceptor, a promising youth, but equal to William in nothing but attention to his studies. As William could get his lessons in half the time allowed him for this purpose, he soon began to neglect them until the last moment from which he could commit them, and then to some time beyond the moment; and here was the beginning of his *bad luck*. As he grew remiss, Mr. Markham counseled him, lectured him, and threatened him; but all to no purpose. At length he told him that the next time he came to recite without knowing his esson, he would correct him. This alarmed William a good deal; but not quite enough to stimulate his industry to continued exertion; and after ten or fifteen lessons he came up deficient again.

"Why have you not got this lesson, sir?" said Mr. Markham with terrific sternness.

"I—I—was sick, sir."

This was William's first falsehood; but it saved him from a whipping which he awfully dreaded; for though Mr. Markham knew that he had not

told the truth, he deemed it best to admit the excuse, at least so far as to withhold the rod of correction for the present.

As he dismissed the school, he told William to remain a few moments, and when they were alone he thus addressed him:

“William, I very much fear you told me a falsehood to-day. I saw you all the morning, before you came to recite, idling, and whispering, without any appearance of sickness; and since the recitation I have seen no sign of sickness about you. Still, I may possibly be mistaken, and I hope I am; but remember, if ever I find you telling a lie to hide your faults, I will punish you more severely than I would without the lie.” He then proceeded to counsel him kindly and affectionately against the danger of lying.

William went home in sadness and in tears, for his conscience gave him no rest. His mother sought in vain for the cause of his distress. The next day he went to the school and acquitted himself well for that and the four succeeding days, for which Mr. Markham gave him great credit and encouragement. On the fifth day he got permission to go out, and as he remained out an unusually long time, Mr. Markham went in quest of him, and found him in the act of concealing his

book among some rubbish near the school-house. He was unobserved by William, and he withdrew to the school-room. Just before recitation hour, William made his appearance. What he had been doing during his absence was not known; but that he had not been studying was manifest from his conduct, and still more manifest from his ignorance of the lesson when he came to recite.

"What have you been doing, William," said Mr. Markham, "that you know nothing of this lesson?"

"I lost my book, sir, and I couldn't find it."

Mr. Markham passed the matter over until he dismissed his school, when he detained William, told him where his book was, repeated his lecture upon lying, and enforced it with a pretty severe flogging. William had never experienced the like of that before, and probably would never have experienced it again but for the imprudence of his mother and her friends. He promised his preceptor that he would never repeat his offense; and he went home with a countenance and manner indicative of a fixed purpose to keep his promise. He told his mother nothing of what had happened, nor did she find it out for four days afterwards. In the meantime, William was all that she or his preceptor could wish him to be. It so happened, however, that Thomas Nokes had lingered about

the school-house, and seen all that had transpired between William and his teacher. He went home where he found Mrs. Glib, one of Mrs. Mitten's most devoted friends—as she proved, by carrying to her all news that was likely to affect her peace. Mrs. Glib had stopped on her way to her brother's in the country to bid Mrs. Nokes farewell, and had actually risen to depart, when Tom stepped in, big with the events of the day.

"I tell you what," said he, "Mr. Markham give Bill Mitten *jorum*, to-day."

"It isn't possible," exclaimed Mrs. Glib, "that Mr. Markham has whipped that dear, sweet, lovely boy."

Mrs. Nokes tried to catch Tom's eye, that she might stop him; but his whole attention was directed to Mrs. Glib, and he went on—

"Yes, he did—and he licked it into him like flugins. I'll be bound he made the blood come."

Here Tom caught his mother's eye, which was darting lightnings at him, and he concluded, "*but I don't reckon he hurt him much, though!*"

"Oh, the brute!" muttered Mrs. Glib, as she left the house for the carriage.

On the afternoon of the fourth day from her departure, she returned to the village, and immediately hastened over to Mrs. Mitten's. Mrs. Mitten

met her at the door very cheerfully, and very cordially.

"Oh," ejaculated Mrs. Glib, "how happy I am to find you so cheerful! I was afraid I should find you in tears."

"In tears! For what?"

"Why, for the unmerciful beating which Mr. Markham gave to your dear, sweet, lovely little William, last Friday."

"Surely there must be some mistake, Mrs. Glib. William never said a word to me about it; and not fifteen minutes before you came in, Mr. Markham was here congratulating me on the progress my child was making in everything that was good."

Here Mrs. Glib looked as if she had taken an emetic which was just about to operate; and after a short pause, she proceeded:

"Well, I hope it is a mistake; but it came to me from an eye witness. You know I don't send *my children* to Mr. Markham because I don't choose to have *my children* cut and slashed about like galley-slaves, for every little childish error they commit—breaking down their spirit, and teaching them sneaking and lying, and everything that's low and mean. Mr. Toper never whips; and I don't see but that *my children* get along under him as well as

other people's children." (Here Mrs. Mitten covered her face with her handkerchief, either to hide her grief or a smile which grief could not extinguish, or blushes of conscience for she had warned her son against ever associating with the Glibs.) "But you know how strict Mrs. Nokes is with her children; one of them would as soon put his head in the fire as tell a lie—specially before her. Well, Thomas told me, right in her presence, that Markham whipped William till he drew the blood from him!"

"Mercy on me!" groaned Mrs. Mitten, "why didn't William tell me of it?"

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. My George Washington Alexander Augustus says that John Brown told him, that 'if anybody went to carrying tales out of Mr. Markham's school, he'd make 'em dance *juba*.' Poor William dare not tell of it. John said, moreover, that Markham dragged him from his seat the first day that he went to school, and would have whipped him then, if he had been in school a little longer."

"I fear," said Mrs. Mitten, with streaming eyes, "that I offended Mr. Markham when I placed William under him, by telling him that William was easy to *lead* but hard to *drive*. He immediately showed some reluctance at receiving him.

But I only meant to apprise him of the child's disposition. Poor child, with all his talents, I fear he is doomed to *bad luck*."

"Oh, no, madam; I can explain the matter better than that. George Markham was given up on all hands to be the smartest boy in school. Now everybody knew what a prodigy William was, and old Markham knew that as soon as William entered the school, his *beloved darling, precious George*, would have to come down a notch. All the boys say that William is smarter than George, and yet that old Markham is always pecking at him. Who can't see the reason?"

Just at this moment William made his appearance with a bright and joyous face; and holding up a most beautiful edition of *Sanford and Merton*. "See, ma," said he, "what Mr. Markham gave me to-day for keeping head of George three days. And he says if I'll keep head of him eight days more, he'll give me a book worth twice as much, and I mean to do it, too."

"What hypocrisy!" exclaimed Mrs. Glib. "He's got wind of it!"

"William," said his mother, "did Mr. Markham whip you last Friday?" In an instant his countenance fell, and his eyes filled.

"Yes, ma'am," whispered William. "But I

don't think he will whip me again, for I mean to be a good boy."

"Poor, blessed, little innocent angel-lamb!" sighed forth Mrs. Glib with honest sympathy.

"And haven't you always been a good boy, my son?"

"Ye-e-s m'm."

"Then what did he whip you for?"

"He said I told a lie, and wouldn't get my lesson!"

"Oh, shocking, shocking—worse and worse!" vociferated Mrs. Glib. "I'd stake my salvation on it, that child never told an untruth in all his life."

It was very *unlucky* for William that Mrs. Glib made this remark, and still more *unlucky* that his mother did not suspend her examination here until Mrs. Glib retired.

"William, it would break my heart to discover that you had told a lie; but if you have told one, confess it, my child, to your mother!"

William paused and pondered, as well he might, for having Mrs. Glib's salvation and his mother's heart in one eye, and Mr. Markham's awful lie-phasic in the other, he was in the most perplexing dilemma.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Mitten, that the child is

actually afraid to deny that he told a lie? He knows that if it gets to Markham's ears that he denied it, he'd beat him to death. Didn't he whip you very severely, William?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where did he whip you?"

"On the calf of my legs."

"Well, now, do let us examine them! I lay the marks of the whip are upon them to this day."

William's pants were rolled up, and at the first glance, his legs seemed as white and as spotless as pure alabaster. But a glance did not satisfy Mrs. Glib. She was confident that William had received "*jorum*," and that marks of it might yet be found. Accordingly, she put on her specs and squatted down to a close examination of William's legs, beginning at the left.

"Look here, Mrs. Mitten," said she, after a short search, "isn't this the mark of a whip?"

"N-no," said Mrs. Mitten carelessly, "I believe it's nothing but a vein."

"It's no vein, my word for it; it's too straight for a vein. I'm told that whip-marks, just before they disappear, can hardly be distinguished from veins."

Proceeding from the left leg to the right, she examined for some time with no better success.

At length, however, on the right side of the limb, she found the palpable marks of "*jorum*." For reasons that need not be given, I hold myself perfectly competent to explain this matter with unquestionable accuracy. *Forum* is always administered with a scarificator; and in receiving it, it is almost impossible for the patient to keep his legs still. The consequence sometimes is, that the scarificator, which is made and intended to act simultaneously and equally upon both limbs, hardly scratches one, while it spends all its force (double force) upon the other. William had obviously "danced juba" under the operation, and in three of his movements he had so distracted the instrument that the end of it pressed much harder upon the flesh in these places than the operator intended, and of course it left its most permanent mark where it pressed hardest. Nor is it true, as Mrs. Glib was informed, that its mark retires in likeness to a vein, but with a greenish, straw-color, as the case before her proved.

Mrs. Glib had no sooner discovered these marks, than she went through divers evolutions of horror, better suited to the Inquisition than to this occasion. At length she became composed enough to speak.

"Oh, Mrs. Mitten, see what your dear, lovely,

brilliant boy has suffered. Think of when it was done!"

Mrs. Mitten looked, and burst into tears afresh. Just at this point, her daughters made their appearance, and the matter being explained to them, they burst into tears; and William seeing his mother and sisters weeping, he burst into tears. In the midst of this affecting scene, David Thomson, Mrs. Mitten's brother, made his appearance, and he didn't burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter—what's to pay?" enquired he, with no little alarm.

The ladies all answered at once, with different degrees of exaggeration, but all to the same point, mainly, that Markham had beaten William most unmercifully.

"Why, nothing seems to be the matter with him, that I can see."

"Look at his legs."

"Well, I see nothing the matter with his legs."

"Look at his right leg!"

"Well, I see nothing the matter with his leg."

"Look on the right side of his right leg."

"Well, I see nothing on the right side of the right leg."

"Look *here*, Mr. Thomson," said Mrs. Glib, "bend down a little—do you see these marks?"

"*Psh-e-e-e-t!* Why surely you have all run crazy! Is it possible you're making all this fuss over these three little specks?"

"Those *specks*, as you call them, brother, are the remains of what was put on my child's tender flesh *four* days ago."

"And have you all just made up your minds to cry about it?"

"We did not know of it, Brother David, before."

"Why, didn't William tell you of it?"

"No, poor child, he hardly dare talk about it now. He is completely cowed. Since he went to school he seems to have been buried; nobody notices, or speaks of the child, any more than if he were dead."

"Yes, there it is! You have been feasting upon his praises so long, that you cannot live without them. What did Markham whip him for?"

"The *charge* was, telling a lie and neglecting his lessons."

"Well, are you sure he did not tell a lie?"

"Oh, brother, how can you ask such a question right before the child's face? Yes, I'm just as sure of it as I can be of anything. I never detected William in a lie in all my life."

"No, nor you never will, the way you are going on, if he told a thousand. Now, if Mark-

ham whipped him for lying, I'll vouch for it, he told a lie, and Markham knew it; for he never moves without seeing his way clear."

"I think he has a prejudice against William, and I think I know the reason of it."

"Prejudice! He's incapable of prejudice against anybody, much less against little silly children. I'll go over and see him, and learn the whole truth of the matter."

"No, you needn't trouble yourself, brother; I shall not send William to school to him any longer."

"Why, Anna, you surely are not going to take your child from school without hearing from Mr. Markham the particulars of this matter!"

"I don't want any particulars, more than my own eyes have seen. Suppose the child actually did tell a lie (which nobody who knows him will believe), it wouldn't justify Mr. Markham in beating him to death."

"Beating him to death? He's certainly a very natural looking corpse! And when you take him from school, what are you going to do with him?"

"I'd rather send him to Mr. Toper, than have him cut and slashed to pieces by Markham."

"Toper! What, that drunken booby, who hardly knows B from bull's foot."

"Good morning, ladies!" said Mrs. Glib, "good morning, Captain Thomson."

"Why, brother! How could you talk so of Mr. Toper? Don't you know that Mrs. Glib sends her children to him? She'll go right off and tell him what you said."

"No, I don't know, nor don't care where she sends them. All I know about them is, that Toper is a drunken fool, and that her children are perfect nuisances to the town; and that if you mean to send your child to the devil, Toper is the very man to carry him for you. Mrs. Glib may tell him all this too, if she chooses; and then, if he opens his mouth to me about the matter, I'll kick him out of the town, as a public charity."

"I only said I *had rather* send my child to Mr. Toper than to have him beaten so. I think I shall employ a private tutor."

"And pay ten times as much as is needful for your child's instruction; and then have him not half as well taught as he will be by Markham! Anna, I beseech you, I implore you for your child's sake, don't act at all in this matter under your present feelings. Let the matter rest until I can see Markham and learn the whole history of it. I know more of boys than you do. They do many things at school that they never do at home, for

the plain reason that they are under many temptations at school which they are not under at home. You are probably now at the turning point of your child's destiny, and one false step may ruin him forever."

Strange to tell, William listened to his uncle with a kind of approving amazement, and as soon as he had concluded, said:

"Ma, I'm willing to go back to Mr. Markham now; I a'nt afraid of him; I don't think he'll ever whip me again."

"That's a brave boy," said the Captain. "Every word in the sentence is worth a guinea. No good boy fears Mr. Markham."

"Ah, poor child!" said Mrs. Mitten—"he knows little of the world's duplicity. He little dreams of the undercurrent that is at work against him."

"What undercurrent? Is it possible, Anna, that after nine years' acquaintance with Markham you can suspect him of duplicity and secret hostility to such a child as that—*your* child—*my* nephew!"

"Mr. Markham's not *perfection*, if what I've heard of him is true," said Miss Jane.

"No," said Miss Ann, "and if I was ma, I'd die before I'd send Brother William back to him to be beaten like a dog."

"And if I was ma I'd learn you to hold your tongues till your counsel was asked for."

"Oh, do, brother, let the girls express their *opinions*. I should suppose that one might have an *opinion* of even Mr. Markham without having their heads snapped off."

"Well, Anna, I see your mind is made up to take William from Mr. Markham's school."

"Yes, I'm resolved upon it."

"And without one word of explanation from Mr. Markham!"

"Yes; I want none of his explanations."

"Ma," said William, "let me go back to the end of the quarter."

"Bravo, Bill! Go back, my son—be a good boy and learn your book, and you'll be a noble fellow by and by."

"Brother David, do you think it right to encourage a poor little ignorant child to run counter to his mother's wishes?"

"No, Anna; but I supposed that the wishes of the child in whom you are so wrapped up might save you from rash resolutions concerning him."

"Well, it is not necessary to debate the matter further. I vow he never shall go back to Mr. Markham's school, and that is the long and short of it."

Captain Thomson wheeled off and left the house as if to get something of importance that he had left in a dangerous place. In about half an hour he returned.

"Well," said he, "I have seen Markham, and heard the whole matter explained."

And he gave it from first to last, just as it occurred. Still Mrs. Mitten adhered to her resolution. He argued, he entreated, he implored, he forewarned, he remonstrated, he used every means that he could think of to change her mind, but to no purpose. The truth is, Mrs. Mitten would not place her son where he was liable to be whipped. Her brother left in a storm.

I have been thus particular in giving this part of William's history because it proved in the end, as the sequel will show, to be remarkably *unlucky*, and fruitful of wonderful consequences.

The reader will remember that we left Mrs. Mitten resolved to remove Master William from Mr. Markham's school. Her resolution was carried into effect; and she forthwith began to look out for a private teacher for her son. But *unluckily* no such teacher was just then to be found; she was constrained, therefore, to advertise for one; and though she placed her advertisement in three gazettes, of pretty general

circulation, three months rolled away before any one proffered his services to Master William. In the meantime our little hero was a gentleman at large; and having formed many acquaintances at school, common courtesy required that he should give them as much of his attention as he could. Accordingly he was with them at every intermission of their studies, and took great pleasure in attending the evening parties of such as were smart enough to do without evening study. These soon became so frequent that William entirely neglected his mother's parties for them; by means whereof his mother and her friends lost the entertainment which he used to afford them upon such occasions. She often demanded of him explanations of his courtesy to his old admirers, which he promptly gave to her entire satisfaction. Sometimes he was at the Juvenile Debating Society; at others he was at a prayer meeting; at one time he "went to hear Parson Deleth's lecture" (On the Importance of the Oriental Languages to the Student of Theology). At another he went to hear the Euterpean band; and at all other times he was taking tea with good boys, or engaged in some laudable employment. As the young Glibs had rather more leisure than any other boys in town, and as their mother had

charged them to cultivate a close acquaintance with Master William, they were frequently thrown together. At first William was rather shy of those acquaintances; but as they forced themselves into his company, pleading their mother's order for so doing, he could not well refuse to take them under his moral training. Accordingly they soon became very intimate; and William was pleased to find that they were by no means as bad boys as his mother took them to be. Withal he soon discovered that they were possessed of a vast fund of information, which they communicated to him freely; first to his astonishment, and afterwards to his delight. They knew who had the best apples, peaches, plums, cherries and melons in the town and neighborhood—what gardens contained the most strawberries, raspberries, grapes, figs and pomegranates—who had the earliest and latest fruits—what time bad dogs were turned loose at night—where hens, guinea-chickens, ducks and turkeys were in the habit of laying. They were masters of all culinary matters except the higher branches of cookery. Nor were these young gentlemen without personal accomplishments, corresponding with their vast mental endowments. They were the most expert climbers of trees and fences in the country. They were

good riders and better runners. Though one of them was two months, another fifteen and another thirty-seven months older than William, they could slip through gaps that he feared to attempt. They could heel a game-cock, whet a jack-knife, and shoot a pistol with unrivaled skill—their age considered. They could recognize people in the dark with the eye of an owl; and run half-bent in gutters and ditches, faster than William could, on a ~~pla~~¹. They could perform many amusing and ingenious tricks with cards; and smoke segars, chew tobacco and drink cordial, apple-toddy, egg-nog and the like, with marvelous grace and impunity.

At the end of three or four weeks from the time that William left school, Mr. Markham's examination came off, and most of the town attended it. The visitors were, as usual, liberal in their praises of such as did well; and these, William, who was present, heard with painful emotions. They were praises which made his tea-party compliments seem insignificant. Here was competition, and not one was praised, of whom he did not know himself to be decidedly the superior. The examination closed with an allotment of prizes to the best in the several classes, by judges appointed for that purpose. William saw one and another

distributed with increasing dejection and self-reproach. At length George Markham was called out on the stage, and Judge Dawson advancing to him with a large silver medal, suspended by a crimson ribbon with tasteful decorations, observed: "Master George, in the course of the examination you have labored under some disadvantages; for the judges, from an apprehension that their high respect for your teacher might be unconsciously transferred to his son, have been more vigilant of inaccuracies in you than in any of your schoolmates. So well have you acquitted yourself, however, that you have entirely relieved us from all apprehension of doing you injustice on either hand, and we presume there will not be a dissenting voice in this large and respectable assembly, to our judgment, which awards to you the first honor in your class; in token of which we present you this beautiful medal. Remember," continued Judge Dawson, as he placed the loop of the ribbon over the head of Master George, and dropped the medal on his breast—"remember as often as you look upon that medal, that on the day you received it, you raised the highest expectations of your future distinction, and resolved never to disappoint them." As the Judge concluded, the house thundered with applause. William dropped

his head and wept bitterly; for he felt that all this would have been his had he remained at school.

In the afternoon the usual exhibition came off. We may not dwell upon the performances of each of the students respectively. For reasons which will be hereafter observed, we notice but two.

The fourth speaker called out was Master John Brown. John stepped out so completely metamorphosed that William himself hardly knew him. His hair was combed down straight and slick. The lard-gourd had obviously been laid under contributions for it. His feet were disguised under shoes and stockings. His suit was all new and of course all of one color. His mother had tried herself upon it from the spinning of the first thread to the fitting of it on. But nature had decreed that John should be a funny looking fellow in spite of dress; and as he stepped to the centre of the stage, as if laboring under a slight founder (for shoes manifestly pestered him), an involuntary smile diffused itself over every countenance. He made his bow, and in a clear, distinctly audible voice he began:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: You will not be surprised that I should have selected as my theme for your entertainment this afternoon the incalculable advantages of *personal beauty*.”

Here it seemed that the house would be knocked to pieces. Men, women and children laughed and thumped immoderately; and even Mr. Markham could not preserve his usual gravity. Mrs. Brown plainly showed that her trouble in rigging out John was repaid by the very first sentence. With almost every other, the same scene was renewed; until at length all respect for order seemed to be forgotten; and such commendations as these might be heard in undertones all over the house: "Well done, flat-head!" "Hurrah, short-neck!" "Bravo, pug-nose!" "I tell you stiff-leg is *some!*" "Give me homespun at last." John concluded, and had it been allowable, he, doubtless, would have been encored at least three times. He owed most of his credit to the patient and careful drilling of his teacher, but there were few in the school who could have improved good drilling as well as John did.

Next to John's speech, the most amusing thing in the exhibition was a dialogue between George Markham and David Thomson, which elicited great applause. At the conclusion of the exercises, honors were a second time distributed, and young Markham was again complimented with a prize. Brown got one, of course, which was rendered doubly complimentary, by another peal of applause as he received it.

All this was slow murder to William Mitten. Nor did his tortures end here. Seeing his uncle and Mr. Markham in conversation as the company retired, he flattered himself that they were negotiating for his return to school, and he drew near to them unobserved by either, and overheard this conversation:

“That little fellow Brown is an odd looking fish, Mr. Markham, but there’s some *gumption* in him after all.”

“He’s rough material to polish, but he has some talent; and if he can be made to study, he may be a man of worth yet.”

“I congratulate you on the very handsome manner in which your son acquitted himself in everything.”

“He may thank Mrs. Mitten for his honors of to-day, for had she suffered her son to remain at school, George would not have touched a single honor. When William studied (and he had begun to study well) he was vastly superior to George in everything. The dialogue was written on purpose to show off his wonderful dramatic talent. George’s part was designed for him, and your son’s for George; and I’ll venture to say, that I can take William and read over the part to him but once, and he will perform it decidedly better than George

did. He spoke before me but three or four times while he was with me. The first time, I read over his piece to him after he had repeated it, and made him deliver it again; and I was amazed to see how exactly he followed my reading in every respect. Take him altogether, I think he is decidedly the smartest boy I ever had in my school." Here the conversation was interrupted by the congratulations of several other gentlemen.

William went home in tortures, and hardly slept a wink that night. He would have given the world for the honors and praises which George Markham had received that day; and he would have been willing to have changed persons with John Brown, for the trophies which John had won.

The next morning he recounted to his mother all the events of the day, and particularly the conversation which he had heard between his uncle and Mr. Markham. She was now stung nearly or quite as deeply as her son. But what could she do? Her vow was out and it must be kept.

"Well, my child," said she despondingly, "all this only goes to show that you are born to ill-luck. But I hope it is all for the best. Those who are unlucky in youth are apt to be lucky in old age, it is said—and I hope it will be so with you."

"Ma, when you get your private teacher will he have any exhibitions?"

"No, my son, he will have no scholar but you."

"Then I don't want to go to a private teacher."

"But remember, my child, that as he will have but one to attend to, he can teach you a great deal better, and bring you on a great deal faster than Mr. Markham could, who has so many in charge. And study well, and you will soon enter college, where you will have an opportunity of showing off your talents not simply to a village, but to a whole State!"

"And how long will it be before I can go to college?"

"With your gifts, and a private teacher, I have no doubt you will be prepared to enter college in four years at the outside."

"Why, Ma, I'll be dead before four years!"

"Oh, I hope not: they will roll round before you are aware of it."

As the private teacher had not yet been found, William had nothing to do for the present, and he resumed his attention to public and devotional exercises, in fellowship with the young Glibs, and others of their stamp.

A few days after this Parson Turner was announced as wishing to have a few minutes' private

conversation with Mrs. Mitten. He was ushered into the parlor; and Mrs. Mitten soon followed him.

“Mrs. Mitten,” said the Parson, “I have called on you to beg of you to keep your son at home on Wednesday nights. He and the Glibs come to the church where we hold our prayer meetings, and sometimes at the door, and sometimes in the gallery, keep up such a laughing, bleating and groaning, that it is next to impossible for us to proceed with our devotions.”

“Why, Parson Turner, you must be mistaken! I have always taught my child to treat religious services with the most profound respect; and for reasons that need not be mentioned, I am confident that he is hardly acquainted with the Glibs.

“No, madam, there is no mistake about it. We all know him very well.”

“Well, Parson Turner, I will enquire into the matter, and, if I find it so, I will see to it that my son disturbs you no more.”

“Whether you *find it so* or not, I assure you madam it is so.” So saying he took his leave. He had not been gone long when William came in.

“William,” said his mother, “do you associate with the Glibs?”

“They sometimes come to where I am, and then

I can't get rid of them; but I don't go where they are."

"Well, now, I strictly forbid you from associating with those boys. They are very bad boys and unfit company for you. Parson Turner says you go with them to the church, and behave very rudely during prayer meeting. Is that so, William?"

"Twasn't me, ma, it was the Glib boys."

"How came you there with the Glib boys, at all?"

"I said I was going to the prayer meeting and they followed me."

"Well, my son, I'm very glad to learn that *you* didn't misbehave at the meeting. Brought up as piously as you have been, I didn't think it possible that *you* could treat religious services with contempt. When you go to such meetings (which I am glad to find you disposed to do) take your seat near the leader of them, and bad boys will not follow you there. Never have anything to do with boys that can trifle with sacred things. It's the worst sign in the world."

Mr. Turner went from Mrs. Mitten's to Mrs. Glib's, and repeated his story.

Mrs. Glib received him with a careless chuckle, and said to him:

"Oh, Mr. Turner, I wouldn't mind little thoughtless boys; they *will* have their fun; but they'll quit these things when they grow older. I'm very cautious against reproving my children for little childish freaks in church, lest I should excite in them a dangerous and lasting prejudice against religion."

Mr. Turner, after sitting petrified for about a half minute, rose and abruptly left the house.

About noon on the following Thursday, Mrs. Glib came over to Mrs. Mitten's, in a great flurry. "Oh," exclaimed she, as she entered the house, "do you know, Mrs. Mitten, there's a warrant out against all our children! I got wind of it and hid my children; but I'm told they've got William"—

"A warrant!" shrieked Mrs. Mitten. "In mercy's name tell me what has my child been doing to have a warrant out against him?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence—don't be alarmed—nothing but disturbing a prayer-meeting. Squire Crumb says there's no law for it; and if there was, throwing stones at a house and setting off squibs at the door would not be against the law; and if he was employed, he'd blow it all up. But Judge Dawson says there is a law against disturbing worshiping assemblies. I was afraid of this, when Turner went about complaining of the

boys for their little sports. You know such things always make them mad and worse than ever."

Mrs. Mitten was nearly distracted; for her head was filled with jails, and punishment, and eternal disgrace, which she supposed the invariable accompaniments of warrants. Her brother David was sent for, post-haste; and he was soon at Mr. Justice Easy's office, where William was under arrest. A short interview between him and Parson Turner settled the matter amicably. The latter told him all that had transpired and said he saw no other way of stopping these hopeful youths; but that if Mr. Thomson would pledge himself that they would disturb the meetings no more, he would stop the prosecution. The pledge was given, and the matter was settled. This done, Mr. Thomson proceeded with William to his sister's, where he found the two mothers.

"Where are your children, madam?" said Thomson sternly to Mrs. Glib.

"Why, they—I expect they are—that is, I think likely—which one of them?"

"Why, all of them, madam."

"Oh, I have not seen one of them since quite early this morning. What did *you* want with them, Captain Thomson?"

"I wished to know from their own lips whether,

if I get them out of this scrape, they'll let people pray in peace hereafter."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes—I'll engage for them; and I will consider myself under everlasting obligations to you, Captain, if you'll get them out."

"I must have the pledge from their own lips."

"Well, I'll run home and see if they are not there. I've no doubt they are, for they always come home about this hour—what o'clock is it?"

"Half after twelve."

"Oh, if it's as late as that, I'm sure I shall find them at home. Stay a minute, Captain, and I'll run over and bring them."

She soon returned with her three boys, who were placed with William before the Captain.

"Do you know, young gentlemen," said he with great solemnity, "that you have violated the laws of your country? That a warrant has been issued against you, to vindicate the offended majesty of the people's laws?" (Here the ladies looked much alarmed.) "That, unless somebody will befriend you, your mothers are liable to be mulct in *pounds* of money; and that you are liable to be cast in prison *for ten long days and nights*, with nothing to eat but bread and water, and nothing to sleep on but the hard floor and a few blankets? Then be dragged to a court of justice, before the

eyes of the whole world, and there to be tried, by a jury of twelve men duly empanelled to pass between you and your injured, insulted country? Then, when convicted (as you are certain to be), that you are to be turned over to Judge Dawson (who always respects religion, and whose wife is a most excellent member of the church), to be dealt with according to the law in such case made and provided? And do you furthermore know, that all four of you are posting to the devil as fast as he would have you go? Do you know all this my hopeful young friends?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boys.

"Very well. Now, I am disposed to befriend you all; but I desire to know what I am to expect from you if I do; for I don't wish to get myself into any more trouble on your account. If I can be certain that you will never get into any more such scrapes, I'll hush up all this matter, as I know I can; but I must have a promise from all of you that, if I do, I shall have no more such matters to hush up. As for *Bill* there, I'll manage *him* myself; and if he goes to disturbing religious meetings again, after the trouble he has given me, and after I have snatched him from the clutches of the law, I'll give him the timber myself, harder than Markham did, mother or no mother, objection or no objection."

"In such case, brother David, I think you would be perfectly justifiable, after you have stood his security and"—

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Glib; "and in such case, I would not think of opening my mouth, if he should whip my children too."

"Well, will your children make the promise, or will they prefer going to jail?"

"Why, Captain, I would not own them if they refused. They are too high minded and honorable to refuse so great a favor upon such easy terms."

"Very well. *George Washington Alexander Augustus Glib*: Do you promise me here, in the presence of your mother and Mrs. Mitten, that if I stop this prosecution, so that it shall not harm you or your mother, or your brothers, that you will never disturb another religious meeting while you live, either by mouth, foot or hand, inside or outside of the house; and that you will show no rudeness, in any form or way, to Parson Turner, at any time or in any place? Do you?"

"Yes, sir."

Thomas Jefferson Napoleon Bonaparte Glib: Do you make the same promise that your brother has just made!"

"Yes, sir."

"*Benjamin Franklin Pulaski LaFayette Glib:*
Do you make the same promise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, remain here five minutes, and if in that time I do not return, you may be *certain* that the matter is satisfactorily settled." So saying he retired.

"Oh, Mrs. Mitten," said Mrs. Glib, "what an excellent, excellent man that brother of yours is. I shall love him as long as I live,"

"Brother David has a good heart, though he is sometimes rough in his manner. Was ever a child so unfortunate as mine? It is an old maxim that one had better be born lucky than rich, and I believe it. Brother David will probably settle the *suit*; but who is to wipe out the stain from my child's character?"

"Dear me, Mrs. Mitten, the thing will be forgotten in a week! Everybody knows that it was but a childish frolic, that nobody but old Turner would have noticed; and I shall make it my business to give him my mind upon it very freely, the first time I meet him. *I'm* under no promise, if my children are."

"I cannot blame Parson Turner, Mrs. Glib, and I hope you will not."

The five, and even ten minutes rolled away, and.

Mr. Thomson not returning, Mrs. Glib moved off with her sons, looking very little like their namesakes.

Mrs. Mitten now determined to keep her son at home of nights; she therefore charged him, "upon pain of her sore displeasure," not to leave the house at night without her permission. William promised obedience, of course; and, like a good boy, kept his promise for two nights and a half without ever asking leave of absence. On the second night she seated him at the stand to read to her and his sisters. He had proceeded about a quarter of an hour, when three strange whistles were heard near the house. They were not noticed by Mrs. Mitten as yet; but the first had no sooner sounded than William began to read horribly.

"Now, William," said his mother, "you've got tired of reading already; and you're trying how bad you can read, that I may make you stop!"

"No, I declare I a'nt, Ma."

"Well, what makes you blunder and halt and miscall words so? What does that incessant whistling mean?"

"That's the way the boys whistle at school," said William.

"How do they do it? for it sounds like blowing in large phials."

"They do it by blowing in their hands."

"What are they blowing about here for? they never did it before. Go out, William, and beg them to desist."

William obeyed promptly, and it seemed gladly. The whistling ceased as soon as he went out; and in a few minutes he returned.

"Who are they?" enquired Mrs. Mitten.

"A parcel of school-boys," said William, "but they said they wouldn't whistle about the house any more." He resumed his seat, and read pretty well until his mother excused him.

The next evening the whistling was renewed; but at such a distance from the house as to attract the attention of no one; unless, perchance William from the events of the preceding night, was led to notice it.

"Ma," said he, "mayn't I go to the Juvenile Debating Society to-night?"

"Certainly, my son; but come home as soon as the Society adjourns."

He set out, but happening to fall in with Ben and Jeff Glib, by the way (so they were called for short), they proposed going by Squire King's garden, and getting a few June apples. Ben said, "that Lawyer King was a very clever man, and didn't care who took his apples if they didn't

break his trees, and only took what they wanted to eat." Jeff said that he knew "that to be a fact; for he heard him tell William Strain, his wife's little brother, that very day, to go in with his playmates and eat as many as they wanted, but not to break down his trees."

"Well, if that's the case," said William, "I'll go; but I wouldn't *steal* apples for anything in the world."

"Neither would I," said Ben. "Law, no! Not for the world."

"Oh, it's nothing like stealing," said Jeff. "Sposen you was to lay down anything, and say you didn't care who took it, if they didn't break it, and I was to come along at night, and take it, and not break it, would that be *stealing*?"

"No," said Ben, "it's no more stealing than picking up a chip."

William had attended the Juvenile Debating Society too long with too much profit not to feel the full force of Master Glib's logic, and consequently his scruples were immediately removed and the boys proceeded to the garden. The fence was ascended, and they were soon under the best apple tree.

"William," said Ben in a whisper, "this is a good place to learn to climb. The limbs are low

and I can push you up to them. When you get in the tree, shake down the apples, and Brother Jeff and I will pick 'em up; but don't shake down more than we can eat; for Mr. King wouldn't like that, and I should hate to do anything he don't like. Don't shake hard. The best way is to get on a limb, and hit a little *stomp* with your heel, and if they don't come stomp a little harder."

Thus instructed, William, with Ben's help, ascended the tree. He stamped limb after limb until he thought enough had fallen to satisfy the company, and was about descending when Jeff said, "Don't come down yit—we an't got enough yit—I can eat a bosom full. Here, go out upon this limb and fetch it a pretty hard stomp or two, and that'll do."

William went out on the limb as directed, and at the first stamp, missing the limb, he fell, and broke his arm just above the elbow. His pain was great, and his alarm was greater, but he bore them with little complaint until he cleared the garden. He then broke forth in heart-piercing groans, sobs, and lamentations; but not loud enough to disturb any of the villagers. "Oh, my arm does hurt me so bad! Only see how it swings about! Oh, my poor dear mother; it will kill her. My Heavenly Father, forgive me this one time, and

I never will do the like again! I don't want *you* two boys to go home with me. If you *please*, don't go home with me."

His cries announced his coming before he reached home; for they became louder as he approached his mother's door. His sisters flew to him, and his mother rose to follow them; but her strength failed her and she fell back in her chair. They could not learn the cause of his wailing until he entered the house; when, advancing to his mother, he sobbed out, "Oh, my dear mother, look at my arm!"

"What, is it broke?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can't move it."

"Oh, my God, was ever a child doomed to such misfortunes! Ann, send for the Doctor immediately—I have not strength to move. Send for Doctor Hull and Doctor Barden both."

The doctors came, and set the arm.

Of course the enquiry was from all, how the accident happened.

"I was going to the Society," said William, "and was standing by a tree, and one boy said he'd teach me to climb, and he pushed me up the tree, and I fell down and broke my arm."

We will not detain the reader with the many questions which this explanation provoked, and

the answers to them which William gave. Suffice it to say that Doctor Hull fetched a little grunt of equivocal signification, and took a chew of tobacco upon it, with as little interest in it as if he had set a thousand arms broken in this way; but Doctor Barden was as particular in his enquiries into the case, as though he meant to report it to the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*.

The next morning Squire King came over to enquire "how poor little William was." He expressed, and no doubt felt, tender sympathies for the boy; but any one to have marked his eye, would have supposed that his sympathies gathered about William's *feet* rather than his *arm*.

This might be accounted for without discredit to the Squire's heart; for being a great hunter, he had contracted a habit of examining tracks, and track-makers, which beset him at times, and sometimes upon improper occasions, as in this instance.

"William," said the Squire, with a small dash of waggishness in his tone and countenance which Bill seemed to think very ill-timed; "was it a smooth-barked tree, or a rough-barked tree?"

"I—forgot," drawled out Bill a little crustily.

"Did you get up to the limbs before you fell, or just fall from the body?"

"I—got to the limbs—"

"Did you take off your shoes?"

"No."

"Aye, that's the way the accident happened. You went up with your shoes on. You should always take off your shoes when you climb. The Glib boys, who are the best climbers I know, always take off their shoes and stockings both. I hope, my son, you will soon be well. Mrs. Mitten, if there's anything that I have that can minister to William's comfort, it is at your service. I have some very fine June apples, and I will send him over some; little boys commonly like such things."

"Thank you—thank you kindly, Mr. King. I know he will prize them very highly. William, have you no thanks to give Mr. King for his kindness?" Mr. King retired.

"William," said his mother, "it seemed to me you were a little rude to Mr. King."

"I know him," said Bill sulkily.

"Well, you know a most excellent, kind-hearted man."

"He's always poking his fun at people."

"I'm sure there was nothing like fun in what he said to you. It was all tenderness and kindness."

William's arm kept him, for the most part, confined to the house for five weeks or more, during

which time he was quite lucky, for nothing happened to disturb his or his mother's peace. He had been so long kept from the Juvenile Debating Society that he had become very anxious to attend it; and his mother's consent being obtained, he departed once more for the arena of youthful polemics.

He did not return until the family retired to rest; and in passing to his room he made such a noise among the chairs, as to wake up his mother.

"Is that you, William?" said she.

"Yes."

"Is that the way you answer your mother?"

"Who put all these chairs in the entry?"

"There are no more there than are always there."

"It's a lie!"

"O, heavens, my child is deranged! My child, my child! That arm, that arm!"

Mrs. Mitten sprung from her bed, and before she even lighted a candle dispatched a servant to Doctor Hull with the request that he hurry over immediately, for that her son was out of his senses. She had hardly got a light and a loose gown thrown over her shoulders before the doctor was at the door. They met in the entry, just as William had come the fourth time to a chair which

had been *heading* him ever since he entered the house. He seized it (for it had naturally enough exhausted his patience) and slung it with all his might as far as he could send it.

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitten in the deepest agony of mind, "can you do anything for my poor unfortunate boy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—yes, ma'am. Don't be alarmed. I pledge myself to have him sound and well before nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Doctor, how can you speak so confidently without ever feeling the child's pulse."

Just here, William, having got hold of a small table that stood in the entry, and which he probably mistook for a wash-basin, poured out upon it a villainous compound of heterogeneous elements, which it would have required a stronger head and greater *capacity* than Bill possessed, to keep together in peace for a single night.

The doctor grunted, as usual; but with unusual indications of sympathy for *Master Mitten*.

"Why, Doctor, it seems to me," said the good lady, "that I smell peach brandy!"

"It seems so to me too," said the doctor, "and segar smoke to boot."

"It's a lie," said Bill. "He tells a lie, and you tell a lie."

"Do you think my child is drunk, Doctor?"

"No doubt of it in the world, madam. Nothing else is the matter with him."

"Then my fate is sealed. I am doomed to wretchedness for life." And she sobbed and shrieked by turns.

"Retire to your room, madam. I will put him to bed, and stay with him until he gets sound asleep; and he will be well in the morning."

She did so; but it was to walk her room in torture through the live-long night—not to sleep.

It was late in the morning before William rose. He had learned from a servant all that passed on the preceding evening; and it was an hour after he rose before he could venture from his room to face his mother. At length he came, and mingled tears of contrition with her tears of sorrow—confessed his fault and promised never to smoke another segar, or drink another drop of liquor, while he lived.

In the main, things went on smoothly and happily in the two families during the year, but before its close both the Captain and his sister had their quiet a little disturbed by William's over-attention to Snapdragon, a beautiful though gentle horse the Captain had given his nephew for good conduct and as a relief from his studies.

It was natural curiosity that prompted him to enquire carefully into Snapdragon's capabilities, accomplishments, predilections and tractability. By close observation and experiment, he discovered that a little needless whipping improved him wonderfully (such the difference between a teacher and a disciple). It made him move airily, and infused life, grace and activity into both his extremities; that he could trot eight miles an hour; that he could beat Billy Figg's Nicktail, Billy Pine's Catham and Bob Maston's Flying Nelly easily; that he stood the firing of a gun on him very well; that he could clear a six-rail fence at a leap; that by tickling him in a particular way in the flank (which he called the "grabble-tickle") he could make him kick amusingly; that by applying the "grabble-tickle" to his back bone, just behind the saddle, he could carry him through a variety of most interesting evolutions—tail-switching, warping, biting (backwards, at nothing), polka dancing and furious kicking. One thing he taught him which was perfectly original, and that was to stop at the cluck or chirp, and go at the word "*wo!*" To teach him all these accomplishments William had to devote nearly his whole time to him. He had to ride him far and near, and in so doing it was just as well to call and see all the

planters within seven miles of the village, and rest awhile with them, and entertain them with all the wonders of Doctor Waddel's school, as to ride that far and return without dismounting. Every gathering in the county he was certain to attend, by means whereof he had a fine opportunity of studying human nature in some of its most interesting aspects. He saw how petty elections were conducted; how electioneering was carried on; how much rum it took to elect a captain and a justice of the peace. He saw justice administered by magistrates in their shirt sleeves, and heard stiff quarrels between them and the suitors. He saw card-playing in its most unpretending humility and simplicity, to wit: by a couple of the *sovereignty*, seated cross-legged on the ground, with a dirty cotton handkerchief between them for a table and a half deck of dirtier cards. (Here was the introduction of "*squatter sovereignty*" into the country; but who could have supposed that it would ever make such a fuss in the world as it has made!) He saw cock fights occasionally, dog fights often, and men fights regularly; now and then he was entertained with a quarter race and a foot race. Upon one occasion he took up a banter of "the universal world" for a foot race, by a youth both older and larger than himself, and

gained the victory handsomely. His competitor said "if he couldn't beat him a running he could whip him." Bill "pitched into him," as the saying is, without a parley, and flogged him beautifully, and to the delight and admiration of everybody, who thought it mean in him to pick a quarrel with a boy who had fairly beaten him, just from shame of his defeat. These feats gave William great renown in the county. Perhaps no youth in the land ever made greater progress in "the study of human nature" than William did in the short space of two months. But without Snapdragon where would he have been? Confined to the darkness of his own village! And who ever heard of any human nature in a village, save at court times, general elections and general parades? The Captain often heard of his progress, and often counseled him. "William," he would say, "I fear I committed a great error in giving you that horse; I am sure I did. It was one of the most imprudent acts of my life."

"Why, Uncle?"

"For many reasons. He takes up all your time. I never see a book in your hand; you have hardly attended a religious meeting, except on Sunday, since the vacation commenced. You are too young to have control of a horse. He is a spirited

horse, and if not managed with care he may break your neck—”

“ Uncle, he can’t throw me to save his life.”

“ I’m glad to hear that; my main design in giving him to you was to make you a good horseman; but he may run away with you, carry you under the limb of a tree, and knock your brains out. If you will be careful with him there is no danger, for I know him to be a very gentle horse, though spirited—but youths of your age are so thoughtless. I hardly ever see you in the day-time; where do you keep yourself?”

“ Just riding about in the country, Uncle.”

“ But sometimes you’re gone the live-long day, and surely you are not riding all the time without your meals?”

“ Oh, no, sir! Sometimes I take dinner at Mr. Love’s, sometimes at Mr. Tod’s, sometimes at Squire Mattox’s, sometimes at Mr. White’s, and Curtis King’s—”

“ Why, William, my son, you ought not to visit people’s houses in that way—”

“ Uncle, they always tell me they are glad to see me, and always beg me to come and see them again.”

“ To be sure they do; but because they are kind you should not tax their hospitality all the time.

At times, I am sure you must fall upon them very unseasonably, and give them no little inconvenience. When they see you in town here, and ask you to come and see them, why, then go; but don't thrust yourself upon them at all hours, uninvited."

"I'll obey you, Uncle."

Again the Captain would renew his complaint and advise:

"William, your mother is very uneasy about you. She says you constantly come home charged with news from all the gatherings in the county. Surely, you don't frequent such places? What interest can you take in them? What do you promise yourself from such resorts? I charge you under pain of my sore displeasure to abandon them."

"I will do so, Uncle."

A little after this time the Captain informed William over night that he wished to borrow Snapdragon for a short ride the next morning, as all his own horses were in use. William gave a cordial assent, of course. "Send Tom over with him directly after breakfast; I'm only going to Doctor Wingfield's," said the Captain.

The Captain lived on the street that led directly to Doctor Wingfield's, and near the edge of the town. As William had never seen his uncle on

Snapdragon, and felt a deep interest in his performance under the saddle of his kind benefactor, he took his position in the inner lock of a fence in the street, under cover of some high weeds, whence, with a little change of position, he could have a full view of the Captain's house and two or three hundred yards of the street and road leading from it. Tom got to the house with Snapdragon about the time that William got comfortably seated. Snap was soon saddled, and the Captain was nearly as soon by his side, ready to mount him, Snap showing signs of impatience to get off.

"What makes that horse do so, Tom?" asked the Captain. "I don't like his motions."

"He's gentle, Mas' David," said Tom. "He only do so till you start him."

The Captain placed one hand on Snap's neck and the other on the back of the saddle to mount; this hand happened to slip and fall a little rudely on Snap's back. Snap, nothing doubting that this was the beginning of the "grabble tickle," commenced with the preliminaries of the polka.

"Why, the horse is ruined," said the Captain. "I wonder he hasn't knocked William's brains out long ago."

"Mas' David, I tell you the' an't nothin' the matter with him. This is nothin' but some

little foolishness Mas' William larn him. He's gentle."

In the meantime Bill was rolling in the weeds "*enthused*"* with delight.

The Captain made a second attempt and mounted.

"Tom, tell your mistress—Wo!" said he to fidgeting Snap, and away went Snap "to the tune of eight miles an hour!" "Wo!" repeated the Captain more emphatically, and Snap put off at half speed, at which gait he passed Bill in an agony of laughter. The Captain immediately conjectured that Bill had been running Snap, and that the horse took "*wo*" for "*go!*" and he did not repeat the word again. Snap soon became pacified, and the Captain brought him to a halt. He studied awhile whether it would be best for him to go on or return. He concluded he would try Snap a little further anyhow, so he clucked to him to proceed; but, so far from proceeding, Snap settled himself in more dignified composure than he had exhibited during the whole morning. He clucked again with no better success. He chirped, but these changes of note operated upon Snap like a serenade.

* This word, of very modern coinage, is now getting into pretty general use in some parts of the country.

"Why, did ever anybody see such a fool horse since the world was made?" mused the Captain. "What's a body to do with him? How is he to be made to go on or stop? If I ever give another chap a fine horse he may give me a thousand lashes, and I'll thank him for it. It certainly was the *unluckiest* act of my life to give Bill this horse!"

Upon the whole, the Captain concluded it would be best for him to get out of temptation as quick as possible by returning home. Just as he made up his mind to this course, Mr. Foster met him.

"Good morning, Brother Thomson," said Foster.

"Good morning, Brother Foster," said Mr. Thomson.

"Which way are you going?"

"I *was* going to Dr. Wingfield's, but I've got on my nephew's horse, which the boy has so completely spoiled that there is no doing anything with him, so I'll go back with you."

All of the proceedings up to this moment convinced Snapdragon that he had been brought out that morning for no other purpose in the world than to beat Mr. Foster's horse in a quarter race. His conjectures were fully confirmed when in answer to Mr. Foster's question, "don't you own

him?" the Captain, as he paced about, answered emphatically "No!"

At the word, Snap dashed. The Captain soon took him up, and waited till Brother Foster came up. As he approached, the Captain clucked to Snap, and he stopped crustily.

"Bless your soul, honey," said Brother Foster, "that's a mighty good looking horse, but he's a mighty foolish one."

"He was one of the finest horses in the land—Wo!" cried the Captain (forgetting himself) to Snap, in rage to beat Foster's horse, and away he dashed again. He was stopped as before.

"Why, Brother Thomson, that horse seems to go when he ought to stop, and stop when he ought to go."

"Exactly so," said the Captain; and Snap bristled considerably at the last word, but was chirped to halt instantly.

"Why, bless your soul, honey, I never did see a horse take on after that sort in all my life. I wouldn't give you this pipe for him if I had to ride him."

"No," said the Captain (Snap bristled), "nor I either."

In this way, between stops and starts, and sidles and snorts, the Captain reached home,

greatly to his delight and the still greater delight of William.

The lecture he gave his nephew at their next meeting we leave the reader to conjecture.

William's victories happened to be reported to the Captain by Mr. Moore in the presence of William, and in the way of congratulation to him.

"Why, William," exclaimed the Captain, "is it possible that you have been running foot races and fighting—"

"Oh, don't blame him," said Mr. Moore; "I supposed you knew all about it, since it is talked about everywhere. But don't blame William, for he never did a better thing in all his life, and never will do a better while he lives. He was at the Court at old man Haralson's, and there was an uncommonly large gathering for the occasion. There was a fellow there, a forward, noisy chap, named Jake Black, who was cutting up high shines. He said he could beat anything of his weight and inches in the universal world at a foot race. 'I can beat you,' said William. 'You!' says Black, 'I can run round you three times in fifty yards and then beat you.' 'Well,' says William, 'suppose you try it.' The match was made up, a hundred yards was stepped off, and all on the Court ground went to see the race. At the word they started,

and William beat him a clear light of at least seven yards. There was a general shout as they came in, and many had something digging to say to Black. One told him he oughtn't to run against anything but grub-worms and terrapins. Another told him his belly didn't give his legs fair play. 'I saw your thighs,' says he, 'hit your belly every step you made. If you can only manage to hook up your belly just three-quarters of an inch before you run, so as to give your legs full sweep, you'd beat Bill Mitten thirty yards in the hundred, I know you would.' 'Oh,' says a third, 'his stomach had nothing to do with it—at least it wouldn't have had, if he had been in good keep; but he was in no order to run. I saw him eat two *millions* and a peck of peaches not an hour before the race. Take that weight off him, and where would Bill Mitten have been?' 'Well,' said the second, 'that's just what I say. He only lacks three-quarters of an inch of beating 'the universal world; I thought his belly was *nat'ral!*'

"This kind of chat," continued Moore, "made Jake very mad, and as William stood laughing with the rest, Jake stepped up to him and said, 'If you can beat me running I can whip you mighty easy.' You know that hard place in the road between old man Haralson's house and the Court room? He

was standing there, and the words was no sooner out of his mouth when William seized him, fetched the hip-lock upon him, and gave him the hardest fall that I ever saw a boy get in all my life. Before Jake could recover from his fall, William was on him, giving him bringer. He very soon 'told the news' (cried 'enough!'), and William got off of him without a scratch. I don't suppose there ever was a people more rejoiced and surprised than they all were at William's doings. Jake had no idea that a boy dressed as fine as William was could fight at all, nor did anybody else believe it. But, Lord bless your soul, Captain, he walked over Jake in the highest style of fighting! I tell you what, sir, he's as active as a cat and as bold as a lion. So you see he was not to blame."

And now came "the tug of war" (*intestine war*) with the Captain. Before Moore had proceeded four sentences in his narrative, Captain Thomson's countenance lost every trace of amazement and indignation, and assumed a rather unchristian placidity. The next transition was to a benignant smile; then to an expression of wonder and delight, then to a laugh of triumph; and so it went on, stronger and stronger, to the end of the chapter; so that when Moore concluded it was manifest that "brother" Thomson had no more

thought of religion in him than he had of the tattling of his countenance; and no more thought of the tattling of his countenance than if he had been all the time in profound sleep. But the time had come for him to speak, and what could he say? Bill had followed his counsels to the letter, and had exhibited the very fruits from them that he had anticipated and desired. Should he now rebuke him? That would not do. Should he applaud his conduct? That would not do from a Christian. Should he remain silent? That would be a tacit sanction of all that William had done. But say something he must, and that something must be extemporized; so he began, in a very cool tone, that might be taken for the composure of religion or the composure of gratification:

“Why, William, I’m astonished at you?”

Very true, but very equivocal.

“I don’t think, *in any view of the case*, that his saying simply that he could whip you, justified you in attacking him—”

“But, Uncle, I saw that he was mad, and bent upon picking a quarrel with me, or hacking me before all the company, and I thought that as I would have to fight or back out, I’d best take a running start on him; for the first blow in a fight is half the battle, they say.”

"Well, that is true—that is—arguing *upon worldly principles*; and supposing fighting in any case to be justifiable; for by that course you are certain to get some advan—. However, worldly principles are not always to be trusted; indeed, never to be trusted when they come in conflict with religious principles. The longer I live in the world, the more dissatisfied I become with its ways and notions. Four or five months ago I would have given advice that I would not now give—at least without very considerable qualifications. Vigor of body, strength of constitution, unflinching courage—*moral* courage—are certainly great things—great things in many points of view—but then, like all good gifts, they may be abused. And here, William, let me give you a caution. You have a very good apology (our friend Moore thinks) for engaging in those contests with Black. Now, take care that your victories over him do not lead you to seek contests merely to show your prowess—merely for the praise of victory and the terror of your companions. Oh! of all the disgusting things in this world, a mere bully—a man who forces his fellow being into a fight with him merely for the vile fame of whipping him, is the most disgusting. I have seen such men, and I have despised them.

They pretend to take as insults what they know was meant in friendship or in fun. They wantonly assail feelings, play insufferable pranks with men, and then assail them for speaking harshly of what they say they meant as innocent sport. They take occasion from a man's dress, his features, his person, his carriage, to worry him into resistance of some kind, and then flog him for resisting. Can anything better mark a devil than such conduct as this? Now, William, I don't blame you for fighting (that is, *upon worldly principles*) under the circumstances; but I do blame you for going to such places—not for going to Mr. Haralson's, for he is a very worthy man, and has a very worthy family, but for going there in Court times. I have been there often and I don't remember ever to have seen one of his sons in the crowd of Court days in my life. And I blame you for running a race at such a time and place."

Now if the reader can extract from this long harangue what were the Captain's views of the case of Mitten vs. Black, upon *Christian principles*, he is certainly much wiser than the writer. Whether it was becoming in *him* to discuss the case so generally upon "*worldly principles*," without drawing a line of distinction between them and *Christian principles*—whether it was right in him

to say what he would have advised four or five months ago, that he would not now without any specifications that might enlighten his nephew as to whether he meant to take back any of his counsels upon universal excellence, are questions which we will not undertake to settle. But we will venture to say that Master Mitten inferred from it that the Captain was highly delighted (*but of course only on worldly principles*) with his achievements, and that he need never fear the Captain's wrath for fighting, provided he would always fight at the right time, in the right place, and for good reasons in Mr. Moore's judgment.

In the course of his observations Master Mitten discovered two other things through the aid of Snapdragon, which we must not omit to mention. The one was, that six or seven months' abstinence from strong drink had not entirely abated his relish for it; and the other was that the squatter sovereigns committed many errors in their games that he could have rectified with success. It was the custom of not a few heads of families at this time to make up a mint-julep of peach or apple brandy every morning, and to give a little to every member of the family, old and young, blacks excepted. It was a much more invariable

custom to make a large bowl of egg-nogg every Christmas, of which the whole family were expected to take a little more freely, and it was considered rather a laughing than a serious matter if some of the children got intoxicated. No one ever entered a house to tarry for a half hour without being asked "to take something to drink," and with the plainer people of the country this invitation was extended to boys hardly in their teens, and was accepted without exciting any surprise. Not many years before the times of which we are speaking, probably down to the very times, a still more remarkable custom prevailed among some, if not all, Methodist preachers, which was to ask a blessing upon every glass of toddy they took. Should this statement be questioned, we have authority for it, at hand, which no man in Georgia will question. How this custom originated it is easy to define. The discipline of the Methodist Church enjoined upon its members to do nothing upon which they could not invoke God's blessing, and as they never dreamed that there was anything sinful in taking a glass of toddy, or as it was more commonly called, *a little sweetened dram*, they "said grace over it."

While such customs were rife in the country, it is not to be wondered at that Master Mitten had

frequent opportunities of indulging his early formed relish for ardent spirits, even without the help of Snapdragon—with his help they were quintupled. He, however, took care never to appear at home, or in the presence of his uncle, "*disguised with liquor.*" But as the Captain saw that he was doing no good, he feared that he was doing much harm, and he rejoiced greatly when the time arrived for his return to school.

XI.

WILLIAM MITTEN AT COLLEGE

After a year or more of varying success and brilliancy in his studies under a private teacher and then off at Dr. Waddel's School in South Carolina, just before Captain Thomson's last sickness, it was arranged that William Mitten should accompany his cousin, David Thomson, and George Markham for Princeton College, New Jersey.

Princeton was at that time, in the South at least, the most renowned College in the Union. Captain Thomson appointed Mr. Markham one of the executors of his will, and authorized him to appropriate any sum out of his estate that he might deem necessary to the education of John Brown also, not exceeding one hundred dollars per annum, Mr. Markham and other parties having agreed to contribute the balance needed to educate the struggling but deserving student.

"If," said Mr. Markham, "William will apply himself closely to the study of Greek and Mathematics (the only studies in which he is lacking) he will be able to enter the Freshman class."

The proposition was readily embraced by mother and son, and while she commenced his outfit for the journey he commenced the study of Greek assiduously.

Everything being ready, and time for departure, the boys, after much good advice, and many tearful farewells, set out on their journey to the North.

Three days staging brought them to Savannah, and an eight-day voyage landed them in New York. On board ship they were all very seasick. After being shown over New York they departed for College. Markham, Thomson and Brown entered the Sophomore class without difficulty, but it was exceedingly mortifying to William to find himself obliged to enter the Freshman.

Instead of presenting his certificate to the President, and making application for admission into the Freshman class, he excogitated a brilliant scheme, not altogether original, to be sure, but highly creditable to his ingenuity, whereby he was to get into the Sophomore class without the needful preparation for it. Thus thought our hero:

“If I apply for the Junior class, they will have too much respect for my feelings to put me away down in the Freshman class, if they can possibly avoid it. Even for the Junior class, they will, in

all probability, examine me upon those studies which I have been over, and here I shall acquit myself so *handsomely*, that they will readily compromise matters, and let me into the Sophomore class." Accordingly he reported himself to the President with an air of great self-possession, as a candidate for the Junior class. The President, after gravely taking his dimensions with the eye, to the manifest terror of Master Mitten, said: "The *Junior* class, now more than half advanced! How far have you advanced in Latin and Greek?" William answered. "In Mathematics?" He answered again. "Have you studied Chemistry, Astronomy, Natural and Moral Philosophy and Logic?" "No, sir!" "Under whom did you prepare for college?" "Mr. Waddel and Mr. Finley." "Mr. Waddel, of South Carolina, and Mr. Finley, of Basken Ridge?" "Yes, sir." "We have four students now in college, from Mr. Waddel's school, and ten from Mr. Finley's, all of whom entered without difficulty. Did either of your preceptors advise you to apply for the Junior class?" "No, sir, but I thought maybe I could enter that class." "Well, Master Mitten, *I* think, *maybe* you can enter no class in college. I will give you a trial, however, for the Freshman class, if you can bring down your aspirations that low." "Well, sir,"

said William, with a spirit of accommodation truly commendable, "I'll try for that class." Here William's usual *bad luck* attended him, for his ingenuity had exposed him to agonizing mortification, betrayed him into a falsehood, and, as he well knew, made the President's first impressions of him very unfavorable.

He was examined and admitted without difficulty. The President was curious to learn what sort of an examination he stood, and enquired of the examining professors. "Admirable," said they, *una voce*. The President smiled, but said nothing.

William followed Mr. Markham's advice strictly through the Freshman year, and for four months of the Sophomore year, and the consequence was as usual: he stood at the head of the class. His letters to his mother were in the highest degree gratifying. He spoke gratefully of Mr. Markham's last counsels to him, and promised to obey them to the letter; he expressed his admiration of the Faculty, particularly of those members of it who had charge of his class, in terms bordering upon the extravagance of praise—rejoiced that he had been defeated in his attempt to procure a clerkship; and rejoiced still more that he now saw the error of his ways, and had radically re-

formed. One of his epistles he concluded in this language:

“When I think, my dearest mother, of the trouble I have given you—how I abused your goodness, and disappointed your reasonable expectations, my conscience smites me, and my cheeks burn with blushes. How could I have been such an ingrate! How could I have sent a pang to the bosom of the sweetest, the kindest, the tenderest, the holiest, the best of mothers! Well, the past is gone, and with it my childish, boyish follies: they have all been forgiven long ago, and no more are to be forgiven in future. That I am to get the first honor in my class is conceded by all the class except four. These four were considered equal competitors for it until I entered the class, and they do not despair yet; but they had as well, for they equal me in nothing but mathematics, and do not excel me in that. The funds that you allow me (\$500 per annum) are more than sufficient to meet all my college expenses, and allow me occasional pleasure rambles during the vacation. What I have written about my stand in college, you will of course understand as intended only for a mother’s eye.

“Your truly affectionate and grateful son,

“WM. MITTEN.”

William's report of himself was fully confirmed by his fellow-students of the village. He wrote also an affectionate letter to Doctor Waddel, thanking him for his many kindnesses, approving of all his dealings with him, and censuring himself for the rejection of his counsels, and disobedience to his rules. Before this letter reached his old preceptor, William's fame and prospects in college had reached the school, where all considered themselves interested in his reputation, and all rejoiced. At his home the rejoicing was more intense, and all the merchants of the place, and Mr. Sanders in particular, congratulated themselves that they had offered him no encouragement to become a merchant. There was one exception, to be sure, to the general rejoicing, in the person of old Stewey Anderson; and he only suspended his joy; for he offered "to give his promissory note, payable twelve months after date, for double joy, if Bill Mitten held on that long."

"Billy," said Stewey, "is a Belair colt; he beats everything for a quarter, but he can't stand a long run, I'm afraid; he's entered now for the four mile heats, and I think he'll break down about the second or third mile, sure." There was something, too, that chilled the ardor of Dr. Hull's delight, though no one knew what it was. But

that he partook of the general feeling to some extent, was manifest; for he never took a chew of tobacco and grunted when William was praised.

Up to the close of the fourth month of Master Mitten's Sophomore year, he had almost entirely neglected Mr. Markham's advice touching his recreation hours; indeed, he hardly allowed himself any recreation hours; but occasional visits to a beautiful little Princeton lassie, by the name of Amanda Ward, reminded him forcibly of his remissness in this particular, and he resolved forthwith to amend his ways. Miss Ward was not pious, but she was sprightly, witty and graceful; and for her age (she had hardly "entered her teens,") she was not wanting in intellectual culture. William's interest in her increased with every visit to her, and his "recreation hours" began to increase with his interest. The necessary consequence was, that his *study hours* became more arduous. Still he maintained his reputation and his place in his class, with only a hardly perceptible change, in the promptness and fluency with which he disposed of his recitations. Soon after his first visit to Miss Amanda, William's talents were made known to her, as well as his fortune, which was represented to be something

under the square of what it really was. She was quite too young and too romantic to have anything venal in her composition, and as his handsome person, brilliant talents and interesting conversation began to win upon her affections, she became touchingly pensive. By as much as she lost her vivacity, by so much did William's interest in her increase. He loved her before, and now he sympathized with her deeply and tenderly. It was a floating sympathy, to be sure, seeking like Noah's dove, a resting place and finding none; but it was none the less sincere on that account, and none the less appreciated by the lovely object over which it hovered, and diffused its grateful incense. Often from the gloom which overshadowed the dear Amanda, would she send forth mellow twinklings, like those which sport upon the bosom of an evening cloud, and which would irradiate the countenance of her anxious friend for a moment; but he could not persuade her to reveal the cause of her depression.

Under the combined force of love, sympathy, anxiety and suspense, William's spirits forsook him, he became sad and gloomy, and study became irksome to him. Late sittings with Miss Amanda, and then much later sittings to make up the lost time, began to make inroads upon William's

health, and all his fair prospects would probably have been blighted before the close of the term, had he not determined to act upon conjecture as to Miss Ward's anguish of mind. He judged, not without good reason, that it proceeded from love to him, and that she was wasting away under the consuming passion, because she supposed that it was not reciprocated. He resolved, therefore, with becoming frankness to unbosom himself to her and offer her his hand. Accordingly, at their next interview, he thus addressed her:

"Miss Ward, you know that I am not blind to your despondency, and, by a thousand proofs, you know that I am not indifferent to it. Believe me, that my oft repeated enquiries into the cause of it were prompted by a purer and holier motive than mere idle curiosity. No, Miss Ward, the heart which is not touched with the griefs of the gentler sex, must be insensible indeed; such an one, I am sure, was never reared in the genial clime of the Sunny South. He who could obtrude a selfish curiosity into the hallowed sanctuary of woman's sorrows, never breathed the balmy zephyrs which waft the odors of the magnolia and the orange. 'Twas sympathy, Miss Ward, which prompted my questions—an honest desire to share your griefs, if I could not relieve them. Your generous

nature will appreciate my motives, and pardon one more question—the last, if answered negatively: Am I in any way, directly or indirectly, connected with your mental perturbations?"

Torrents of tears from the eyes of the fair Amanda relieved her gallant suitor's suspense, while she struggled for utterance with her irrepressible emotions. At length she spoke:

"Mister Mitten, your noble nature assures me that I may trust the dearest secret of my heart to you, without fear that you will ever betray the trust, under any changes of feeling, time or place. I frankly own that I am and have *long* been most ardently attached to you. I have sometimes thought—hoped—that our attachment was mutual. Yet why did I hope it? When I knew that we never could be united?"

"Knew that we could never be united, my dearest Amanda?"

"Never, never, never!" exclaimed Amanda, burying her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing convulsively.

"Then I am doomed to wretchedness for life!" ejaculated Mister Mitten. "Amanda, you are my first love—"

"And you are mine, William. My first, my last, my only love. When you return to the land

of birds and of flowers, object of my adoration, send back a thought to your poor, unfortunate, heart-broken Amanda."

"Amanda," said William, in tears, "you said you would entrust the dearest secret of your heart to me: tell me then what insuperable obstacle there is to our union?"

"I never violate my promise, dearest William, I am told that you are very, very rich; and never can I consent to marry a man with whom I cannot be upon an equality—a man who must ever feel that he stooped to take his partner's hand; and who may suppose that the poor trash of earth, called *wealth*, had some influence upon her choice. I should be the most miserable wretch upon earth, to discover in the being I adore anything going to show that he considered me his inferior, or capable of loving him for anything but himself."

"These noble sentiments," responded Mister Mitten, "exalt you higher, if possible, in my estimation than ever. Know, then, thou sweetest, purest, noblest of thy sex, that I am not rich—"

"Not rich? Don't trifle with my feelings, William!"

"I assure you, upon the honor of a gentleman, that I am worth nothing. My mother owns a very pretty estate, which, when divided between her

three children, will give only a comfortable living to each of them."

"Oh, happiest moment of my life!" exclaimed Amanda. "William, there is my hand, and with it a heart that idolizes you, if you choose to take them."

"I receive them," said William, "and exchange for them a hand and heart equally warm and unwavering."

Their vows were plighted, and they separated in ecstasies.

Fortunately for William this interview occurred on Friday night; or it would have played the mischief with his next day's recitation.

The next day William visited Miss Amanda to arrange for the nuptials; and however indiscreet and rash we may consider the engagement, everybody must accord to them the highest prudence in settling the preliminaries of the nuptials.

The arrangement was that *Mister* Mitten (so we must now call him, as he is engaged to be married) should go on and complete his education, return to Georgia and spend two or three months with his family, then go to Litchfield, Connecticut, and attend Judge Reeves' Law Lectures for one year, revisit Georgia, get admitted to the bar as soon as possible, return to Princeton, and consummate

the marriage. Could old Parr himself, and a lady his equal in years, have ordered things more wisely! As soon as matters were thus happily arranged, Mr. Mitten said:

“I have reflected a great deal, my dear Amanda, upon matrimonial engagements, and I have brought my mind to the conclusion long ago, that there is a radical error in regard to them, too common in the world. Let us reform it—at least as far as we can. I allude to the secrecy with which such engagements are kept by the parties to them—”

Miss Amanda started. “Why, if the parties are sincere and mean to be constant to each other, should they object to the world’s knowing of their engagement? Were it generally known how few matches would be broken off! What man of honor would pay his addresses to a lady whom he knew to be pledged to another! What woman of honor would receive the addresses of a man whom she knew to be engaged! For my part, I shall make no secret of our engagement, and then if any man dare to pay you particular attention, I shall hold him personally responsible—”

“Oh, William, my dearest William, do not think of such a thing! Our engagement must not be breathed to a human being—not even to father,

mother, sister or brother. If our parents knew of it, they would certainly break it off if they could, on the ground of our age. Break it off! No, that can never be. Sooner will the moon cease to shed her placid beams upon the earth, sooner will this heart cease to beat, than your Amanda forget her vows, or human power make her break them. But think of the troubles that may follow the disclosure! Oh, William, I cannot bear a frown, I cannot bear even a cold look from my dear, sweet parents; and how would it rend my heart to see them frown on you or receive you *distantly*—”

“And does Miss Ward suppose that her parents would object to our alliance?”

“No, no, William; I’m sure they will be delighted with it, at the proper time; but think how young we are! I have heard my father say that the man who has grown daughters in Princeton occupies a very delicate position. To forbid them to receive the visits of students would be to forbid them from receiving in the main, the very best society that they could have, and to violate the laws of hospitality; but to encourage students in making love to their daughters, was injustice to the students, and treason to their distant parents. Now, if he knew that we were engaged, he would

be almost certain to send me away to some boarding school—and what pain would that give us! And suppose another should address me; does my William think that there is another in this wide world who can make the least impression on his Amanda's heart? Can you doubt your Amanda's constancy? Can you fear that anything on earth could chill her first, her only love, in a few short years? No, William, whether you remain true or false, never, never, can I love another. The very thought startles me like an electric shock. The keenest pang I ever felt was at hearing my mother say that my father was not her first love—I ought not to have mentioned it—I have never breathed it to another; but to you I may entrust it, for we are soon to be one. From you I can conceal nothing. But what agony did the disclosure give me; you'll never mention it, William?"

"Never, Amanda."

"I felt for days, weeks and months, as if I were an orphan. Oh, how my heart sympathized with my dear, sweet father! He knew it when he married mother. They live happily together. But it seems to me, the cruel, bitter thought must sometimes present itself, 'this heart was once another's—this heart was not always mine,' and,

oh, what pain it must give! And what is married life, if there be anything in it to interrupt, even for a moment, the constant stream of heavenly bliss which it promises to hearts united in the silken cords of pure, ecstatic, first-born love! There, William, you are entrusted with every secret of my heart."

Mr. Mitten was so charmed with Miss Amanda's sentiments, and enraptured with her eloquence, that he entirely forgot the text. He soon recovered it, however, and after thanking Miss Ward for her confidence, and promising to keep it sacred, he said:

"Under all the peculiar circumstances of the case, my dear Amanda, I will consent to keep our engagement a secret; but, as a general rule, I think there should be no secrecy in such matters."

Mr. Mitten's mind being now disburdened he resumed his studies with alacrity, and maintained his place to the close of the Sophomore year. The vacation ensued, and the first five weeks of it Mr. Mitten devoted to Miss Amanda. He took her out almost daily on pleasure rides, lavished presents upon her of the most costly jewelry, books, engravings, and love-tokens innumerable; and, strange to tell, Miss Amanda received them without rebuking this ill-advised waste of his humble

patrimony. Nor was Mr. Mitten less attentive to the decoration of his own person than of Miss Amanda's. He laid in a profusion of coats, vests, pants, gloves, stockings, boots, shoes, pumps and under garments, all at the highest prices, and in the most fashionable style. To his other purchases he added an elegant watch, chain, seals and key, and a handsome diamond breast pin. Many of these things were purchased upon a short credit, to be paid for as soon as he could get remittances from home. With all his accomplishments there was one wanting to make him perfect in Miss Amanda's eye, and that was, "the poetry of motion." Herein Miss Amanda excelled, and she urged him to put himself under Monsieur Coupee, to add this to his many graces. She said that she was very fond of cotillon parties, but that they had lost all interest to her since she learned that he did not dance. He took her advice. As "the poetry of motion," cotillon measure, consists entirely of anapestics and dactyls, performed with alternate feet, Mr. Mitten soon mastered this accomplishment. Thus went off the first month and a quarter of the vacation.

With all his expenditures he had taken care to reserve money enough, as he supposed, to spend a few days in Morristown, a week in Newark, and a

week in New York, without exhausting his funds. At the commencement of his sixth week of the vacation he set out for Morristown. Here lived a classmate of his, who insisted upon his spending a week with him. Mitten consented. A round of parties ensued, all of which he attended, and at all of which he played havoc with the hearts of the girls of Morristown. From his classmate the report soon spread through the village, that he was the first scholar in his class, and immensely rich. These things conspiring with his fine person, graceful manners, and agreeable conversation, made him absolutely irresistible. Now there happened to be in Morristown at this time, a young lady from South Carolina, of the Bethlehem School, who was spending her vacation with a relative of the village, or rather making Morristown her headquarters for the vacation. Her name was Louisa Green, she was behind Miss Ward in nothing, and one hundred thousand dollars ahead of her in point of fortune. Miss Green and Mr. Mitten being both from the South, naturally formed a strong partiality for each other; *of course it did not amount to love on William's part*, but it amounted to love palpably on Louisa's part. As she was from the South, William felt himself bound to pay her particular attentions. Accordingly

he did all that he could to make her time pass agreeably during his stay in Morristown. He could but observe the tokens of her favor, and they awakened in him a tender compassion. She had appointed to visit a schoolmate in Elizabethtown, five days after the time when he was to leave for Newark. He offered to wait and accompany her. This threw him five days longer on his friend's hospitality than he contracted for, but he was welcome. She accepted his offer thankfully. They went—he was introduced to her young friend, who prevailed upon him to spend two or three days in Elizabethtown. He consented—parties commenced on the second day after his arrival, and were kept up with but short intervals for nine days. The scenes of Morristown were renewed. He had set every day for the last six, for leaving Elizabethtown, but something or other always delayed his departure. The schoolmates of Elizabethtown planned a visit to a third, in New York, for a few days. As this jumped with William's plans exactly, and promised to make his visit to New York pleasurable infinitely beyond his anticipations, he proposed to accompany the young ladies. They accepted his proposition with pleasure. It required three days to prepare the young ladies for their contemplated trip, and

these embraced the opening of the college term. Time had run off so merrily that he had not kept count of it, and he was thunderstruck when a question put to him about the college, reminded him that the term opened on the day before he was to leave with his fair companions for New York. What was he to do? Violate his pledge to the young ladies? That would never do.

He determined to conduct them to New York, and hasten on to college. When he came to settle up his bills in Elizabethtown, he was thunderstruck again; they were four times as large as he anticipated, and in counting up his cash, he found that he had barely enough to take him to New York and back to Princeton. The ladies were delayed a day beyond the appointed time by some accident. Mr. Mitten was in torments. It was certain that his funds would give out before he reached Princeton; and here in a land of strangers, what was he to do? In this emergency, it had just occurred to him that he had been very remiss in not paying his respects to Mr. Beach, and he concluded to spend a part of the spare day with this kind friend. Mr. Beach hardly knew him when he presented himself at his door, so changed was he in everything. After a visit of an hour William said: "Mr. Beach, I have been out

spending the vacation, and my expenses have been so much heavier than I expected that I have got out of money; if you could favor me so far as to loan me thirty dollars, I will give you an order on Mr. Sanders for the amount, or I will send it to you as soon as I get back to college." "Certainly, William," said Mr. Beach, "I will take the order, and if you pay it when you get to college, I will send it to you." The money was loaned, and William returned to Elizabethtown rejoicing. On their way to New York he suggested to Miss Green that the college term had opened and that on the day after their arrival in New York he would be compelled to return to college. She expressed her regrets that they must part, probably never to meet again, but hoped that they would renew their acquaintance, after their return home. William proposed a *friendly* correspondence *ad interim*. She said that she could not promise that, as the pupils of her school were forbidden to correspond with young gentlemen; but if he chose to write to her she had no objections. On their arrival in New York, the news greeted them that on the evening of the next day two of the greatest tragedians of the age were to appear in the principal parts of Shakespeare's *Othello*. William had never seen a play acted by professed

performers, and "as he had overstayed his time anyhow, and one day more could not make much difference," he determined to prolong his visit that far, and take the ladies to the theater. He procured tickets for the three young ladies, but as the father of the one whom the others were visiting, chose to accompany them all to the theater, and furnish tickets himself, William had two on hand either to use or throw away at his option. He was transported with the performance. *Hamlet* was announced for the next night; but as the ladies declined going to the theater two nights in succession, he went alone. *Macbeth* was announced for the next night; and as all the girls must see this play, they went as before, William accompanying. The day following he left for Princeton, and reached there with just seventy-five cents in his pocket.

His classmate of Morristown (Johnson by name) brought down his history to his departure from that village. "He went off," said Johnson, "after a beautiful accomplished South Carolina heiress, worth a cool hundred thousand in cash, with *kinky-heads* according; and he has only to stretch out his hand to her and she'll snatch at it; for everybody sees that she is over head and ears in love with him, as indeed all the girls in Morristown are;

for Bill is death among the pullets." This report mitigated the anxiety of his Georgian companions concerning him, but did not entirely relieve them; for they feared the consequences of William's change of habits, not only upon his stand in college, but upon his future life.

We have said that he had four competitors for the first honor, but there was only one of them that he had cause to dread, for though the five were equal in mathematics, there was but one who approached him in other studies. This was Taliaferro (pronounced *Toliver*) of Virginia. When at the opening of the term, the class appeared to recite in mathematics, and Taliaferro found Mitten absent, his countenance kindled with delight. His delight increased with every recitation in this study, until it came to the fifth. As he retired from this he said triumphantly, "I've got him safe—I've got this brilliant young Georgian just as the owl had the hen, so that he can neither back nor squall. With his head full of girls and fortune, if ever he keeps up with the class, and makes up five lost lessons, he is a smarter man than I think he is, and I think he is the smartest I ever saw." Taliaferro thus spoke because he well knew that a lost recitation in mathematics is almost as fatal to farther progress in the science as the loss of

one of the nine digits would be to enumeration. And yet if William had determined to do it, he could have made up his deficiencies before the end of the Junior year, and thrown Taliaferro far in his rear in the Senior year. Why he did not, we shall see. When called to account for his absence he said "*he was necessarily detained.*"

Having followed Mitten's movements during the vacation, let us now unveil some of his thoughts and reflections accompanying these movements. "Here it is now," mused he on the fifth day of his acquaintance with Miss Green. "If Amanda had not made me promise to keep our engagement secret, I could now tell Louisa of it, and let her understand the true ground of my attentions to her; but as it is, I must either be distant to her—which would be unpardonable in me as she is from the South—or I must encourage her attachment which is plainly visible and growing. Amanda will hear of my intentions through Johnson, and suppose I am after Louisa's fortune. No, dear girl, fortune shall never make me sacrifice my word and my honor."

On the seventh day: "It was very indiscreet in Amanda to exact that promise from me, I don't know how to act under it."

Ninth day: "Hang that silly promise! I'll

keep it, but I fear I shall never feel towards Amanda as I should have felt if she had not extorted it from me. I was too hasty in making it; in fact I was too hasty in the whole matter. Well, whatever may come of it, I shall not forego duty to a Southern friend, far from home, because I happen to be engaged."

On the day he visited Mr. Beach: "What a botheration it is to want money! I doubt whether Amanda will ever be satisfied to live in Georgia. I wish she was not quite so romantic. It was very imprudent in her to speak of her father and mother as she did to me—I don't believe one can love truly but *once*; I believe I could love Louisa just as ardently as I love her, if I would allow myself to do so."

On the day he left New York: "One hundred thousand dollars! I wish I had fifty of it now. What a sum it is! Enough to last a man's lifetime, and satisfy every desire of his heart. One hundred thousand dollars, and a beautiful intelligent lovely *Southern* girl to boot! Amanda ought to adore me for resisting such a temptation for her sake."

On reaching Princeton, he went immediately to see Amanda and found her in deep distress. She said "she had been meditating suicide, but could

not leave the world without one more last, longing, lingering look upon her William." Upon his assuring her, however, that he was not engaged to Miss Green, that he had not proposed himself to her, and that he would have informed her of his engagement if he had not been forbidden to do so, Miss Amanda was greatly comforted, inso-much that she concluded to postpone the suicide until a more suitable season. She entertained him with a melting narrative of her soliloquies and tears over breastpins, lockets and the like, which, as it came just at the time when he was terribly pinched for money, produced a double sympathy—or rather an oscillating sympathy, which played so equally between himself and Miss Amanda, that she could not understand it, and took it for coldness. They parted, however, with renewed professions of love.

Markham, Thomson and Brown had together paid a short visit to Philadelphia, Trenton and Monmouth, early in the vacation, and returned to Princeton. On their return, Brown enclosed a fifty-dollar bill* in a letter to Mr. Markham, saying: "I have saved this much out of my allow-

* At this time Jersey bank bills were just as current in Georgia as gold and silver. The first one-dollar bill that ever was seen in Georgia was from a Jersey bank.

ance without stinting myself in the least. If you think it would not be wrong to appropriate it to my mother's necessities, please deal it out to her as she needs. Apply all of it but what is absolutely necessary to keep my mother above want, to the schooling of my two little sisters. But if you think that I have no right to use the money in this way, please return it to the kind gentlemen who raised it for me; and tell them that it is more than I need, and I think in justice it ought to be returned to them."

We need hardly say that this letter made John's patrons feel much more like doubling than reducing their contributions to him.

From New York William had written a letter to his mother, setting forth that he had greatly miscalculated in saying that five hundred dollars per annum would be amply sufficient to pay his college expenses. Traveling expenses, he said, far exceeded his expectations; that he had set out from Princeton on a vacation ramble, with money enough in hand, he thought, to pay his expenses three times over, and after visiting only three places, he was in New York with hardly money enough to pay his reckoning, and get him back to Princeton; and there his board and tuition would have to be paid in advance. He concluded

by begging her to send him on two hundred dollars as speedily as possible. Here was the very place for him to have informed his mother that he had borrowed money from Mr. Beach, and to have informed Mr. Sanders, through her, how he came to draw on him. But he knew that it would mortify his mother exceedingly to learn that he was repaying Mr. Beach's kindness by taxing his purse; and he intended to stop the draft from going to the drawee, by payment of it. Brown's letter had a fortnight or more the start of William's, and its contents were known to everybody in the village in three days after it had reached Mr. Markham. When William's letter therefore reached home, it alarmed and distressed his mother exceedingly. She gathered the money as soon as she possibly could (borrowing a part of it) and dispatched it to William, with a letter eloquently expressive of her feelings:—"How is it, my dear boy," said she, "that John Brown, with his limited resources, can visit Philadelphia, Trenton and Monmouth, and yet send hither fifty dollars out of his income, to assist his poor mother, and school his little sisters; and you cannot visit as many places without exhausting your funds and requiring two hundred dollars over?" The whole letter would fill every reader's eyes with tears; but we

have not time and space for it here. By the shortest possible course of mail William could not receive an answer to his letter in less than a month from its date. In the meantime he must be shut out of college, if he could not raise the tuition fees at least. His only course was to borrow. He went to his cousin David, who loaned him fifteen dollars, all "he had over," as the merchants say. He went to Markham, and he readily loaned him twenty dollars saying, "this is all I have, but go to Brown, I know he has over fifty dollars, for we compared notes when we got back to college." He went to Brown and asked the loan of fifteen dollars. "William," said Brown, "I would loan it to you with a great deal of pleasure, but I have it not—here are three dollars, all I've got, which you are welcome to, if it will be of any service to you." William looked on him furiously and said: "Brown, if I don't raise fifteen dollars I can't get back into college, and I know you have that much, and three times that much." "William, I give you my word of honor I have but three dollars in the world. How can you suppose that I would not loan it to you if I had it? If there's anything I have, by sale of which you can raise the amount, go take it and sell it, with all my heart."

William wheeled off in a rage, and hastened to Thomson and Markham, saying, "Who could believe it possible that John Brown would see me shut out of college rather than loan me fifteen dollars. He says he has but three dollars in the world!"

"John Brown says so!" exclaimed the two.

"Come," said Thomson, "let's go and bring him face to face."

Away they went, and Brown, seeing them coming, turned pale as a sheet.

"Look at his countenance," whispered William.

"John Brown," said Thomson, "did you tell Cousin William that you hadn't fifteen dollars in the world?"

"Yes, and I told him the truth."

"Didn't you tell George Markham and myself that you brought back from your travels money enough to pay tuition and board and leave you over fifty dollars in hand?"

"Yes, I did; but I have disposed of fifty dollars of it."

"How did you dispose of it?"

"I don't wish to tell, but in a way that all of you would approve of if I were to tell you—indeed I do not know myself as yet, how it went."

"Did you ever hear such chat," said William, "from anybody but an idiot since you were born!"

Disposed of it as we all would approve, and doesn't know himself how he disposed of it!"

The boys wheeled off indignantly.

"Stop, boys," said Brown with streaming eyes, "and I will explain."

"We want no explanation, sir," said William. "Dig a mole out of the dirt and stick him on a steeple, and he'll be a mole still."

No pen can describe John's agony. He saw himself deserted by the sons of his benefactors; he knew that they all believed that he had lied, and he knew that before the morrow's sun it would be trumpeted all through the college that the bright Mitten was kept from his class by his meanness. In the midst of his horrors, the bell summoned him to his recitation. The class was arranged alphabetically, and his name was the first on the list. The professor called on him; he rose, tried to suppress his emotions, but could not; and he resumed his seat, his bosom heaving, and his eyes streaming as though his heart would break. The class stood aghast, and the professor looked sad; for Brown had not been remiss in a single college duty. Keen as was his anguish, it would have been aggravated heavily but for George Markham's prudence.

"Boys," said he, "it isn't worth while to spread

this thing through the college—at least let us wait awhile before we do it. Remember that he is a Georgian, has been our intimate friend, and it will be flung up to us upon all occasions. And after all, I never knew John Brown to tell a lie in my life, and he may be enabled to explain the matter."

After some debate they agreed to keep the matter to themselves. That very day John received tidings of his father's death, and as nobody thought of enquiring as to the precise time when he received the intelligence, it was regarded by the class as the cause of his emotion in the recitation room, and by his three friends as an additional inducement to deal tenderly with him. Thomson borrowed the fifteen dollars for William, and he joined his class.

Thus stood matters when Mrs. Mitten's letter was received. As soon as William read it, he hastened to Thomson and Markham's room with it, handed it to his cousin, flung himself into a seat, dropped his forehead, hands-covered, on his knees, and wept bitterly. Thomson read it, and passed it in sobs to Markham. He was not so much affected, and spoke first:

"The Lord be praised that we kept our notions of John's conduct from the college. Why this, and our coldness, and his father's death all coming

upon him at once, would have killed the poor fellow. He's almost heart-broken, anyhow. What a warning is this to us against acting hastily in such matters! Let us send for him, and relieve both him and ourselves immediately.” He was sent for, and as soon as he entered the room, they all rushed to him and embraced him together.

“Oh, John,” continued Markham, “we know what you did with your fifty dollars, and we are all ashamed of ourselves.”

“John,” said William, “I beg your pardon ten thousand times—”

“And I.”

“John,” said William, “how could you say, you didn't know as yet how your money went?”

“Because I didn't know that it would be right in me to take money raised for my education, and apply it to the use of my mother and sisters; so I sent it to Mr. Markham and told him, if he thought I had no right to use it in this way, to return it to the gentlemen who raised it for me, and I don't know which way it went, even now, for Mr. Markham said nothing to me about it in the letter reporting my father's death.”

“John,” continued William, “I never shall forgive myself for my treatment of you. I had some apology for suspecting you of insincerity,

but I had none for that vile, unfeeling, brutal remark of mine—”

“What remark, William?”

“About the mole.”

“I didn’t hear that.”

“You didn’t! Thank heaven, that you did not, but it’s none the less mean on that account.”

William paid the sums borrowed and his board; and now the merchants, tailors, shoemakers and jewelers began to press him. They always press at the opening and close of terms, because students are then commonly full-handed; but they had other reasons for pressing in this instance. The balance of his two hundred dollars, save fifteen reserved, went in less than a fortnight, without paying more than fifty cents on the dollar of his debts. Youth-like, he thought more of the annoyances of creditors than of their respective claims upon his honor, and Mr. Beach was postponed to the most ravenous. Some of these, all of whom understand well the art of milking students, said, “that they were not in the habit of crediting students, but that everybody represented Mr. Mitten as such a brilliant, high-minded, rich and honorable young man, that they would have trusted him for half their goods.” Others said, “that relying certainly upon payment at this time, they

had contracted debts on the faith of it, and if disappointed, they did not know what was to become of them." Another said, "If Mr. Mitten couldn't pay him all, he would be very glad to get half the amount due, to keep his wife and children from suffering." Thus they went on with every variety of experiment upon his feelings, until he began to think that his own character, the character of the South, and all Princeton, were likely to sink together in one common grave of indiscriminate ruin. Most of Mr. Mitten's debts had been contracted within the past three months, and many of the students, well posted in such matters, testified with becoming indignation, that such a thing was unheard of in the history of Princeton, as dunning students for debts but three months old; and two or three proposed, in vindication of the time-honored usages of the place, to stone the windows of the importunate creditors; but Mr. Mitten, partly from the lights of Mr. Markham's counsels, and partly from his own good sense, opposed all violent measures, as he could not see how these would sustain his credit or cancel his debts. But there were two specialties which hurried the creditors; the one was, that Mr. Mitten had promised to pay them at the opening of the term, and the other was, that Miss Amanda,

either from love of truth, or the truth of love, had corrected the popular opinion of Mr. Mitten's vast wealth, and represented him, upon his own authority, as not only not very rich, but *very poor*. The torments of creditors abated considerably the rapture with which Mr. Mitten was wont to view the ornaments of Miss Ward's person, interfered with his studies, and set his thoughts to running upon filthy lucre. He commenced his friendly correspondence with Miss Green. His first letter was exceedingly friendly. He waited the proper time for an answer; but received none. He wrote another, still more friendly, but received no answer. He wrote another in the very agony of friendship. To this he received the following answer:

"All your letters have been received. They have given the principal of the school great uneasiness, and me great delight. He knows only whence they come;—know you whither they have gone? into the most hallowed chamber of my heart. Mail your letters anywhere but at Princeton; my answers will be returned through a confidante in Morristown.

"YOUR LOUISA."

Thenceforward Mr. Mitten could hardly do anything but write letters. The two friends soon

became so much attached to each other that they interchanged pledges of perpetual union. The "hundred thousand dollars" were now safe, and college honors sank to insignificance in the estimation of Mr. Mitten. He studied only to graduate, and in the short space of four months dropped from the head below the middle of his class. The "hundred thousand" were a good way off, and his demands for money were immediate and pressing. To meet the exigencies of the present time, he concluded to try his skill at cards with the "Regular Panel" of Princeton. He was very successful, but still he forgot Mr. Beach. The Club, of course, had refreshments, to counteract the effects of sedentary habits and constant watchings. They met at Mr. Mitten's room, and, as he had been very successful, he was very liberal in his supplies of good cheer. The young gentlemen enjoyed themselves quietly until about one o'clock A. M., when they became rather troublesome to a professor in an adjoining dormitory. The professor rose, dressed himself, and went to Mitten's room door—listened awhile and knocked.

"Walk in," said Mitten.

The professor attempted to open the door, but it was locked. A shuffling of feet, a moving of chairs and a rattling of glasses were heard, and

the door was opened. The professor stepped in, found a table set out in the middle of the room, with two candles on it, burnt down nearly to the socket—two fellows on Mitten's bed with all their clothes on, *fast asleep*—two more in his roommate's bed, covered over with a counterpane, except as to the heel of one boot—another just undressing to go to bed under same counterpane (at least he was near that bed)—another seated at the table studying the Greek Lexicon—while Mr. Mitten, who opened the door, was pacing the room in manifest indignation. Though not exactly intoxicated, he had stimulated his nervous system up to an unwonted degree of independence—while the professor was very coolly making further observations (for he was a man of nerve).

"Well, sir," said Mitten, "I hope you have nosed about a dormitory in which you have no business, to your satisfaction." (Here one of the sleepers, whose face was to the lights, turned abruptly over with a sleepy snort; and the Greek student saw a funny word in the Lexicon at which he gave a little chuckle.)

"Not quite," said the professor, calmly.

"Well, sir," continued Mitten, "I think I can convince the faculty, and if not the faculty, the

trustees, that you have no right to be poking about another professor's dormitory of nights."

"Maybe so," said the professor coolly, still poking about.

This was the Professor of Mathematics, who had repeatedly provoked Mr. Mitten by pressing questions upon him at recitation which he could not answer. This is considered very impolite in all colleges.

Alas, for the stability of human happiness! Just before the fatal vacation of which we have spoken, Mrs. Mitten was as happy as she could be on earth. Her two daughters had married men of worth, position and fortune, and were comfortably settled in counties adjoining that in which she resided. Her son, already distinguished, was on the high road to preferment, and her mind was at peace with her maker and the world. What changes a few months more wrought in her destiny!

The events with which we concluded the last chapter occurred on Friday night, running into Saturday morning. On Monday morning the faculty met and Mr. Mitten was summoned before them.

"Mitten," said the President, "you are charged with keeping a disorderly room—with keeping intoxicating liquors in your room—with drinking

intoxicating liquors—with playing cards, and with insulting Professor Plus on Friday night last."

"May I be permitted," enquired Mitten, "to ask upon what evidence these charges are brought against me?"

"I do not think," said the President, "that you have a right to demand the evidence until you deny the charges."

"I hope," said Professor Plus, "that I shall be permitted to put Mr. Mitten in possession of the evidence upon which the charges are founded, before he is required to answer them."

The President nodded consent.

"About twelve o'clock or a little after, on Friday night last, I was waked out of sleep by a noise in the dormitory adjoining mine. It was not continuous, but fitful, and therefore the more annoying; for with every intermission I flattered myself it would cease, and I would just get into a doze, when I was roused by it again. I endured it for about an hour, when I rose, dressed myself, went out, and found that the noise proceeded from Mitten's room. I approached the door, and paused for a moment; just as I reached it, I heard five thumps on the table in quick succession, followed by a yell and profane swearing. 'But for Mitten's jack of hearts,' said a voice that I

took to be Johnson, 'I should have taken the pool. He plays the devil with *hearts*.' 'Rabb,' said one, 'you were looed.' 'No, I wasn't,' said Rabb, 'I didn't stand.' 'It's Mitten's deal,' said another. 'No, it isn't,' said a third, 'he dealt last time.' Here I knocked and was told to walk in, but I found the door locked. After much shuffling and rattling of glasses, I was admitted. Upon entering the room, my olfactories were assailed strongly with the fumes of wine and brandy." The professor proceeded with the details which we have already given the reader.

"President S——," said Mitten, "suppose a professor of this institution should take up a strong prejudice against a student, should seek all opportunities of mortifying him and wounding his feelings, and in order to bring him before the faculty, plainly and palpably violate the laws of college—has the student any redress, and how?"

"Mr. Mitten," said the President, "our time is too precious to be occupied with the discussion and settlement of hypothetical cases; but if you have been thus aggrieved, you should seek redress of the faculty, and if you do not find it here, you should appeal to the trustees."

"So I supposed," said Mr. Mitten, "and I am now ready to answer the charges brought against

me, and to lay my complaints before the faculty."

He now delivered a flaming speech, in a remarkably fine style for one of his age. As to the first charge, he said that "*keeping* a disorderly room" certainly implied something more than having disorder in his room for a single evening. So of "*keeping* intoxicating liquors in his room." As to "*drinking* intoxicating liquors," he said he would answer that with the last charge. He admitted there was card-playing, but asserted positively that there was not a bank bill, a piece of gold or silver staked on the game—that the pool spoken of consisted of nothing but button-molds.

"Mr. Mitten," said the President, "didn't those button-molds represent quarters, half dollars, or dollars, or some other denomination of money?"

"Really, Dr. S———, I cannot see how little bits of bone could *represent* money. A bill *represents* money, because it contains on its face a promise to pay money; but—"

"Go on with your defense, Mr. Mitten," said the President.

"Before I answer the last charge," continued Mitten, "I beg leave to read a law of the college: '*One of the Professors shall room in each dormitory, whose special duty it shall be to visit the rooms, and*

keep order therein.' Now, gentlemen of the faculty (I only address such), you perceive that Professor Plus had no right to visit rooms out of his dormitory. My dormitory was in charge of Professor Syncope, a man not more remarkable for his gigantic intellect than he is for his courtesy, kindness and easy familiarity with the students. *He* heard no noise, '*continuous or fitful.*' *He* was not disturbed, and it is very strange that one *out of the dormitory* should have been annoyed and disturbed by noises kept up for near an hour, which one *in the dormitory* heard nothing of. I know that one professor may have much more sensitive nerves than another, and be much more given to *watchings* and other *imbecilities*, but these differences will hardly account for the wonderful fact, that the one should have been kept awake an hour by noises, which the other, more likely to be disturbed by them, should not have heard at all. But, admitting that Professor Plus was disturbed by the noise, and admitting that the noise was twice as loud and twice as long continued as it was, I deny his right to come into another professor's dormitory to suppress it. The law is clear upon this point. The law says, that there shall be *one* professor in each dormitory; Professor Plus says there shall be *two*—at least when he takes a

nervous fit. How far his interference with Professor Syncope's prerogative comport with courtesy and delicacy, it is not my province to determine; but I have a right to see to it that I am not injured by the intrusion. While Professor Plus was in that dormitory, I regarded him as no professor at all—as having no right to enter my room. No one has a higher respect for the professors of this institution than I have; but when a professor so far forgets his high and dignified position, as to turn persecutor of those over whom he is placed as a protector and instructor, to trample the law of college under foot, to usurp authority which does not belong to him, to forget the comity due to his associates, to pretend to superhuman powers of the '*olfactories*,' in distinguishing the odor of liquors assailing them at once and at the same time, to consort with owls, bats, wolves and hyenas—”

“Stop, Mr. Mitten,” said the President, “I cannot sit here and hear a professor so grossly insulted without interposing for his protection.”

“I mentioned no names,” said Mitten, “and if the cap fits—”

“I hope,” said Professor Plus, smiling in common with the other professors, “I hope that the young gentleman will be permitted to finish his

speech. I speak candidly and sincerely when I say that I have rarely, if ever, had such an intellectual entertainment from one of his years. I will thank him, however, to explain to me wherein I assumed the character of a 'persecutor.' All the rest of his speech I understand perfectly, but as to this part I am wholly in the dark."

"You have called upon Marshall, Morton and myself to recite oftener than any other three students in the class," said Mitten.

"I was not apprised of that," returned the professor, "though in all probability it is true. The class is alphabetically arranged, and I commonly begin the recitation first at one extreme of the list, then at the other, and then at the middle. It is frequently the case that there are not propositions enough to engage the whole class, and whenever that is the case, those near the middle will have to recite, no matter at which end I begin. Now as Mitten's name stands right between Marshall's and Morton's, and in the middle of the class, I commonly begin at him, if I do not commence at either extreme, and if I go up from him, Morton will not be called—if I go down, Marshall will not be. This will explain the matter, and I am very happy to find that you have no other ground to base the charge of persecution upon than this.

Time was, when Mitten regarded it no persecution to be called on often to recite."

"How much oftener have Marshall and Morton been called up than the rest of the class?"

"Once."

"And you?"

"Twice."

"Mr. Mitten," said the President, "you will retire if you please." He did so, and in a few minutes he was recalled to receive the judgment of the faculty, which, without a dissenting voice, was that he be expelled. In delivering the sentence the President addressed him very feelingly—deplored the abuses to which he was subjecting his extraordinary mind, and exposed the absurdity of any student supposing that a professor could take up a prejudice against a moral, orderly student. He referred to a law, which Mr. Mitten had entirely overlooked, making it the general duty of all the professors to preserve order in the College, and see that its laws were obeyed. The President having concluded,

"Dr. S——," said Mitten, "will you favor me so far as to tell me what I am expelled for?"

"Certainly," said the President; "for keeping—or if you like the term better—for *having* a disorderly room; for *having* and drinking intoxic-

cating liquors in your room, for gambling in your room, and for grossly insulting a professor in your room, and still more grossly before the whole faculty."

"Was there any proof that I drank liquor."

"No positive proof, but quite enough to satisfy our minds of it."

"*Gambling* implies that we played for *money*—was there any proof of that?"

"Abundant proof; but we have not time now to give the reasons of our opinion upon the several charges. Suffice it to say that you have not denied a single one of them; and as for this one, we are constrained to believe that six young gentlemen would not have set up till one o'clock in the morning playing for button-molds."

"But four of them had actually gone to bed, and another was undressing to go to bed when Professor Plus entered."

"Yes, but they must have sat up very late; for they were so completely exhausted that they could not take time to undress; and so sleepy, that between the knock at the door and the opening of it, they all fell sound asleep. They monopolized all the beds in the room, too, leaving you and your studious companion no place to sleep; which was exceedingly impolite, to say the least of it."

And here, Mr. Mitten, is the end of questions and answers."

Mitten retired very much incensed, and appealed not to the trustees, but to his fellow-students, for justice. Nine espoused his cause. They disguised themselves, serenaded Professor Plus with tin pans, horns, and other noisy instruments, broke his windows, broke up his black-boards, and placarded him in various ways and places. Six were detected and expelled, of whom David Thomson was one. Three escaped for want of proof against them. Thus far Thomson had been hurried on by blind impulse; but now the hour of sober reason had returned, and he was overwhelmed with the troubles which gathered upon him. He was disgraced near the close of a creditable collegiate career. He had not money to bear his expenses home. He looked towards home with horror; for his mother was no Mrs. Mitten, and Mr. Markham was a faithful representative of his father, and there was the mortification of meeting his many friends and his father's friends as an expelled student. As his troubles increased, so did his indignation against his cousin. "William," said he, "had you followed Mr. Markham's advice, you would have taken the first honor in your class; but instead of that

you have disgraced yourself, disgraced me, and got five more of your fellow-students expelled. Two of the three ring-leaders in the scrape have escaped, while the rest of us who did nothing more than join in the serenade are dismissed. Had Mr. Markham been inspired, he could not have foreseen our difficulties clearer, or advised us better about them than he did. What benefit has our frolic been to you? How much has it injured Plus? You were justly punished and you know it; and I know it; and suppose you had been unjustly punished, how could such foolery as we went through better your case? Bad luck attends everyone who links himself to you. What am I to do? I've not money enough to carry me home."

"I've got nearly enough to carry us both home, and I can borrow—"

"And where did you get it? You won it: and I will not touch a cent of it. I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I'm going to acknowledge my fault, promise strict observance of the rules of the college for the future, and beg the faculty to restore me—"

"Is there a man in whose veins the Thomson blood runs who can let himself down so low as that?"

"Yes, and I am that man. I have done wrong, and why not confess it? I will confess it to everybody else who cannot help me; why not confess it to the faculty who may help me?"

"Well, if you can truckle to men who have treated your cousin as the faculty has treated me, you can do so; but if you do, I can never feel to you again as a cousin—"

"Well, then we shall be even, for I certainly do not feel to you as a cousin—"

"You don't?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, good morning, Mr. Thomson. You can shape your course as you please, and I'll do the same."

Thomson followed his better judgment; and the faculty, in consideration of his previous good conduct, that he had never been charged with an offence before—and that he was nearly related to Mitten, and therefore exposed to the peculiar temptation from him—commuted the punishment from expulsion to three weeks' suspension. He rejoiced at this good fortune, and thenceforward improved it through life. Two of his companions in guilt tried the same experiment; but as they had nothing to recommend them to clemency, their sentence was unchanged.

"And there is Nassau Hall justice," said one of them. "Two students in precisely the same predicament, one expelled, and the other suspended for three weeks! A glorious college this!"

Mr. Mitten waited on Miss Ward, and informed her of "the injustice that had been done him."

"It only gives me, dear William," said she, "an opportunity of proving the sincerity of my attachment. As the ivy clings to the beauteous column, whether erect, careening, or prostrate, so my heart's affection clings to my William, through all the changes of life. There is a sweet comfort mingled with the bitterness of your misfortune, my idol: it is, that the hour which is to unite our hearts in the golden chain of wedlock will be hastened a full year and a half or more."

William looked up to the ceiling, as if he expected to see the gold chain up there; and Amanda took his upturned face as an indication of heavenly aspiration, and wept.

"I must tear myself from you, Amanda," said William, presenting his hand and lips. She threw her arms around him, then he threw his arm around her.

They kissed.

"Another," said Amanda.

"And yet another."

And then a long, long, "farewell!"

She dropped her head on his bosom and wept. William covered his face with his hand-kerchief, blew his nose twice, sympathetically, heaved theatrically, and waited a sign that the tragedy was over. But as no sign came, he said:

"We must part, Amanda. I never shall forget you—your all-confiding nature, your tender, warm-hearted love."

Here an honest tear filled his eye, conscience stung him, shame reddened his cheeks, and he gave her a strong, remorse-forced embrace, and *tore* himself from her, in truth. As he left the door, he muttered:

"Love like that deserves a better return. How sincere, how ardent! How sweet her breath, how fervid her embrace, how eloquent her grief! And yet they made no more impression on me, until I began to utter literal truths and mental lies as a return for her affection, than the dew-drop makes upon the flinty rocks! Heavens and earth! What progress I am making in iniquity! I am already a very devil! A deceiver of those who love me most—my mother—Amanda. I must not reckon up my iniquities, or they will addle my brain or drive me to suicide."

He reached his room, paced it a while in anguish, then seated himself and wrote:

"My dearest Louisa. Ill health drives me from college—"

"Another lie!" said he, flinging down the pen and rising furiously. "How sin begets sin," continued he, with hurried strides over the room.

It was long before he could return to his letter; and when he did, it was only to add:

"To-morrow I leave for Georgia, whence you will hear from me more fully and more affectionately, on my arrival."

"There," said he, "there is my last lie, at least. I'll go home, reform, marry Louisa, and lead a new life."

He set out for Georgia the next day, and reached home without delay or accident. The Sanford draft had preceded him just two days. His mother paid it promptly, and had just closed a long, tear-bedewed letter to him, when he rushed into the room, and advanced to embrace her. He did embrace her, just in time to save her from falling to the floor, for she had swooned at the first sight of him. Assistance was called, and she was put to bed. She revived, embraced her child and swooned again. The doctors advised him to retire from her bedside, until she recovered

strength to receive him. So long did the second paroxysm continue that even the physicians began to fear that life was extinct. She did revive, however, like one awaking out of a sweet sleep. Casting her eyes around the room, she whispered:

“Have they taken him away from me already?”

“He is near at hand, Mrs. Mitten,” said a physician, “and will be introduced again as soon as you become a little more composed.”

“I am perfectly composed now,” said she, in the same subdued tone, “let him come in. Do you know what brought him home so soon?”

“No, Mrs. Mitten, your physicians know better when you will be prepared to receive him than you do, and we hope you will put yourself under our direction.”

“Certainly I will, Doctor. I am a poor, weak woman. I try to do right, but I am always doing wrong. Let it be as soon as you can, Doctor; but don’t yield your judgment to mine, for I have no confidence in my opinions. I followed brother’s advice while he lived, and Mr. Markham’s after he died, and I don’t know what better I could have done. I feel a great deal better now, Doctor; don’t you think I am? I think I could see him now calmly; if nothing had brought him home.”

One of the physicians withdrew to William's room.

"William," said he, "for your mother's sake I enquire of you, what brought you home so soon?"

"I was expelled from college," said William. "I need not try to conceal it, for it must be known."

"William," continued the doctor, "if you tell your mother that, I'm confident she will not survive it an hour. She has been declining in health for several months, and your sudden appearance to her has brought her to the very brink of the grave—"

"Then, I suppose, to the long list of my lies I must add another to a dying mother."

"Why, William, you shock me!"

"I wish heaven's lightning would 'shock' me, even unto death. What I came into the world for, I don't know, and the sooner I go out of it the better for both the world and myself, I reckon."

"Compose yourself, William, and if we send for you, approach your mother with as much self-composure as possible—"

Just here the doctor was sent for in haste. He returned to Mrs. Mitten, and found her sinking, and begging to see her son. He was sent for, and

his approach to her was with marvelous self-command.

She reached forth her arms to him, and he gently bent himself to their embrace. She held him long to her bosom, a flood of tears came to her relief, and she brightened wonderfully. Releasing and gazing on him for a moment, she said:

“My dear boy, you are wonderfully improved in appearance.”

By this time the room was thronged with visitors. The doctors requested them to withdraw, in order that Mrs. Mitten might be undisturbed, and if possible, gain sleep.

“Let William and Mr. Markham remain,” said she.

The rest retired.

“Mr. Markham,” said she, “I am very weak. I do not think the doctors know how extremely ill I am. Be as you have been for a few years past, and as you would have ever been but for my folly, a father to my boy; and, William, regard Mr. Markham as your father, and follow his counsels in all things. Mr. Markham, pray with us. Give thanks for the safe return of my boy, and that I have been permitted to see him once more before I leave the world. What fortune brings him home so suddenly I know not, but it

is good fortune to me, for without it I am sure I should never have seen him again. Give me your hand and kneel, William. Pray, Mr. Markham."

As they bowed, William thought of Mr. Markham's parting prayer, and the counsels that preceded it, of his abuses of those counsels, and the bitter consequences; and his bosom heaved with indescribable emotions. His mother gave his hand a quick emphatic pressure at every petition which she would have him notice particularly. These signals of attention became less and less sensible as the prayer progressed, till just before its conclusion they ceased—entirely her grasp relaxed, and her hand lay motionless and almost lifeless upon that of her son. Mr. Markham and William rose, turned their eyes to the gentle sufferer, and saw on her countenance every mark of immediate dissolution. They called for the doctors—they came, and reached her bed just in time to hear her last words:

"William—meet me in—"

The sentence was never finished. The sweetest, the kindest, the gentlest, the holiest of the village was gone! We will not pretend to describe the scenes which followed. Her daughters and sons-in-law came but to pour tears upon

her mortal remains, as they reposed in the coffin. The elder sister and her husband took charge of the house; the other two remained a few days, then left for their residence. William took his room, and never left it for nearly a month, save to tread pensively the walks of the garden. At the end of a fortnight, he addressed a letter to Miss Green, reporting his mother's death, and telling her that she was the last and strongest tie that bound him to earth, and his only hope of heaven. In due time he received an answer, expressing the tenderest sympathy for him in his bereavement, and concluding as follows:

“I have been tormented by strange reports concerning you which I cannot, I will not, believe until they receive some confirmation from your own lips. I will not aggravate your griefs by repeating them now, farther than just to say, that if true, your last brief epistle from Princeton was untrue.

“With unabated love,
“YOUR LOUISA.”

Miss Green's letter filled Mitten's bosom with horror. “What a thoughtless fool I was,” said he, “to write that useless lie to her! I ought to have known that she would soon learn the true cause of my sudden departure from Princeton!

Why did I not forestall public report by a frank confession of the truth, and offer such justification of myself as I could? True it is, that when a man turns rogue, he turns fool, and no less true is it, that when a man turns liar he turns fool. It will almost take my life to lose Louisa; but I deserve to lose her, that I may learn what it is to have one's holiest feelings and brightest hopes trifled with. I will write to Louisa, make a frank confession of my errors, vow eternal divorce from them, and promise to be anything and everything that she would have me to be, if she will remain steadfast to her engagement." He did so, and indeed, made the most of his case that could be made of it. The answer came:

"MR. WILLIAM MITTEN—Sir: Your dismissal from college, and your misrepresentation to me, I could forgive; but I never can forgive your addresses to me while you were actually engaged to Miss Amanda Ward. "Your abused
"LOUISA."

"All is lost!" exclaimed he, flinging down the letter. "How did she find out the engagement? Amanda herself must have informed her of it."

This was not true. The engagement came to Miss Green's ears on this wise: Mitten's attentions to Miss Ward were notorious, and her disrelish for

any society but his was equally notorious. From these facts, the inference was drawn by many that they were engaged. What was stated at first as a matter of inference, soon began to be stated as a matter of fact. As it was contradicted by no one, it came to be regarded as a thing universally admitted. So Rumor bore it to Miss Green's ears. The mischievous jade was no less cruel to Miss Ward than she was to Miss Green; for she reported to her that Mr. Mitten was in regular correspondence with Miss Green, from his return to Princeton to his departure for Georgia. Amanda drooped under the tidings—became sedate and pensive, gave her heart to One who better deserved it than her lover, fixed her adoration on the proper Object, moved among the poor and afflicted like an angel of Mercy, lived to be universally beloved, kindly rejected many a wooer, and died smiling, where Mary sat weeping.

The report went abroad that William had broken his mother's heart. This was nearly, but not quite true. Mrs. Mitten's health had begun to decline before William's troubles began, and it is probable that she would not have survived a month longer than she did had William remained at Princeton. But she had become uneasy at the silence of his college companions, concerning him,

for some months past. The tone of his letters had changed alarmingly. Then his heavy drafts on her for money increased her alarms. Then the Sanders draft added poignant mortification to her distressing fears and anxieties. All these things were wasting her away rapidly, when his abrupt appearance to her filled her with emotions which her feeble frame could not endure. His conduct certainly shortened her days; but it could not with propriety be said that he broke her heart. Still, so went the report and it gained strength from his remarks to the doctor, which were overheard by a visitor, and went forth with exaggerations. The consequence was, that when he began to mingle with the villagers there was something so cold and distant in their greetings, so formal and cautious in their conversation, that he recoiled from their society, shut himself up in his room, brooded over his misfortunes for a time, became enraged at the treatment of his old friends, and with a heroism worthy of a better cause, he resolved to retaliate upon them. He went forth boldly among them, treated all coldly, and some rudely; made advances to no one; stepped loftily and independently, and resolved to hold every man personally responsible to him who had taken the liberty of using his name otherwise than with the pro-

foundest respect. The young gentleman had undertaken an Herculean task, but he deemed himself adequate to it, and acted accordingly. He called the doctor to account for circulating remarks made by him "under great excitement and distress, which any man of common humanity would never have thought of repeating." The doctor declared that he never had repeated them. Mr. Mitten told him that "it was not worth while to add the sin of falsehood to the sin of brutality, for no one else could have mentioned them."

Anderson's remarks also became town talk, as soon as it was known that Mitten had "backed down" in the "third heat." He went to Anderson in great rage.

"I understand, sir," said he, "that you have been making very free with my name in my absence."

"No, Billy, I only said—"

"Don't call me *Billy*, sir—"

"Well, *General Washington*—"

"Stop, sir! But for your age, I'd give you a caning. And now, listen to me, sir: If ever I hear of your mentioning my name in any way, I shall forget the respect due to age, and give you a chastising, let it cost what it may. If you must expend your race-course wit, expend it on some one else, not on me."

"When you undertake to chastise me," said Stewy, "you'd better appoint your executors: for they'll have to wind up the business."

Thus Mr. Mitten went on rectifying public opinion and purifying private conversation, until there were but five persons in the village or its vicinity who could venture to be upon terms of intimacy with him. These five, two old men and three young ones, conceived a marvelous attachment for him. They forced themselves into his affections by a thousand kind sayings of him, and as many harsh ones of all who kept aloof from him.

"Never mind, Mitten," said one of the ancients; "as soon as you get possession of your property, these very men who are shying off from you now, and whispering all sorts of things about you, will be truckling to you like hound puppies. They hate me worse than they do you, just because I always take up for you. I see how they look at me, every time they see me with you. I despise those old men who forget that they were once young, and make no allowance for a little wildness in young men."

"Well," said a young one, "I'm glad to see Mitten's independence. He is not beholden to them for anything, and I like to see him going his own way, and taking care of himself."

"Mitten," said a third, "we are going into Thew's back room to amuse ourselves with a game of cards for an hour or so; where shall I find you when we come out?"

"Why," said William, "I'll go with you."

"You'd better not," said two or three voices at once.

"You might be tempted to play," said Old Fogey, "and when once a young man begins to play cards, he never knows where to stop. Could you do as we do, just sit down and amuse yourself for an hour or two and then get up and quit, why that would be all well enough; but young people are not like old folks."

"Well," continued William, "I'll go in and see you play, but I will not play myself, for I have suffered enough from card-playing for one lifetime, I know."

"Oh, well, if you'll do that, no harm done."

William went in, and kept his word.

The same scene was repeated for a number of days. At length William began to spend his opinion upon the play of one and another, demonstrating by the doctrine of chances that they were injudicious.

"It is lucky for us, Mitten, that you don't play, or you'd soon leave us without a stake. We know

nothing about book-learning, and just thump away after our old plantation way. Old as I am, I'd give the world if I only had your education."

Day after day rolled away in like manner.

At length said William, "Let me take a hand, and see if my theory holds good in practice."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed half of them. "He'll beat us all to death. What do we know about the doctrine of chances?"

"Mitten," said Old Fog, "don't play. I'm an old man, and though I don't know anything about chances, I know that the cards run so sometimes that there is no counting on them. Now, you are a high-minded, honorable young man, and if you should happen to lose largely, you would be strongly tempted to refuse to pay, plead infancy, the gaming act, and all that sort of thing, even when you got able to pay, and I wouldn't lose my good opinion of you for all the money in the country."

"I hope, Mr. Fog, you don't think I'd do that."

"No, I know you'd die now before you'd do it, but temptations are hard things to get over. I talked just so to young Tickler, as honorable a young fellow as ever was born, and what did he do? Why he won of me day after day, and week after week; but when the cards took a turn in my favor

he refused to pay the little nasty sum of one thousand dollars, when he was worth forty thousand. I never asked him for it till he got his property in hand, and then he said that I had tempted him to play and cheated him, and I don't know what all. I wouldn't have lost my good opinion of that young man for double the money."

"Well," said Mitten, "I am not anxious to play." And he did not.

Mitten's company and back-room sittings coming to the ears of Mr. Markham, he warned William against his associates. He told him that they were a set of sharpers who would certainly ruin him if he did not abandon them.

"Mr. Markham," said William, "these are the only men of the village, except yourself, who have treated me with any respect and kindness since my return home. You mistake their character. They play cards, it is true, but so far from tempting me to do the same, they advise me not to do it; and consequently I have not thrown a card since my association with them. I should be an ingrate and a fool to abandon the only friends who stood by me when all the rest of the world abandoned me."

Mr. Markham told him their friendships were pretended, their professions unreal, and their

counsels hypocritical. In short, he used every argument and entreaty that he could to withdraw him from these men, but all was unavailing.

About this time his college companions returned, having completed their course. Brown had taken the first honor in his class, and Markham had taken the third. Thomson graduated creditably, but took no honor.

The day after their arrival Thomson presented Mitten a beautiful box.

"And who sent this?" asked Mitten.

"Open it and see," said his cousin.

He opened it, and saw all the jewelry that he had given to Amanda. On the top of it lay a small note of velvet paper prettily folded. He opened and read:

"Let them follow the heart of the giver.

"AMANDA."

"How did she seem, David, when she handed it to you?"

"Heart-broken."

"Yes, poor girl! Had I remained true to her she would not have forsaken me, as all my colder friends have done. In a little time, now, I could have made her comfortable and happy, and for all time she would have made me happy."

Tears rolled rapidly down his cheeks as he spoke.

Mr. Markham turned over his school and the profits of it to his son and Brown—he only retaining such a supervision over it as to pass it as his school. The first studied medicine, and the second law while teaching. In a little time Brown fixed up a comfortable little residence for his mother, and furnished it quite neatly. He gave his sisters the benefit of a good Female Academy, and extended their education by his own private instruction. David Thomson became the head of his father's family, and trod in the footsteps of his father through life. William continued his *unlucky* association.

One day, while he was looking on at the game of his friends:

"Here, Mitten," said one of the seniors, "play my hand for me," rising and going out.

On his return, another addressed him, saying:

"Look here, old man, take your seat there and play your own hand; we can't play with Mitten."

Mitten had won ten dollars while representing his old friend.

"Lord," said another, "what a benefit an education is in everything!"

William now proposed to take a hand for himself.

"Well," one said, "we needn't object on his account if we don't object on our own, for there is no danger of his losing."

William played, and won a little. So did he for five or six sittings. Then his winnings and losings began to balance each other pretty equally. Then he began to lose regularly, but in small amounts—then in larger amounts.

About this time Mr. Mitten made divers remarkable discoveries, to wit: That whenever he lost, one of the old ones and one of the young ones lost, but they won in regular succession, so that, at the end of a week's play, he owed (for they "played on tick,") each of them almost exactly the same amount. That though they often played against all the doctrines of chance, they were very sure to win. That the young one would frequently relieve himself from the fatigues of the game by playing the fiddle and walking round the table, and that so long as he played the fiddle, he (Mitten) was certain to lose. That the other two young ones lost and won occasionally, but in the long run were like himself, losers, and that their losses like his own were the equal gain of the other three.

Now prudence dictated that he should quit this clique, but he was largely over a thousand dol-

lars in debt to the trio, and he could not gain his consent to do so until he recovered his losses. At a convenient session he took his fellow-sufferers aside, informed them of his discoveries, and proposed to them that they should play in co-partnership against the other three "only till they got back their money." They readily assented to his proposition, and William indoctrinated them in a set of signs, offensive and defensive, that in a better cause would have immortalized him. He cautioned them to wait the signal from him before they put any of their plans of *attack* in operation, and in the meantime, to act wholly on the defensive.

The parties met, and Old Fogey entertained the company with an account of his early adventures at the card table, in which was this passage: "I lost, and lost, and lost. Dollar after dollar went, and negro after negro. I bore it all like a man until I had to sell my favorite servant, Simon. This was tough, but I had to sacrifice him or my honor, so I let him go."

The club took their seats. Two hours rolled away, and the seniors gained nothing from the juniors. The fiddler got fatigued and took his fiddle. The juniors, as if by accident, hid their hands every time he walked behind them. He

soon got rested, and resumed his seat. At twelve o'clock at night, the juniors being a little winners, Mitten got too sleepy to set any longer, and the game closed. Five sittings ended nearly in the same way to the utter amazement of the seniors.

"The young rascals have found out our signs," said Old Fogy, "we must make new ones."

They did so. Mitten discovered it in about three deals.

"This is a piddling sort o' business," said Fogy; "let's play higher."

William had not only concerted his signs in a masterly manner, but he had a way of communicating to his partners the most important signs of their adversaries as soon as he discovered them. While he was making his discoveries his party lost a little.

"I don't like to raise the stakes when I'm losing," said William, "but luck must turn soon, and that will be the quickest way of getting back my losings, and I believe I'm willing to play a little higher."

Old Fogy put up the stakes very high, and William gave the signal for *attack* with all his armory. In less than an hour, the *corn* (representing money) was streaming from the Fogy party in a perfect sluice. Mitten lost to his part-

ners two hundred dollars, and the Fogies lost to them from five hundred to a thousand each. At one o'clock, A. M., Mitten rose from the table saying: "That his brain was so addled he couldn't play; and that if he could, such a run of luck would ruin the best player in the world."

It would be both interesting and instructive to the young, to trace Mitten's progress step by step in gaming, until he became a most accomplished blackleg; but our limits will not allow us to do so. He was in rapid progress to this distinction when Miss Flora Summers, daughter of Colonel Mark Summers, who resided five miles from the village, returned home from Salem, N. C. She was an only child, handsome, agreeable in manners, of good sense and well improved mind. William visited her, and so did John Brown, now admitted to the bar and practising with brilliant promise. The Colonel received Brown with great cordiality, and William with distant civility. Flora reversed things exactly. The Colonel was not surprised at her preference, but before it had time to ripen into love, he thus addressed her: "My daughter, it may be that Mitten and Brown will become suitors of yours. I do not say to you, in that event, marry Brown; but I do say to you, do not marry Mitten, if you would save yourself and

me from misery intolerable. You know his history in part. If he did not break his mother's heart, he hastened her death. He has rendered himself odious to all good men, and become the associate of gamblers. And yet he is a young man of handsome person, fine address and fine talents. These endowments are apt to win upon a girl's heart; but surely my daughter can fortify her heart against dangerous impressions from such a man as Mitten."

"Yes, pa," said Flora, "I can and I will. I assure you that I will never give my hand to William."

"Then, without feigning an attachment that you do not feel, give him the earliest opportunity of declaring himself, and let your refusal be respectful but decisive."

"I will. It will cost me no difficulty to refuse Mitten; but I don't think I ever can love John Brown. Dear me, pa, he is so ugly!"

"Well, my child, be that as you would have it. I certainly shall not urge you to have Brown or anybody else. Your choice will be mine, provided your choice does not light upon one of despicable character."

Mitten repeated his visits, and was received more warmly by the Colonel than at first. In process of

time he declared himself and was positively rejected. Brown continued his visits too, but at much longer intervals. His fame in the meantime was constantly growing. His manners were not wanting in polish, and in intellectual endowment he now far outstripped Mitten. His visits for five or six months seemed only of a friendly character. He read well and talked well, and was both a wit and humorist; but he never wounded by his sallies. Flora soon became satisfied that John had no idea of courting her, and she threw off all shyness and became on terms of easy and agreeable familiarity with him. John spoke freely and playfully of his own homeliness; told amusing anecdotes about it, and spoke of it in such ways as made Flora laugh heartily. A single example: After they had become as intimate as brother and sister, there was a pause in the conversation one day, and John, after a deep sigh, said:

“Well, I’d give a thousand dollars just to know for one hour how an ugly man feels.”

Flora laughed immoderately.

“Well, John,” said she, “I think you might for a dollar know how such an one feels for a lifetime.”

Then John roared. Thus matters went on

until Flora began to feel that John's society was a very important item in her life of single blessedness. She met him with smiles and parted with him, not exactly in sadness, but with an expression of countenance and "good-bye," which seemed to say, "John, it's hard to part with you, you pleasant, ugly dog."

Still John never whispered love, while everybody spoke his praises.

About this time Colonel Summers got into a lawsuit, that alarmed him greatly. He employed Brown, who disposed of it, on demurrer, at the first term of the court. At his next visit to Flora, she expressed her gratitude to him very tenderly, and added, "John, I hope some day or other we will be able to repay the obligation that we are under to you."

"Why, Miss Flora," said John, "it's the easiest thing in the world for you to cancel the obligation and make me the willing servant of you both."

"How, John?"

"Why just let your father give his daughter to me, and you ratify the gift."

Flora looked at him and blushed, and smiled, looked serious, and said:

"Are you in earnest, John?"

"In just as sober earnest as if I were preaching."

"John, I don't believe you love me."

"Yes, I do, Miss Flora, as ardently as ever man loved woman, but until recently I believed my love was hopeless, and therefore I concealed it, or tried to conceal it, for I know you often saw it."

"Why, John, you astonish me! Go, ask pa, and if he gives me to you, I'll ratify the gift. I might get a handsomer man, but I never could get a more worthy one."

"As to my beauty," said John, "why that's neither here nor there. One thing is certain about it, and that is, that it will never fade."

"Well, John, if we live ten years longer, I am sure *I* shall think you handsome; for your features have been growing more and more agreeable to me, ever since you began to visit me."

"Well, Miss Flora, if they are *agreeable to you*—*tolerable* to you, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me what any one else thinks of them. Another great advantage you will have in marrying a homely man, and that is, you will not be exposed to the common torments of the wives of handsome men."

"I'm not so sure of that, John. Splendid talents, renown and fascinating manners are much more apt to win the admiration of our sex than a pretty face."

"If you see all these things in me, Flora, you see more than I have ever seen. As you are getting in a complimentary strain, I'll thank you to ask your father in; for though I bear compliments with great fortitude, they always embarrass me, and when coming from you, they give me a peculiar drawing to the lips that utter them."

"Well, how do you know but *they* would bear the drawing with great fortitude, too?" So saying, she bounced to her room and left him alone, saying as she flitted away, "I'll send my father to you and listen how you draw to each other."

The Colonel soon made his appearance.

John looked at the Colonel, put his right leg over his left, took it down again and patted his foot. The Colonel took a chew of tobacco, cleared his throat too, coughed twice, blew his nose and looked at the carpet. "John," said the Colonel, "Flora said you wished to see me."

"Yes, sir," said John, "I have long had a warm attachment to your daughter—and I thought if I could gain your assent to address her—"

"To *address* her! Why, she says you are engaged, and only want my consent to get married. If that is the case, you have my consent freely. There is not a man in the world that I would prefer to you for my daughter." So saying, he retired.

Flora immediately re-entered, laughing immoderately. "Well, John," said she, "I don't think you had much of a '*drawing*' to pa."

"Confound this asking for daughters!" said John. "I'd rather ask forty girls to marry me than one father for his daughter. I never acted like such a fool in all my life!"

Three weeks from this date, John Brown and Flora Summers became one, and remained one in the best sense of the term, through life. Indeed Flora's opinion of John's looks underwent a great change.

Mitten surrendered himself to cards; distinguished himself among gamblers for his shrewdness, and actually made money by his calling, until he was arrested in his career by that disease so common to gamblers, and so fatal to all—consumption. When he found the disease fastened incurably upon him, he took to his room, his mother's bedroom. The old family Bible was there. She had often said, that at her death she wished it to go to William, and there it was left for him. He opened it, found in it many traces of his mother's pen, scraps of paper with texts of scripture, holy resolutions, prayers, Christian consolation, and the like, written on them. He closed the book, pressed it to his bosom, and wept bitterly.

Dearest, best of women!" soliloquized he. "What a curse have I been to thee! What a curse have I been to myself! One fault thou hadst, and only one—. No, I must not call it a *fault*—one *weakness*, shall I call it? No, that is too harsh a term for it. One heavenly virtue in excess—thou hadst too much tenderness for thy son. But why do I advert to this? When I reached the age of reflection and self-government this very thing should have endeared thee the more to me—should have made me more resolute in reforming the errors which thy excessive kindness produced. But, oh, how impotent are human resolutions against vices which have become constitutional! Tom, go for Mr. Markham."

Mr. Markham came, and found William with his head on his mother's Bible, bedewing it with tears. He raised his head, reached his hot hand to his friend, and after some struggles for utterance, said:

"Mr. Markham, you have known me from my childhood to the present moment, you have marked my every step in the pathway of ruin—you have seen me abuse and torture the best of mothers, reject the counsels of the best of uncles, and the best of friends, multiplying sins to cover sins, insulting men for disapproving of what my own conscience disapproved, avoiding the good,

consorting with the depraved, prostituting heaven's best gifts to earth's worst purposes—in short, assimilating myself to the devil, as far as it was possible for me to do so; now tell me, my dear friend, do you think it possible for such an abandoned wretch as I am to find mercy in heaven? In making up your answer, remember that I never thought of asking mercy, and probably never should have thought of it, had I not seen Death approaching me with sure, unerring step."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Markham, "you are not beyond the reach of mercy; provided you seek it in the way of God's appointment."

"Be pleased to instruct me in that way; for I am lamentably deficient in knowledge of the Bible."

"Well, in the first place, you cannot expect mercy unless you ask for it. If you ask for it you cannot expect to have your request granted unless you perform the conditions upon which such request is to be granted. Now these conditions are (the essential ones) that you show mercy to every human being that has offended you—"

"That is but reasonable."

"You must freely, and from your heart, forgive every one who has trespassed against you. You remember your infantile prayer?"

"Yes, but I never understood it, until this moment."

"You must seek to be reconciled to every one who has aught against you."

"The hardest condition of all. I can forgive those who have injured me; but how shall I ask peace of those whom I never wronged?"

"God never wronged you, did He? And yet He asks you to be reconciled to Him."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated William, thoughtfully.

"You would not come to me, William, and ask a favor of me, and at the same time say, 'I ask it, but I do not believe you will grant it,' would you?" said Mr. Markham.

"No, that would be to insult you to your face."

"Neither must you ask favors of God, believing that He will not grant them. You must ask, believing in His goodness, His word, and His promises, *i. e.*, you must ask *in faith*."

"Perfectly just!"

"If you were to ask a favor of me, and I should say come again, I cannot grant it just now; would you turn away from me in despair, and never ask me again?"

"Surely not."

"Then do not show less confidence in God than

you have in me. If He does not answer your prayers as soon as you expect, pray on and bide His time."

"Well, God helping me, I will follow your counsels this time, to the day of my death. Pray once for me, thou heaven-born and heaven-directed man!"

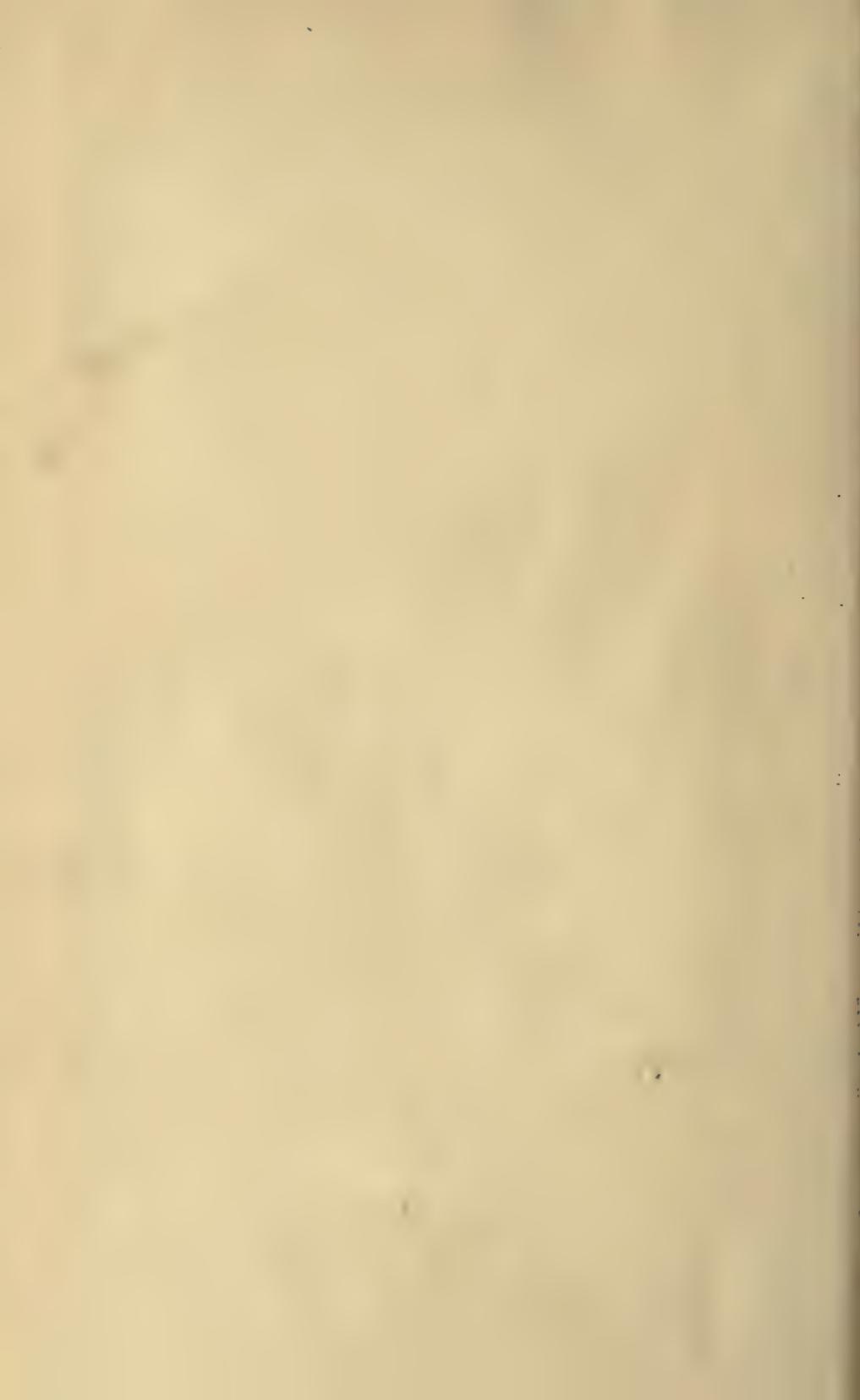
Mr. Markham prayed with him as if his "lips were touched with a live coal from off the altar."

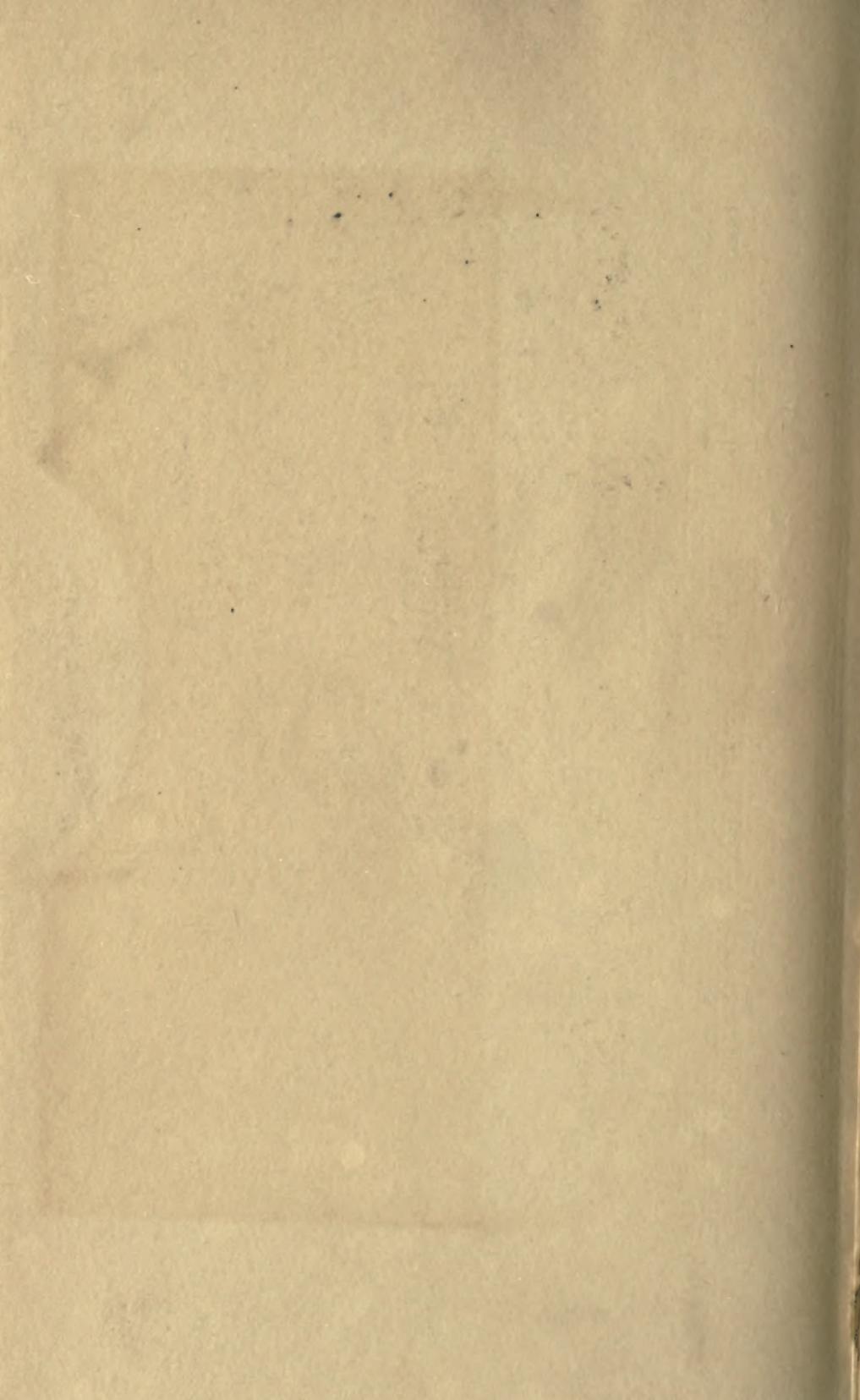
William now gave himself to prayer and reading the Scriptures. He sent for all within his reach whom he had offended, or who had offended him; freely forgave, and was freely forgiven. Two, three and four months the disease spared him; but he found peace; rejoiced for a month more, preached powerfully to all who came to his bedside, and with his last breath cried, "Mother, receive thy son!" and died.

Thus was the career of William Mitten ended—ended ere he had reached an age at which life is hardly begun. He was indeed a youth of brilliant talents, rendering it probable, had they been properly cultivated, for his attaining much prominence in his section of the State; but he ignored good advice, and gave heed to only the evil influences that surrounded him.

May it not be hoped that the prayer which

issued from his lips as he was about to breathe his last found an answering echo on the other shore, and that the loving spirit of his mother was able to meet that of her son in Paradise?





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